

# COLLECTION

OF

## *Novels and Tales,*

Written by

That Celebrated WIT of *France,*

THE

Countess *D'ANNOIS.*

---

In Two VOLUMES.

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VOL. II. Containing,

- I. The Story of *FORTUNIO*, the Fortunate Knight.
  - II. The Story of the *PIDGEEON* and *DOVE*.
  - III. The Story of the Princess *FAIR-STAR*, and Prince *CHERY*.
  - IV. The Story of the Princess *CARPILLONA*.
  - V. *PERFECT LOVE*, a Story.
- 

Translated from the Best Edition of the Original  
*French*, by several Hands.

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L O N D O N;

Printed for *W. TAYLOR*, at the Ship and Black-Swan,  
in *Pater-noster-Row*; and *W. CHETWOOD*, at  
*Cato's-Head*, in *Russel-Street*, *Covent-Garden*. 1721.



# COLLECTION

THE

IN TWO VOLUMES

I. THE HISTORY OF LONDON, THE TOWN AND

II. THE HISTORY OF THE TOWN OF LONDON, THE TOWN AND

IV. THE HISTORY OF THE TOWN OF LONDON, THE TOWN AND

LONDON

Printed for W. T. ... at the ... in ... and ...



THE  
T A L E S  
OF THE  
F A I R I E S.

VOL. II.

*The Continuation of the Story of  
the GENTLEMAN-CITIZEN.*

**W**HEN the Prior had made an end of reading the Story, he cast his Eyes on *Dandinardiere*, and found his shut, and that he did not stir; and there-upon approaching to him, and crying out aloud, 'My Friend, are you in 'this World, or the other?' he look'd stedfastly upon him, and told him afterwards, that he was

VOL. II. B so

so charm'd with the White Cat, that he thought he was at the Wedding, or picking up some of the Emerald or Diamond Buckles. 'Then you love these sort of Fictions?' *reply'd the Prior.* 'They are no Fictions, *added Dandinardiere*; all this once happen'd, and may do again, tho they are now indeed out of fashion: Oh! had I lived in those days, I should have made myself a considerable Fortune.' 'You had, without dispute,' *continued the Prior*, marry'd a Fairy.' 'I know not that,' *said Dandinardiere*, they seem to me too ugly, and if I marry, I must please my Fancy.' 'That is to say,' *interrupted the Prior*, you would have a Lady of Worth, beautiful, virtuous, and witty, but would not stand for Fortune, being persuaded that it is hard to meet with all at once: Well, I love you the better for this, I shall speak in your praise for the future.' 'You don't take me right,' *cry'd Dandinardiere*, I would have the Person I marry endow'd with all the Qualifications of Body and Mind, and rich besides; and at that time when there were Fairies, I should have found out the way to have got a Queen, nothing could be more easy, since it might be done by three words of *Brelu, Breloc*, by a Wand, or any thing; whereas now if a Man be poor, and would be rich, he must work like an Horse, and perhaps to no purpose:

*O Tempora! O Mores!*

'Mr. Prior, *continued he*, what say you, this Latin is not amiss. 'Oh! *answer'd the Prior*, I admire you as much, as you do the White Cat; your Conversation is so good, one is always instructed by it.' This little Mortal was so overjoy'd at this Commendation, that he resolv'd, in order to gain immortal Honour, to make a Story in his turn; and to that end desired of the Prior that *Alain* might be acquainted with the Accident that had

befel him, that he might come to him. Afterwards thanking him for the favour he had done him, in reading so long by him, he pretended to be sleepy, that he might have the more liberty to muse and think. And indeed he thought, but it was more of *Virginia* than the Fairies: 'What a Sublimity of Wit has she, cry'd he, for one that has been brought up and educated by the Sea-side, who ought to have no more Genius than a Sole or an Oyfter-shell, to write as well as the most celebrated Authors? I have good Judgment, and when I approve any thing, it must be excellent: I like the White Cat, which is excellent, and I will maintain it against all Mankind. My Valet *Alain*, whom I have armed cap-a-pee, shall enter the Lists, and fight for me.' After this manner he went on, and made as much noise as twenty People. As soon as Mr. *de St. Thomas* was acquainted with it, suspicious lest his Fall should have turn'd his Brain, he came to hear his Extravagances, which gave him no small cause of Amazement. When *Alain* came, he would not suffer him to go into his Master's Chamber, for fear of his making him talk the more, and disturbing him, but bid him come again the next day. *Dandinardiere* was so desirous of making a Story, that he could not sleep all night, and was heartily grieved for want of his Secretary to write it down; but before day he awaken'd the whole House to send a Messenger for *Alain*, which made the Baron, seeing him so impatient, dispatch one presently for that faithful Domestick. As soon as ever he saw him, he bounced up an end in bed, and holding out his Arms, cry'd, 'Come, *Alain*, come my Friend, I have the most surprizing things in the World to tell you.' 'Give me leave, Sir, said *Alain*, whose Heart relented to see his Master's Head so bound up, to ask you how you do, for that is the greatest Concern to me.' 'I should be better, reply'd *Dandinardiere*; but alas! my greatest Illness lies not in my Head: I am in



‘love, *Alain*; *Cupid* never let fly a surer Dart.’ To this *Alain* made no Reply; for he knew as little of *Cupid* as of the *Alcoran*, and was afraid he might be guilty of some Blunder. ‘What have you not one word to say?’ cry’d *Dandinardiere*. ‘No, Sir,’ answer’d *Alain*, I am at present all Ears.’ ‘Then hear what has happen’d to me,’ said he; I have engaged my Liberty to a young Princess.’ ‘For how much?’ interrupted *Alain*. ‘Do you think, Blockhead,’ cry’d *Dandinardiere*, it was for a Hair-bit, or some Jewels?’ ‘I know not what to think,’ answer’d the *Valet*, you speak to me of things I am an entire Stranger to; for example, where could you find a Princess in this Country, unless one that had been shipwreck’d, and cast on the shore?’ ‘Indeed you argue very well,’ reply’d the *Master*, ‘there are not many Princesses hereabouts; but she whom I adore deserves to be one, and in my eyes is the same as if she was one. She is call’d *Virginia*, which is an old *Roman* Name, for the Love of which alone she shall possess my Heart.’ *Alain* open’d his Eyes and Mouth, and stared like a stuck Pig, amazed at his *Master*’s Learning; but all the time kept a respectful Silence, which gave him time to proceed: but reflecting at last, that this did not further on the Story he was resolved to write, he order’d *Alain* to go home that minute, and put all his Books in a Cart or two, and bring them to him. ‘What, Sir,’ said he, somewhat melancholy, ‘do you design to live here?’ ‘No, my Friend,’ replied our sick Man, I shall only stay till my Wounds are well; but I have a great Work to go thro’ with, and shall be obliged to look into some of the best Authors: run presently, and return with speed.’ But as *Alain* was going in all haste, he met the Baron, Viscount, and Prior, who were forced to call to him several times, before they could get him to come back. ‘Tell me, *Alain*,’ said the Baron, where your *Master* has sent you, for that Air of Business I read in your Countenance, makes

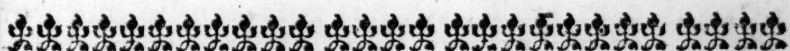
‘ makes me somewhat curious.’ ‘ I am going, Sir,  
‘ *answer’d Alain*, for all his Books, and his Learn-  
‘ ing; he is going to write one of the finest things  
‘ in the World, and will, I believe, stand in need  
‘ of your Assistance.’ ‘ I am persuaded of that, *replied*  
‘ *the Baron*; but stay here, he has Books enough  
‘ already to employ himself agreeably.’ ‘ Oh! I  
‘ dare not disobey him for all the World, he must  
‘ have four times as many as any other Person, and  
‘ when he is angry, he beats me; I am sure I ex-  
‘ perience it enough, since he has had this Quar-  
‘ rel upon his hands.’ ‘ I give you my word, *said*  
‘ *the Viscount*, *stopping him*, you shall not stir till you  
‘ tell us what he beat you for.’ This was too good  
an opportunity for *Alain*, who loved prattling, to  
neglect it; he told them how he dress’d him up in  
Armour, that he might pass for himself, and all  
he said to encourage him to fight like a Hero.

The Gentlemen look’d at one another, amazed  
at the Extravagancies of the Master, and the Sim-  
plicity of the Man, and would have hinder’d him,  
but in vain, from going to his Master’s Study; but  
he told them he must go, tho it was to throw all  
the Books into the Sea: and go he would. ‘ Well,  
‘ *said the Baron de St. Thomas to his two Friends*, do  
‘ you advise me seriously to think of *Dandinardiere*  
‘ for one of my Daughters? By their Whims and  
‘ Notions, they seem as if they were made for one  
‘ another; yet a Family must be but poorly mana-  
‘ ged by such Heads.’ ‘ Don’t be out of conceit  
‘ with him, *answer’d the Viscount*, he is rich, tho a  
‘ little *Quixotish*, but he wants Courage, for you  
‘ see at the very Name of *Villeville* he trembles;  
‘ these Extravagancies will soon leave him: for ’tis  
‘ hard for one, that is always afraid, to keep up  
‘ these bravadoing Airs.’ ‘ Add to this, *said the*  
‘ *Prior*, that you may engage him to live with you,  
‘ and that you may redress all their Faults.’ ‘ I  
‘ am more afraid, *said the Baron*, *smiling*, they will  
‘ sooner crack my Brains, than any Remonstrances

‘ of mine will have any effect on theirs. There’s  
 ‘ my Wife, and her two Daughters, have each a  
 ‘ singular Genius, and to add *Dandinardiere* to them,  
 ‘ will render the Extravagance yet greater.’ ‘ No  
 ‘ matter for that, *said the Prior*, there’s a good Foun-  
 ‘ dation of ready Money; I will never forgive you,  
 ‘ if you let him escape: but now I think on it,  
 ‘ I will go and see him, and know what he intends  
 ‘ to write.’

Away he went directly to his Chamber, and af-  
 ter having ask’d him what News, told him, that as  
 he was his Reader the day before, he was now  
 come to offer his Service to be his Secretary. ‘ You  
 ‘ cannot, Sir, do me a greater pleasure, *cry’d Dan-*  
 ‘ *dinardiere, holding out his Arms*; for tho I have  
 ‘ *Alain*, yet his Writing is so horrible, that we  
 ‘ should want a third Person to decypher his  
 ‘ Scrawl: besides, he has so little Wit, that all the  
 ‘ fine and good things I say, are lost, because he  
 ‘ does not understand them.’ ‘ Well, *said the Prior*,  
 ‘ I shall be proud to be your Secretary, at least  
 ‘ while you are indisposed.’ ‘ O! Sir, *reply’d Dan-*  
 ‘ *dinardiere*, I am your humble Servant and Slave  
 ‘ for ever.’ ‘ It is enough for me, *said the Prior*,  
 ‘ that you are my Friend; but let me know your  
 ‘ Design, whether you will treat on your Subject  
 ‘ in Prose or Verse.’ ‘ It is equal to me which, *re-*  
 ‘ *ply’d our Citizen*, provided I make but a Story, to  
 ‘ convince *Virginia* that I fall not short of her in  
 ‘ Wit; but what vexes me most, is, I never saw  
 ‘ any Fairies, and know not where they live.’ ‘ Do  
 ‘ not puzzle yourself about that, *said the Prior*, I can  
 ‘ assist you; and that you may not rack your  
 ‘ Brains, here’s one in my Pocket I have just fi-  
 ‘ nish’d, which has never yet been seen by any  
 ‘ one.’ ‘ O! Sir, *cry’d Dandinardiere*, if you will  
 ‘ sell it me, and swear never to brag of it, I will  
 ‘ give you, with all my heart, four Pieces for it.’  
 ‘ That’s too little, *reply’d the Prior*, it had better cost  
 ‘ you nothing.’ At the same time he shew’d a great  
 Bundle

Bundle of Paper, which *Dandinardiere* was so charm-  
ed with, that he was for getting out of bed to  
throw himself at his feet; but what pleased him  
most, was, it cost him nothing. Now this Story  
the Prior had stole out of the young *Madam de St.*  
*Thomas's* Chamber, which they did not so soon per-  
ceive, because as they writ very much, several of  
their Papers lay loose about: but this he did not  
think fit to let *Dandinardiere* know, that he might  
not lose the Merit of his Generosity, and fancy'd  
it would be pleasant to hear the Dispute that would  
arise between the true Author and the Plagiary;  
and seeing him impatient to hear it, began as  
follows.



*The Story of Fortunio, the Fortunate  
Knight.*

THERE once reign'd a powerful King, who  
was a Prince of great Clemency, and very  
well beloved by his Subjects: but being engaged  
in a War with an Emperor, whose Name was *Ma-*  
*tapa*, a neighbouring and potent Prince; after sever-  
al Battels, the Emperor at last gain'd an entire  
and signal Victory. The King had most of his Of-  
ficers and Soldiers kill'd, or taken Prisoners, and  
the Emperor soon after besieged his Capital Town,  
and took it; by which means he became Master of  
all the Treasures. The King had much ado to  
escape himself, with the Queen-Dowager his Sister,  
who was young, beautiful, and witty, but withal  
proud, hasty, and difficult of Access. The Empe-  
ror transported all the Jewels and rich Furniture  
to his own Palace, and took a great number of  
young Damsels, Horses, and whatever might be



useful and agreeable to him ; and when he had depopulated the greatest part of the Kingdom, returned in Triumph home, where he was received by the Empress, and the Princess his Daughter, with all the Joy imaginable ; while the dethroned King endured, with the utmost impatience, his Misfortunes. He assembled what Troops he had left, form'd a small Army, and to augment it as soon as possible, published an Ordonnance, requiring all Gentlemen, who were his Subjects, either to come and serve him in their own proper Persons, or to send one of their Sons well mounted and armed.

There lived on the Frontiers an old Lord, who had seen full fourscore Years, and was a Man of extraordinary Parts ; but had partaken so much of the Frowns of Fortune, that he was very much reduced, and had bore all his Ill-fortune with more patience, had not three beautiful Daughters shared it with him. But as they were Women of good Sense, they never murmur'd at their Misfortunes, but rather, when they spoke, comforted their Father, than added to his Afflictions. In this manner they lived with him in an old Country-House, free from Ambition, when this Ordonnance reach'd the old Gentleman's Ears ; who call'd his Daughters, and with a Countenance that discover'd the Grief of his Mind, said to them, ' What shall we do ? The King has order'd all Persons of Distinction in his Dominions to serve him against the Emperor, or pay such a Fine, which I am not able to do ; and these Extremities will either cost me my Life, or be our Ruin.' His three Daughters were as much concern'd as himself at this News, but yet desired him not to be dishearten'd, since they were perswaded some Remedy might be found out. The next day, the eldest went to her Father, as he was walking melancholily in his little Orchard, and said to him, ' I come, my Lord, to intreat you to let me go to the Army ; I am of

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‘an advantageous height enough, and robust; I will dress myself in Mens Clothes, and pass for your Son: if I do no heroick Actions, I shall however save you a Journey, or the Tax, which is a great deal in our Circumstances.’ The Count embraced her tenderly, and at first opposed so extraordinary a Design; but she represented to him, with great Firmness of Mind, that there was no other Expedient, and thereby got his consent. Her Father provided Clothes and Arms for her, and gave her the best of four Horses, which he kept to go to Plow and Cart; and after the most tender Farewell on both sides, she set out on her Journey. After some days travel, as she pass’d by a large Meadow, beset with a quick-set Hedge, she saw a Shepherdess very much grieved, who was endeavouring to pull a Sheep out of a Ditch: ‘What are you doing there, Shepherdess?’ said she. ‘Alas! reply’d the Shepherdess, I am striving to save a Sheep that is almost drowned, and am so weak, that I cannot draw him out.’ ‘I pity you,’ said she; and, without offering her assistance, rid away. Whereupon the Shepherdess cry’d out, ‘Good-by; disguised Fair.’ Which put our Heroine into an inexpressible Surprize. ‘How is it possible, said she to herself, that I should be known? This old Shepherdess has but just set her Eyes on me, and has discover’d what I am; what shall I do? I shall be known to all the world, and how ashamed and vex’d shall I be, if the King should find me out? He will think my Father a Coward, that durst not expose himself to Danger.’ At last she concluded to go home again.

The Count and his Daughters were talking of her, and reckoning how long she had been gone, when they saw her come in, who told them her Adventure. The good old Count said it was nothing but what he foresaw; that if she would have taken his Advice, she had not gone, because he thought it impossible but she must be discovered.

This little Family was embarrass'd again, when the second Daughter said to her Father, 'I am not surprized that my Sister should be discover'd, since she never was on horseback before; but for my part, if you will let me go in her stead, I dare promise, you shall not need to repent it.' It was in vain for the old Count to refuse her; he was forced to consent, and she took other Clothes and Arms. and another Horse; and when she was thus equip'd, embraced her Father and Sisters, and resolv'd to serve the King: but as she pass'd by the same Meadow, she saw the same Shepherdess drawing a Sheep out of a deep Ditch, who cry'd out, 'Unfortunate Wretch that I am, to lose half my Flock after this manner; if any body would help me, I might save this poor Creature.' 'What, Shepherdess, cry'd out this second Daughter, do you take no better care of your Sheep, than to let them fall into the Water?' Then spur'd on her Horse, and rid away. 'Farewell, disguised Fair, cry'd the old Woman to her.' Which Words were no small Affliction to our *Amazon*. 'How unfortunate, said she, is it to be thus known; I have no better luck than my Sister: it will be ridiculous for me to go to the Army with such an effeminate Air.' Thereupon she return'd home very much vex'd at her bad Success.

The old Count receiv'd her with a great deal of Tenderness, and commended her Prudence, but could not help being chagrin'd at the expence he had been at of two Suits of Clothes and other things, tho' he conceal'd it as much as possible from his Daughters. At last the youngest Daughter desired him, with the most pressing instances, to give her leave, as he had done both her Sisters. 'Perhaps, said she, you may think it presumption in me to think to succeed better than they, yet I desire I may try; I am somewhat taller than they: you know I have been used to hunting, which Exercise bears some Parallel with War; and

‘and my great Desire to comfort you in your Misfortunes, will inspire me with an extraordinary Courage.’ As the Count loved this Daughter better than the other two, because she always took most care of him, read to divert him, and kill’d Game for him; he used all the Arguments he was master of, to dissuade her from her design. ‘If you leave me, my dear Child, *said he*, your Absence will be my Death; for should Fortune favour you in your Undertaking, and you should return crown’d with Laurels, I shall not have the pleasure of seeing it, since I am in so advanced an Age.’ ‘No, Father, *said she*, don’t think the time long, the War must soon be at an end; and if I find out any other way to fulfil the King’s Orders, I won’t neglect it: for I can assure you, if my absence is a trouble to you, it is no less to me.’ By these words she at last persuaded him into a Consent, and after that made up a plain Suit of Clothes, for her Sisters had exhausted the old Count’s Treasures too much for her to have any better; and was forc’d to take up with one of the worst Horses, because the others were lamed; but all this could not discourage her: She embraced her Father, ask’d his Blessing, and after shedding some Tears with him and her Sisters, set forwards on her Journey.

As she went by the same Meadow, she saw the old Shepherdess endeavouring to pull the Sheep out of the Ditch. ‘What are you doing there, Shepherdess?’ *said she*. ‘I have been doing, Sir, *reply’d the old Woman*, till I can do no longer; I have been ever since break of day striving to get this Sheep out, and all to no purpose; and I am so weary I can scarce stand: there’s never a day passes over my head, but some Misfortune attends me, and nobody will help me.’ ‘Indeed I pity you, *said our young Warrior*; and to shew it the more, will assist you.’ Thereupon alighting from her Horse, and jumping over the Hedge, she went into  
the



the Ditch, where she work'd till she got this favourite Sheep out. 'Don't cry, *Shepherdes*, said she, here's your Sheep; and considering the time he has lain in the Water, he is very brisk.' 'You shall not find me ungrateful, charming Maid, said the *Shepherdes*; I know where you are going and all your Designs: your Sisters pass'd by this Meadow, I knew them and their Thoughts; but they were so hard-hearted and unkind, that I found the means to prevent their Journey; but for your part you shall find it otherwise. I am a Fairy, and have a great Inclination to reward those that are deserving. That Horse you ride is but a poor sorry one, I will give you a better.' Thereupon striking the ground with her Crook, our Warrior heard a whinnying behind a Holt of Trees, and presently saw a beautiful Horse galloping about the Meadow. The Fairy call'd this Courser to her, and touching him with her Crook, said, Faithful *Comrade*, be accoutred finer than the best Horse of the Emperor *Matapa*; and immediately *Comrade* had on a Saddle and Housing of green Velvet, embroider'd with Diamonds, a Bridle strung with Pearls, with the Besses and Bit of Gold.

'What you see, said the Fairy, is the least thing you ought to admire this Horse for; he has a great many rare Qualities which I will inform you of. First, he eats but once in eight days; and then he knows what's past, present, and to come: for I have had him a long time, and brought him up to my hand. When you want to be inform'd of any thing, or are at a loss for Advice, you must address yourself to him, and must look on him more like your Friend than Horse. Besides, I don't like your Habit, I'll give you one shall please you better.' Then striking on the ground with her Crook, there arose up a turkey-leather Trunk adorn'd with Nails of Gold; the Fairy look'd in the Grass for the Key which open'd it: it was lined with Spanish-leather embroi-

broider'd, and contain'd a dozen compleat Suits of Clothes, with dozens of all Appurtenances, as Swords, Linen, &c. The Clothes were so rich with Imbrodery and Diamonds, that our *Amazon* could hardly lift them. The Fairy bid her chuse which she liked best, and told her the rest should follow her wherever she went, and that she needed but to stamp with her Foot, and call for the Turkey-leather Trunk, and it should come to her full of Money and Jewels, or full of fine Linen and Laces, which she call'd for, either into her Chamber, or in the Field. 'But, said the Fairy, you must 'make choice of some Name agreeable to your 'Profession; and I think you may call yourself 'Fortunio: besides, I think it not improper you 'should know me in my own Person.' At that very moment she cast off her old Skin, and appear'd so beautiful that she dazzled the Eyes of our young Heroine. Her Habit was blue Velvet lin'd with Ermine, her Hair was platted with Pearls, and on her Head stood a stately Crown. Our young Warrior was so transported with admiration, she cast herself at her feet, so great was her Acknowledgment. The Fairy raised her up, and embraced her tenderly, and bid her take an Habit of gold and green Brocade, which she accordingly obey'd, and mounting her Horse, continued on her Journey, so penetrated with the extraordinary Fortune she had met with, that she could think on nothing else. She examined with herself by what Good-fortune she had gain'd the Good-will of so powerful a Fairy; for said she to herself, 'She could 'with one stroke of her Wand have drawn out, 'without my assistance, a whole Flock from the 'Center of the Earth. It was fortunate for me I 'was so ready to oblige her; she knew the Sentiments of my Heart, and approved of them. If 'my Father saw me now so rich, and in all this 'Magnificence, how overjoy'd would he be, and 'how

# 14 *The Tales of the FAIRIES.*

‘ how well pleased should I be to have my Family  
‘ Partakers with me !’

As she made an end of these Reflections, she arrived at a great City, and drew on her the Eyes of all the People, who follow’d and crouded about her, saying, they never saw so fine and handsome a Knight, and so graceful an Horse before. She had all manner of Respect paid to her, which she return’d with all imaginable Civility. As soon as she came to an Inn, the Governour, who had seen her as he was walking out, and admir’d her, sent a Gentleman to desire her to accept of an Apartment in his Castle. *Fortunio*, for so we must call her, answer’d, that as he had not the honour to be known to him, he wou’d not take that freedom, but would come and pay his Respects to him ; but withal desired he would let him have a trusty Servant to send to his Father : which the Governour did instantly, and our Knight desired him to come again at night, because his Dispatches were not ready. He shut himself up fast in his Chamber, then stamping with his foot, and calling for the Turkey-leather Trunk full of Diamonds and Pistoles, it appear’d that moment ; but then he was at a loss for the Key, and knew not where to find it, and thought with himself it would be a thousand pities to break open a Trunk so curiously wrought, and to have so much Riches exposed to the Indiscretion or Knavery of a Lock-smith, that might talk publickly of them, and by that means inform all Robbers of it. ‘ What use are these Favours of, *the Fairy cry’d*, since I can neither enjoy ‘ them myself, nor let my Father receive any benefit from them ?’ Then musing and walking about, he remembred he should consult his Horse ; away he goes to the Stable, and whisper’d softly to him, ‘ Pray *Comrade* tell me where I shall find the Key ‘ of the Turkey-leather Trunk.’ ‘ In my Ear,’ answered he. The Knight look’d in his Ear, and saw a green Ribbon, by which he pulled out the Key. He

He open'd the Trunk, and fill'd three little Chests full of Diamonds and Pistoles, one for his Father, and two for his Sisters, and sent the Governour's Man with them, desiring him not to stop night nor day, till he arriv'd at the old Count's. When the Messenger told him he came from his Son the Knight, and brought him a very heavy Chest, he was very much surprized at what it could contain, for he knew he had so little Money when he set out, that he could not buy any thing, nor pay the Person for bringing his Present. First he open'd his Letter, and when he saw what his dear Daughter had sent him, he was ready to die for Joy; the sight of the Jewels and Gold made good her words: but what was most extraordinary, when the two Sisters came to open their Chests, there were nought but cut Glass and false Pistoles; so unwilling was the Fairy that they should receive any Favours from her: infomuch, that they thought their Sister mock'd them, and thereupon conceiv'd an inexpressible Hatred against her. The Count seeing them so angry, gave them a great many of the Jewels; but as soon as ever they touch'd them, they changed like the rest, by which they knew some unknown Power acted against them, and begg'd of their Father to keep them to himself.

*Fortunio* never stay'd for the Return of the Messenger, so short was the time limited to obey the King's Edict in; but went and took his leave of the Governour. The whole City was assembled together to see him: his Person and all his Actions had somewhat so engaging in them, that they could not but love and admire him. He never spoke, but they express'd a pleasure at every word; and the Croud was so great, that he who had been used all his Life-time to the Country, knew not what it was owing to. After all Civilities paid and receiv'd, he set forward on his Journey, and was entertain'd most agreeably by his Horse, who told him of a great many remarkable things both in old and



and modern Histories, till they arrived at a vast Forest; when *Comrade* said to the Knight, 'Master, there lives here a Man who may be of great use to us: he is a Wood-Man, and one who is gifted.' 'What do you mean by that, interrupted the Knight.' 'One, said the Horse, who is endow'd by Fairies with some rare Qualities; therefore we must engage him to come along with us.' At that instant they came to the Place where the Wood-Man was at work. The young Knight approach'd him with a sweet and pleasant Air, and ask'd him several Questions about the place where they were; whether there were any wild Beasts in the Forest, and if People were allowed to hunt them; to which the Wood-Man return'd him very suitable Answers. Then he ask'd him who help'd him to fell so many Trees; he answer'd, he had fell'd them all himself, and that it was the work only of some few hours, and that he must fell a few more to make a little Burden. 'What, said the Knight, do you pretend to carry all this Wood to-day.' 'O Sir, said Strong-back, which was his Name, I am extraordinary strong.' Then said *Fortunio*, 'Your gain must be great.' 'Very little, reply'd the Wood-Man, we are very poor in this place; and every one does his own Work.' 'Since it is so, added the Knight, come along with me, and you shall want nothing; and when you have a mind to go home again, I will give you Money to defray your Expences.' Which Proposal he approved of, and left his Wedges and other Tools, and follow'd his new Master.

When he had cross'd the Forest, he saw a Man in the Plain, holding in his Hand Ribbons with which he tied his Legs, leaving, one would think or imagine, scarce liberty enough to walk. *Comrade* stopt, and said to his Master, 'This is another gifted Man, you will have occasion for him, therefore take him along with you.' At that the fortunate Knight advanced towards him with his

his natural Gracefulness, and ask'd him why he tied his Legs so; 'Oh, *answer'd he*, I am preparing for a Hunt.' 'How, *said the Knight smiling*, do you pretend to run best when you are so fetter'd?' 'No, Sir, *reply'd he*, I don't pretend to run so fast; but that is not my Intention, there are neither Stags nor Hares, but what I out-run when my Legs are at liberty; so that by always out-going them they escape, and I seldom catch them.' 'You seem to me a very extraordinary Man, *said the Knight*, what's your Name?' 'Lightfoot, *replied he*, and I am very well known in all this Country.' 'If you would see another, *added our Hero*, I should be glad you would go with me; I will use you very kindly.' Which Offer, *Lightfoot*, as he lived but indifferently, accepted of with Thanks, and follow'd the fortunate Knight.

The next day he met with a Man by a Marsh side, binding his Eyes. The Horse said to his Master, 'I would advise you, Sir, to take this Man into your Service.' *Fortunio* asked him what made him bind his Eyes; to which he answer'd, that he saw too clear; that he could see Game above four Leagues; and that he never shot but he kill'd always more than he desir'd; that he was forced to bind his Eyes, lest he should destroy all the Partridge, Pheasants, &c. in the Country. 'You are a notable Man, *reply'd Fortunio*, what's your Name?' 'They call me the Marksman, *said he*, and I would not leave off that Employ for any thing in the World.' 'However, *said the Knight*, I have a great Desire to propose to you to travel along with me; it shall not hinder you from exercising your Talent.' The Marksman raised some Objections, and the Knight found it harder to get his Consent than any of the rest; for these sort of People are generally great Lovers of Liberty: however he brought it about, and they all left the Marsh together.

After

18 *The Tales of the FAIRIES.*

After some days Journey they came by a long Meadow, where he saw a Man laid all on one side upon the ground. 'Master, *said Comrade*, this is 'a gifted Man, who will, I foresee, be very necessary to you.' *Fortunio* went into the Meadow, and desired to know what he was doing. 'I want 'some Simples, *answer'd he*, and I am listening to the 'Grass that is growing, to know if there are any 'such as I want coming up.' 'What, *said the Knight*, 'is your Ear so quick as to hear the Grass grow, 'and know what will come up?' Yes, *replied he*, 'and for that reason I am called *Fine-Ear*.' 'Well, 'Fine-Ear, *said Fortunio*, have you an Inclination 'to follow me? I will give you good Wages; you 'shall have no reason to complain.' This Proposal was so agreeable to him, he without any manner of hesitation added himself to increase their number.

The Knight pursuing his Travels, saw by a great Road-side a Man whose Cheeks were so blown up, that he represented the Picture of *Æolus*: he was standing with his Face towards a high Hill about two Leagues off, on which there stood fifty or sixty Windmills. The Horse said to his Master, 'There 'is another of our gifted Men; do what you can 'to take him along with you.' *Fortunio*, who was as engaging in his Person as Speech, accosted him, and asked him what he was doing there. 'I am 'blowing a little, Sir, *answer'd he*, to set those 'Mills at work.' 'You seem too far off, *said the Knight*.' 'On the contrary, *reply'd the Blower*, I am 'too nigh; if I did not hold in my breath, I should 'overturn the Mills, and perhaps the Hill itself; 'so that by this means I often do a great deal of 'mischief against my will. I'll tell you Sir, I 'was once in love, and very ill used by my Mistress, 'and as I sigh'd in the Woods, my Sighs tore up 'Trees by their Roots, and made such a havock, 'that in this Country they call me the *Boisterer*.' 'If you are troublesome to them, *said Fortunio*,  
'go

go along with me; here are those that will bear you company, who have each of them as extraordinary Talents.' 'I have a natural Curiosity,' *reply'd the Boisterer*; and on that condition accept of your Offer.'

Every thing succeeding thus to *Fortunio's* Desires, he left this Place, and after crossing a thick inclosed Country, saw a large Lake into which several Springs discharg'd their Waters; and by its side a Man who looked very earnestly at him. 'Sir, *said Comrade to his Master*, this Man is wanting to compleat your Equipage; it would be well if you could engage him to follow you.' The Knight went to him, and said, 'Pray Friend what are you doing there?' 'You shall see, Sir, *answer'd the Man*, as soon as this Lake is full, I will drink it up at one Draught; for I am very dry, tho I have emptied it twice already.' Accordingly he stoop'd down, and left scarce enough for the least Fish to swim in. *Fortunio* and his Troop were all very much surprized, 'What, *said he*, are you always thus thirsty?' 'No, *said the Water-Drinker*, only after eating salt Meat, or upon any Wager. I am known by the Name of *Tippler*.' 'Come along with me, *Tippler*,' *said the Knight*, and you shall tipple Wine, which you will like better than this Water.' This Promise carried too great a Temptation with it, for *Tippler* to withstand it, who immediately got up and follow'd them.

The Knight had got within sight of the Place of Rendezvous, where they were all to assemble, when he perceived a Man who eat so greedily, that tho he had sixty thousand Loaves of Bread before him, he seem'd resolv'd not to leave one bit. *Comrade* said to his Master, 'Sir, you only want this Man, pray engage him to go with you.' Upon which the Knight made up to him, and smiling, said, 'Are you resolv'd to eat up all this Bread at your Breakfast?' 'Yes, *reply'd he*, and am vex'd to see so little; these Bakers are a lazy sort of People,



‘ People, who care not if one was starved.’ ‘ If you eat as much every day, *added Fortunio*, you are able to cause a Famine in any Country in the World.’ ‘ Oh! Sir, *reply’d Grugeon*, (which was his Name, and which signifies a great Eater) I should be sorry to have so great a Stomach, since neither what I could get myself, nor what my Neighbours had, would satisfy me: Indeed sometimes I am glad to regale myself after this manner.’ ‘ Well, *Grugeon*, *said the Knight*, if you will follow me, you shall not want for good Cheer, nor repent your chusing me for your Master.’ *Comrade*, whose Sense and Foresight were of great service to our Knight, told him, it would be proper that he forbid his Attendants from boasting of their extraordinary Gifts; which he fail’d not to do, and each of them swore they would punctually obey his Commands. Soon after the Knight, whose Beauty and good Mien far exceeded the Richness of his Habit, enter’d the Capital City, mounted on his excellent Horse, and follow’d by his seven Attendants, for whom he provided rich Liveries, laced with Gold, and good Horses; and going to the best Inn, stay’d there till the day appointed for the Review: all which time he was the Subject of the Discourse of the whole City, insomuch that the King hearing of him, had a great desire to see him.

The Troops assembled on a large Plain, the King, and his Sister the Queen-Dowager, came to review them. She abated in no wise her Pomp and State, notwithstanding the Troubles of the Kingdom; but dazled *Fortunio’s* Eyes with the Riches with which she was adorn’d: whose Beauty had the same effect upon that noble Train, as her Magnificence had on him. Every body enquired who that handsome young Knight was; and the King himself, as he pass’d by, made a sign for him to come to him. *Fortunio* alighted from off his Horse, to make the King a low Bow, but at the same

Some time could not forbear blushing, seeing him look so earnestly at him, which gave a great Lustre to his Complexion. 'I should be glad, *said the King*, to know who you are, and your Name.' Sir, *answer'd he*, I am call'd *Fortunio*, tho I have no reason to bear that Name, since my Father is an old Count, that lives on the Frontiers; who, tho he is a Man of Birth, has no Estate.' 'Tho Fortune may have proved unkind hitherto, *answer'd the King*, she has made an amends, by bringing you hither; I have a particular Affection for you, and remember that your Father did mine some signal Services, which I will recompence in you.' 'It is just you should, *said the Queen-Dowager*, who had not yet open'd her Lips: and as I am older than you, Brother, I remember more particularly than you do, what great things the old Count perform'd in the Service of his Country; therefore I desire I may have the Care of the Preference of this young Knight.'

*Fortunio*, overjoy'd at this Reception, could not thank the King and Queen enough; and durst not enlarge too much on the Sentiments of his Acknowledgment, thinking it more respectful to hold his tongue, than to speak too much, tho what he did say was so proper and well adapted, that every one commended him. Afterwards he mounted his Horse again, and mix'd among the Lords and Gentlemen who attended on the King; when the Queen calling him often to ask him Questions, and turning herself towards *Florida*, who was her Confidant, said to her softly, 'What do you think of this young Spark? can there be a more noble Air, and more regular Features? I must confess, I never in my life saw any thing more lovely.' *Florida's* Sentiments differ'd not from her Mistress's, she praised him even to Exaggeration. Our Knight could not forbear casting his Eyes often on the King, who was not only a handsome Prince, but in all his Ways was engaging; and our Female

War-

Warriour, tho she had changed her Habit, had not renounced her Sex, but was sensible of his Merit. The King told *Fortunio* after the Review, that he was afraid the War would be very bloody, therefore he was resolved always to keep him nigh his own Person. The Queen-Dowager, who was then by, said, she was just thinking that he ought not to be exposed to the Dangers of a long Campaign, and that as the Place of Steward of her Household was vacant, she would give it to him. 'No, said *the King*, I will make him Master of the Horse to myself.' Thus they disputed who should prefer *Fortunio*; when the Queen, fearing lest she should too much betray the secret Emotions of her Heart, yielded to the King.

There was never a day but *Fortunio* call'd for his Turkey-leather Trunk, and took a new Dress; by which means he appear'd more magnificent than all the Princes at the Court: insomuch that the Queen ask'd him often how his Father could afford to be at so vast an Expence. Sometimes she banter'd him, and said, 'Come, confess truly you have a Mistress, who supports you in all this Finery.' Upon which *Fortunio* would blush, and excuse himself the best he could. He acquitted himself admirably well in his Post, and his Heart, which was sensible of a Tenderness for the King, attach'd him more to his Person than he wish'd to be: 'What is my Fate, said our Knight, I love a great and powerful King, without any hopes of the like Return, or that he should have any regard for the Pains I endure.' The King loaded him with his Favours, he thought nothing well done, but what was done by the handsome Knight, and the Queen, deceiv'd by his Habit, thought seriously of marrying him; but the Inequality of their Birth was the only obstacle that stood in her way. Neither was she the only Person that was taken with the beautiful *Fortunio*, all the fine Ladies of the Court sigh'd for him. He was continually

ually pester'd with tender Letters, Appointments for Rendevouz's, Presents, and a thousand other Gallantries; which he answer'd with all imaginable Indifference, which made them suspect he had left a Mistress behind him in his own Country. At all Tournaments he won the Prize, and in Hunting, or any other Sport, kill'd more Game than all the Company besides, and danced at all Balls more gracefully than all the Courtiers; in short, he charmed all who saw and heard him.

The Queen, that she might not be obliged to declare her Sentiments to him herself, charged *Florida* to let him understand, that such Marks of Bounty from a young Queen ought not to be so carelessly receiv'd. *Florida*, who had not been able to avoid the Fate of most that had seen this Knight, was very much embarrass'd with this Commission, he appear'd too lovely in her Eyes, for her to think of preferring her Mistress's Interest before her own; insomuch that whenever the Queen gave her an opportunity of discoursing with him, instead of speaking of the Beauty and great Qualifications of that Princess, she told him how ill-humour'd she was, how much her Women endured with her, how unjust she was, and the ill use she made of the great Power she had usurped; and at last comparing Sentiments, said, 'Tho I was not born to be a Queen, I ought to have been one, since I have a great and generous Soul, that induces me to do good to every body. Oh! continued she, was I in that high Station, how happy would I make the charming *Fortunio*! He should love me out of Gratitude, if he could not love me thro Inclination.'

The young Knight was entirely at a loss, and knew not what Answer to make, but ever after carefully avoided having any private Discourse with her; while the impatient Queen never fail'd to ask *Florida* how far she had wrought on *Fortunio*, who said to her, 'He is, Madam, so timorous, that he will



24 *The Tales of the FAIRIES.*

‘ will not believe any thing that I tell him favourably from you, or pretends not to believe it, because he is engaged in some other Passion.’ ‘ I believe so too, *said the alarm’d Queen*; but is it possible his Love should hold out against his Ambition?’ ‘ And can you, Madam, *reply’d Florida*, bear the thoughts of owing his Heart to your Crown? Ought a Princess so young and beautiful as you are, to have recourse to a Diadem?’ ‘ Yes, to every thing, *cry’d the Queen*, when it is to subdue a rebellious Heart.’ By this *Florida* knew very well, that it was impossible to cure her Mistress of her Passion. The Queen waited every day for some happy effect from the Cares of her Confidant; but the small Progress she made on *Fortunio* obliged her to find out other ways to discourse with him. As she knew that he went early every morning into a little Wood, into which the Windows of her Apartment look’d; she arose with the Morning, and looking out, she perceiv’d him walking in a careless melancholy Air; and calling *Florida*, said to her, ‘ What you told me appears but too true; *Fortunio*, without dispute, is in love with some Lady, either in this Court, or in his own Country: observe but the Sadness which hangs on his Face.’ ‘ I have taken notice of it in all the Conversation I have had with him, *reply’d Florida*; therefore, Madam, it would be well if you could forget him.’ ‘ It is now too late, *cry’d the Queen*, *fetching a deep Sigh*; but if he goes into that green Arbour, we will go to him.’ *Florida* durst in no wise offer to oppose the Queen, tho she had a great desire to it; for she was cruelly afraid she should be loved by *Fortunio*, knowing a Rival of her Rank to be always dangerous. When the Queen came within some small distance of the Arbour, she heard the Knight, whose Voice was very agreeable, sing these words:

*In vain, soft Ease, the Love-lost's'd Heart pursues,  
Even in possession of the long-sought Joy,  
We rob the bounteous God of half his Dues,  
And future Fears the present Bliss destroy.*

Fortunio made these Lines, with relation to the Sentiment wherewith the young King had inspired her, the Favours she had received from that Prince, and the Apprehensions she was under, lest she should be known, and be forced to leave a Court, which she chose to live in sooner than any other Place in the World. The Queen, who stopped to hear her, was in a cruel Uneasiness: 'What am I going to attempt? said she softly to Florida: this young Ungrate despises the honour of pleasing me. thinks himself happy, seems content with his Conquest, and sacrifices me to another.' 'He is now at that Age, answer'd Florida, when Reason has not fully established itself; if I durst give your Majesty Advice, it should be to forget him, since he knows not how to value his good Fortune.' The Queen, who would have been better pleased that her Confidant had spoke after another manner, cast an angry Eye upon her, and advancing forwards, went directly into the Arbour where the Knight was; and pretended to be surprized to find him there, and to be vexed he should see her in a Dishabille, tho' at the same time she had neglected nothing that was rich and gallant. As soon as he saw her, he was for retiring, out of Respect; but she bid him stay, that she might lean on him back again. 'I was this morning, said she, agreeably awakened by the Warblings of the Birds, and the Freshness of the Air invited me to come higher to them. Alas! how happy are they! they know nought but Pleasures, they know no Troubles.' 'I am of opinion, Madam, reply'd Fortunio, that they are not absolutely exempt from Troubles and Disquiets, they are always in danger

26 *The Tales of the FAIRIES.*

‘ of the murdering Shot and Snares of Sportsmen, besides that of the Birds of Prey, which make a cruel War upon them; and then again, when a hard and severe Winter congeals the Earth, and covers it with Snow, they die for want of Food, and are every year put to the trouble of seeking out a new Mistress.’ ‘ Do you think it then a trouble?’ *said the Queen smiling?* ‘ There are Men who do it every month.’ ‘ What,’ *continued she,* you seem surprized, and as if your Heart was not of this stamp, and that you have not hitherto been given to change.’ ‘ I cannot yet tell, Madam,’ *said he,* what I may be capable of, since I was never sensible of Love; but I dare believe, if I should be, my Passion would be lasting. ‘ You have never been in love!’ *cry’d the Queen, looking so earnestly at him, that the poor Knight blushed;* you have not been in love? O *Fortunio!* how can you tell a Queen so, who reads in your Face and Eyes the Passion that possesses your Heart, and which your own words, which you sung to a new-fashioned Tune, have informed me of. Indeed, Madam,’ *answered the Knight,* the Lines were mine, but I made them without any particular Design; for my Companions and Acquaintance engage me to make drinking Catches, tho I drink nought but Water, and tender and passionate Songs: so that I sing both Love and *Bacchus,* tho’ I am neither a Lover nor a Drinker.’

The Queen listened to him with that Concern, that she could hardly contain herself. What he said, rekindled in her Heart the Hope *Florida* would have banished: ‘ If I could think you sincere,’ *said she,* I should have reason to be surprized, that you have not yet found in this Court a Lady amiable enough for to fix your Choice.’ ‘ Madam,’ *reply’d Fortunio,* I have so much to do in the Office I am in, I have no time to throw away in sighing.’ ‘ Then you love nothing?’ *added she with eagerness.* ‘ No, Madam,’ *said he,* I have not a Heart

Heart of so gallant a Character, I am a kind of  
 ' Misanthropos, that loves my Liberty, and would  
 ' not lose it for all the World.' The Queen sat  
 herself down, and fixing her Eyes most obligingly  
 on him, reply'd, ' There are some Chains so easy  
 ' and glorious to bear, that if Fortune has destined  
 ' any such for you, I would advise you to renounce  
 ' your Liberty.' In all this Discourse her Eyes ex-  
 plained her Thoughts but too intelligibly for our  
 Knight, whose Suspicions were too great before not  
 to be confirmed in them ; and fearing lest the Con-  
 versation should go too far, he pulled out his  
 Watch, and setting the Hand forward, said, ' I beg  
 of your Majesty to give me leave to go to the Pa-  
 lace, it is the King's time of rising, and he or-  
 dered me to be at his Levee.' ' Go, indifferent  
 Youth, *said she, fetching a deep Sigh*, you are in the  
 right to pay Court to my Brother ; but remem-  
 ber it would not be amiss to let me have some  
 share of your Devoirs.' The Queen followed him  
 with her Eyes, then lowering them, and reflecting  
 on what had passed, blushed with Shame and Rage;  
 and what troubled her most, was, *Florida's* being a  
 Witness, and the joyful Air that appeared all over  
 her Countenance, which was as much as to say,  
 she had better have taken her Advice than spoke to  
*Fortunio*.

*Florida* acted her part very well with the Queen,  
 and comforted her the best she could, giving her some  
 flattering hopes, of which at that time she stood in  
 great need ? ' *Fortunio*, Madam, *said she*, thinks  
 himself so much beneath you, that perhaps he  
 did not understand what you mean, and I think  
 he has assured you he loves no Person.' As it is  
 natural for us to flatter ourselves, the Queen, reco-  
 vered somewhat out of her fears, not dreaming in the  
 least that the malicious *Florida* was engaging her to  
 declare herself more plainly, that he might offend  
 her the more by the Indifference of his Answers.  
 The Knight, for his part, was in the utmost Con-  
 fusion,



28 *The Tales of the FAIRIES.*

fusion, the Situation he was in seemed cruel, and he would have made no difficulty to have left the Court, had not the fatal Stroke, wherewith the little God had wounded his Heart, detained him in spite of himself. He never came near the Queen but on Drawing-Room Nights, and when with the King; and as soon as she perceived this new Change in his Behaviour, she gave him often the most favourable Opportunities to make his Court to her, which he as often neglected; when one day, as she was going down some steps into the Garden, she saw him crossing a large Alley, and making towards the Wood: upon which calling to him, he, lest she should be displeased, came to her, and pretended that he did not see her. 'You remember, Knight, *said she*, the Conversation we had some time since in the Green Arbour.' 'I am not, Madam, *answer'd he*, capable of forgetting that Honour.' 'Then without doubt, *said she*, the Questions I put to you were not very pleasing; for since that day, you would not let it be in my power to ask you any more.' 'As Chance alone, *answer'd he*, procured me that Favour, I thought it would be too great Boldness to pretend to any other.' 'Say rather, ungrateful Man, *contin'd she blushing*, you have avoided my Presence. You know my Sentiments but too well.' *Fortunio* thro Modesty and Confusion lower'd his Eyes, and as he did not make a quick Reply, 'You are very much confounded, *said she*; go, seek not for an Answer, I understand you better than I would.' She had perhaps said a great deal more, but that she perceived the King coming that way; whereupon she made towards him, and seeing him pensive and melancholy, conjured him to tell her the Reason. 'You know, *said the King*, that I have received Advice this Month of a Dragon of a prodigious size, that ravages the whole Country. I thought he might be killed, and to that end gave necessary Orders; but all that has been tried has proved in  
vain.

vain. He devours my Subjects and their Flocks, and all that comes nigh him; he poisons all the Rivers and Lakes he drinks at, and wherever he lies, withers all the Grass and Herbs about him.

While the King was making this Complaint, the enraged Queen was thinking how she might sacrifice the Knight to her Resentment, 'I am not unacquainted with the ill News you have received; Fortunio, whom you saw with me, informed me thereof: but, Brother, you will be surprized at what I have to tell you; he has begged of me, with the greatest Importunity, to ask you leave to let him go to fight this terrible Dragon, indeed he has a wonderful Address, and handles his Arms so well, that I am not so much amazed at his presuming so much of himself; besides, he has told me he has a Secret, by which he can lay the most wakeful Dragons asleep: but that must not be mentioned, because it shews not so much Courage in the Action.' 'Be it how it will, reply'd the King, it will be glorious for him, and of great service to us, if he should succeed; but I am afraid this proceeds from an indiscreet Zeal, and that it should cost him his Life.' 'No, Brother, added the Queen, fear not, he has told me very surprizing things on this Subject. You know he is naturally very sincere, and besides what Honour can he hope to gain by throwing away his Life rashly? In short, continued she, I have promised to obtain for him what he so earnestly desires, and if you refuse him, you will break his Heart.' 'I consent, said the King, yet I must own, not very freely: however, let us call him.' And thereupon making a sign for him to come to him, said to him in an obliging manner, 'I understand by the Queen, you have a great desire to fight the Dragon, that preys so much on our Country; which is so bold a Resolution, that I can scarcely believe you know the Danger you run.' 'I have represented that already to him, answer'd

'the Queen, but his Zeal for your Service, and his Desire to signalize himself, are so great, that nothing can dissuade him from it; and therefore I foresee some happy Success will attend him.'

Fortunio was very much surprized to hear the King and Queen talk after this manner, and had too much Sense not to penetrate into the ill Designs of that Princess; but his Sweetness of Temper would not suffer him to explain himself: so without returning any Answer, he let her talk on, while he made low Bows, which the King took for so many new Intreaties to grant what he so much desired. 'Go, said the King sighing, go where Honour calls; I know you do every thing so well, and have particularly so much Courage and Conduct, that this Monster will not be able to escape your Arms.' 'Sir, answered the Knight, however Fortune decides the Fight, I shall be satisfied, since I shall either deliver you from a terrible Scourge, or die in your Service: but honour me with one favour, which will be infinitely dear to me.' 'Ask what you would have, said the King.' 'Then let me be so bold, continued he, as to beg your Picture.' The King was mightily pleased, that he should think of his Picture at a time when his Thoughts might have been employed on so many other important things, and the Queen was chagrined anew, that he had not made the same Request to her. The King returned to his Palace, and the Queen to hers, and Fortunio, who was not a little embarrassed on his Word which he had given, went to his Horse: 'Comrade, said he, I have strange News to tell you.' 'I know it, Sir, already, reply'd the Horse.' 'What shall we then do?' added Fortunio. 'We must go as soon as possible, answer'd the Horse; get the King's Commission, whereby he orders you to fight the Dragon, and afterwards we will do our Duty.' These words were very comfortable to our young Knight, who failed not to wait on the King early the next Morning

ing in a campaigning Habit, as handsome and gallant as any of his others.

As soon as the King saw him, he cry'd out, 'What are you ready to go?' 'Yes, Sir, *reply'd he*, one cannot make too much haste to execute your Commands, therefore I am come to take my leave of you.' The King could not but relent, seeing so young, so beautiful, and so accomplished a Knight, then going to expose himself to the greatest Danger Man could ever undergo; he embraced him, and gave him his Picture set in Diamonds, which *Fortunio* received with extraordinary Joy; for the King's great Qualities had such an effect upon him, that he could not think any so lovely as him; and if he had any Reluctancy to go, it proceeded more from being deprived of his Presence, than his Fear of being devoured by the Dragon. The King would have a general Order included in *Fortunio's* Commission, for all his Subjects to aid and assist him, whenever he should stand in need. Afterwards he took his leave of the King, and that nothing might be remarked in his Behaviour, went also to the Queen, who was sat at her Toilet, surrounded by a great number of Ladies. She changed Colour as soon as ever she saw him, so much had she to reproach herself withal; he saluted her respectfully, and asked her, if she would honour him with her Commands, since he was just then going. These last words put her into the utmost Consternation, while *Florida*, who knew not what the Queen had plotted against the Knight, remained like one Thunder-struck, and would willingly have had some private Discourse with him, but that he avoided it as much as possible: 'I beseech Heaven, *said the Queen*, that you may conquer, and return in Triumph.' 'Madam, *reply'd the Knight*, your Majesty honours me too much, and, I am sensible, knows very well the Danger to which I shall be exposed; yet I have a great deal of Confidence, and perhaps am the only Per-



'son that entertains any hopes on this occasion.' The Queen understood very well what he meant, and, without dispute, had returned him some Answer to this Reproach, had there not been so many Witnesses present.

The Knight afterwards went away, and ordered his seven notable Domesticks to take horse, and follow him, because the time was then come to make proof of what they could do. They all expressed their Joy to serve him, and got every thing done in less than an hour's time. and went along with him, assuring him, that they would neglect nothing they could do to serve him; and when they were out in the Country, shewed their Address. *Trinquet* drank up the Lakes and Ponds, and caught delicate Fish for his Master's Dinner; *Lightfoot* hunted down Venison, and caught Hares by the Ears; and for the good *Marksman*, he neither gave Partridge nor Pheasant any Quarter; and whatever Game they killed, *Strongback* carried it. By this means *Fortunio* had no occasion to draw his Purse-strings all his Journey, and might have had very good Diversion, if his Thoughts had been less employed on those he left behind him. The King's Merit was always in his mind, and the Queen's Malice appeared so great, that he could not but detest her. Thus he travelled all the way very thoughtful, till he was roused from his Musings by the Shrieks of poor Peasants half devoured by the Dragon; some, that had escaped, he saw flying as fast as they could, who would not stop nor stay, which obliged him to ride after them to get intelligence. After he had talked with them, and learnt that the Dragon was not far off, he ask'd them how they secured themselves from him. To which they answered, 'That as Water was very scarce in that Country, and that they had none but what they preserved when it rained in Ponds; at which the Dragon, when he went his Rounds, came to drink, making a terrible Noise and Roaring, which might be heard a League off; that then every

every body hid themselves, and shut their Doors and Windows.

The Knight went into an Inn, not so much to rest himself, as to advise with his Horse : When every one was retired, and gone to rest, he went into the Stable, and said, '*Comrade*, how shall we conquer this Dragon ?' To which the Horse reply'd, 'Sir, I will dream to-night, and give you an account in the morning.' Accordingly next morning, when he came again, he said, 'Let *Fine-Ear* listen whether the Dragon is nigh at hand, or not.' *Fine-Ear* laid himself on the Ground, and heard the Dragon about seven Leagues off. When the Horse was informed of this, he said to *Fortunio*, 'Bid *Trinquet* go and drink up all the Water out of a large Pond, and *Strongback* carry Wine enough to fill it; then let there be dry'd Raisins, peppered and salted Meats set by it : afterwards order all the Inhabitants to keep their Houses, and likewise do you and your Attendants the same; the Dragon will not fail to go eat and drink, he will like the Wine, and you will see what will happen.' No sooner had the Horse thus appointed what was to be done, but every one did what he was ordered : The Knight went to a House, from whence he might see the Pond; and was no sooner within the doors, but the Dragon came and drank a little : afterwards he eat some of that Repast prepared for him, and then drank so much, that he was quite drunk, insomuch that he could not stir. He was laid on one side, with his Head hanging down, and his Eyes shut. When *Fortunio* saw him in this Condition, he thought proper to lose no time, but went out with his Sword in his hand, and attacked him. The Dragon, finding himself wounded on all sides, would have got up, and fell upon the Knight; but had not strength, he had lost so much Blood. The Knight, overjoyed that he had reduced him to this extremity, called his Attendants to bind this Monster, that the King might

have the Honour and Pleasure of putting an end to his Life, and that being so bound, he might be carried without danger to the capital City.

*Fortunio* marched at the head of his little Troop, and when he was within some few hours march of the Palace, he sent *Lightfoot* to acquaint the King with the good News of his Success; which seemed almost incredible, till the Monster appeared bound fast upon a Machine fit for that purpose. The King went to *Fortunio*, embraced him, and said, 'The Gods have reserved this Victory for you, I am not sensible of half so much Joy to see this Monster in this Condition, as to see my dear Knight again.' 'Sir, *reply'd he*, your Majesty yourself may give the last Blow, I brought him hither on purpose that he might receive it at your hand.' At that the King drew his Sword, and killed this his most cruel Enemy, while all the People gave Shouts and Acclamations of Joy at so little expected Success. *Florida*, who, during his Absence, had not enjoyed many quiet hours, was not long before she was informed of her charming Knight's return, and ran to tell the Queen; who was so much surprized and confounded thro Love and Hatred, that she could return no Answer to what her Favourite told her, but reproached herself a thousand times for the ill turn she had plaid him; but then again would have been better pleased to have heard of his Death, than to see him so indifferent: insomuch that she knew not whether she should be vexed or pleased at his Return to Court, where his Presence might disturb her Repose. The King, impatient to tell her the happy Success of so extraordinary an Adventure, went into her Chamber, leaning on the Knight, 'Here is the Man, *said he*, that has vanquished the Dragon, and has done me the greatest Service I could desire from the most faithful Subject. 'Twas to you, Madam, that he first spoke of his Desire to fight that Monster, and I hope you will respect him for the Danger to which he exposed himself.'

self.' The Queen, composing her Countenance, honoured *Fortunio* with a gracious Reception, and a thousand Praises, found him much more lovely than when he went away, and gave him to understand how much her Heart was wounded, by looking so earnestly at him.

But not satisfied with explaining her Sentiments by her Eyes, one day, as she was an hunting with the King, she pretended to be out of order, that she could not follow the Dogs; and turning herself towards the young Knight, who was just by her, said to him, 'You will do me a pleasure to stay with me, for I have a mind to alit, and rest myself a little.' Then bidding those who attended on her go forwards, she and *Florida* alit, and sat down by a Brook-side, where she remained some time in a profound Silence, thinking on what she should say. Afterwards lifting up her Eyes, and fixing them on the Knight, she said, 'As good Intentions do not always shew themselves, I am afraid you have not penetrated into the Motives that engaged me to press the King to send you to fight the Dragon. I was assured by a Foreknowledge, that never deceives me, that you would be- have yourself with Bravery, of which your Enemies spoke very indifferently, because you went not to the Army, that you lay under a necessity of performing some such illustrious Action as this to stop their mouths. I should have acquainted you, continued she, with what they said on this Subject, or ought to have done it, but that I was persuaded your Resentment would be attended with some fatal Consequences, and that it would be better to silence your Enemies by your Intrepidity in Danger, than by an Authority that would shew more of the Favourite than the Soldier.' 'The Distance between us is so great, Madam, reply'd he modestly, that I am not worthy of this Explanation, nor the care you took to hazard my Life for the sake of my Honour. Hea- ven



'ven has protected me more than my Enemies  
' wished for, and I shall esteem myself always hap-  
' py to venture for the King, and your Service, a  
' Life which is more indifferent to me than some  
' People imagine.'

This respectful Reproach embarrassed the Queen, who understood very well what he meant; but she thought him too amiable to exasperate him by too severe a Reply. On the contrary, she pretended to be of his opinion, and told him again, how gloriously he had slain the Dragon. *Fortunio* had been so cautious, as to let no Person know that it was owing to the Assistance of his Retinue, but boasted of his meeting that terrible Enemy barefaced, and that the Victory was gained entirely by his Courage. In the mean time the Queen, who thought not much on what he was telling her, interrupted him, to ask him, if he was satisfied how much she was interested in his Safety; and that Conversation had been carried further, but he said, 'Ma-  
' dam, the King is coming this way, I hear the  
' Horn, and will not your Majesty be pleased  
' to mount again?' 'No, said she, with an Air of  
' Rage, it is enough that you go.' 'The King, Ma-  
' dam, reply'd he, will blame me for leaving you a-  
' lone, in a place exposed to so many Dangers.'  
' I dispense with this your Care, added she, in a  
' haughty Tone; go, your Presence is troublesome.'  
At that the Knight made a low Bow, mounted his Horse, and rid out of sight, very much concerned at the Consequences that might attend this new Resentment. Upon this he consulted his Horse: 'Tell  
' me, Comrade, said he, whether this love-sick pas-  
' sionate Queen will find out another Monster for  
' me?' 'No other besides herself, reply'd the Horse,  
' but she is still more dangerous than the Dragon  
' you have killed, and will exercise both your Pa-  
' tience and Virtue sufficiently.' 'Will she make me  
' lose the King's Favour, said he, for that's all I am  
' afraid of.' 'I cannot tell you what will happen  
' in

in relation to that, *said Comrade*, it is enough that I am always upon the Watch.' There was no more said then, because the King appeared, and *Fortunio* went to him, and told him the Queen was indisposed, and had ordered him to stay with her. 'I think, *said the King smiling*, you are very much in her favour, and declare your Mind more preferably to her than me; I have not yet forgot your Request, to procure you leave to fight the Dragon.' 'Sir, *answered the Knight*, I dare not pretend to clear myself from what you alledge against me: but I can assure your Majesty, I look upon your Favour and the Queen's with a great deal of difference; and was a Subject allowed to make his Sovereign his Confidant, I should do myself an infinite Pleasure to declare to you the Sentiments of my Heart.' Here the King interrupted him, to know where he had left the Queen, who all the time of their Discourse was complaining to *Florida* of *Fortunio's* Indifference. 'The sight of him, *cry'd she*, is hateful to me, either he or I must leave the Court, for I cannot bear that such an ungrateful Wretch should shew me so much disdain: What Man would not think himself happy to please so powerful a Queen? He is the only Person whom the Gods have reserved to disturb the Repose of my Life.' *Florida* was in no wise displeased to see her Mistress so chagrined, but instead of appeasing her, rather aggravated, by recalling to her remembrance a thousand Circumstances, which she perhaps would not have taken notice of: which increased her Rage, and made her think on a new Project to ruin the poor Knight.

When the King came to her, he express'd his Concern for her Health; to which she said, 'I must own I was very ill, but one cannot be long so, when *Fortunio's* by, he is so merry, and his Jest's are so diverting: But you must know, *continued she*, he has desired me to ask another Favour of your Majesty. He insists with the utmost confidence,

'fidence, that he shall succeed in one of the most  
 'rash Enterprizes imaginable.' 'What, *cry'd the*  
 '*King*, would he fight with some new Dragon?'  
 'With a great many at once, *said she*, and makes  
 'as if he was sure to conquer. I will tell you;  
 'in short, he boasts to make the Emperor restore  
 'to us all our Treasures, and to do it without an  
 'Army.' 'What a pity is this, *reply'd the King*, that  
 'this poor Boy should be guilty of so much Extra-  
 'vagance?' 'His Victory over the Dragon, *added*  
 '*the Queen*, has puffed him up; and what do you  
 'hazard, in giving him leave to expose himself a-  
 'gain for your service?' 'I hazard his Life, which  
 'is dear to me, *reply'd the King*; I should be very  
 'sorry to be the occasion of his Death.' To this  
 the Queen answer'd, That his Desire was so great,  
 that if he was refused, he would languish and die  
 away. The King upon this look'd melancholy, and  
 said, 'I cannot imagine who it is that fills his Head  
 'with these Chimeras; it is unknown what I en-  
 'cure to see him in this condition.' 'Why the  
 'matter is, *reply'd the Queen*, he has fought a Dra-  
 'gon, and been victorious, perhaps he may succeed  
 'as well in this; I have often a very just Foresight,  
 'and my Mind now tells me, that this Undertaking  
 'will not be unfortunate: therefore, Brother, op-  
 'pose not his Zeal.' 'Let him be call'd then, *said*  
 '*the King*, and his Dangers be represented to him.'  
 'That's the way to make him despair, *reply'd the*  
 '*Queen*; he will believe you to be against his go-  
 'ing, and I can assure you he is not to be de-  
 'tain'd by any Consideration that regards himself:  
 'for I said all that can be thought on that Subject.'  
 'Well, *cry'd the King*, I consent.' Upon this, the  
 Queen was overjoy'd, and call'd *Fortunia* in; 'Go,  
 'Knight, *said she*, and thank the King; he has  
 'granted the leave, you so much desired, to go to  
 'the Emperor *Matapa*, and make him, by fair means  
 'or force, restore our Treasures: Make the same  
 'dispatch, as when you went to fight the Dra-  
 'gon.'

*Fortunia*

Fortunio at first was surprized, but was soon sensible that this proceeded from the Queen's Rage; however, he felt a secret Pleasure, in being able to lay down his Life for a Prince that was so dear to him: and without excusing himself from such an extraordinary Commission, kneel'd on one Knece, and kiss'd the King's Hand, whose Heart at that instant relented. The Queen felt an inward Shame, to see with what respect he behaved himself, tho sent to meet a certain Death. 'Would to Heaven,' *said she to herself*, he had any regard for me; how noble is it, not to contradict what I have advanced, but rather to bear the ill turn I have done him, than complain!' The King said little to the Knight, but mounted his Horse again; and the Queen, pretending all that time to be ill, went into her Chaise. Fortunio accompany'd them to the end of the Forest, and afterwards return'd back, to have some discourse with his Horse: 'My faithful Comrade,' *said he*, 'tis done, I must die, the Queen has compleated that which I never expected from her.' 'My lovely Master,' *reply'd the Horse*, fright not yourself, tho I have not been present at what has pass'd, I know all; the Embassy is not so terrible as you imagine.' 'You don't know,' *continued the Knight*, that this Emperor is the most passionate of all Men, and that if I propose, that he restore what he has taken from the King my Master, he will return me no other Answer, than order a Stone to be tied about my Neck, and that I be thrown into a River.' 'I am not uninform'd of his Violence,' *said Comrade*: but that does not hinder you from taking your People along with you, and if we perish, it shall be one and all; but I hope for better Success.'

The Knight return'd home somewhat comforted, where he gave the necessary Orders, and afterwards went to receive his Credentials. 'Tell the Emperor,' *said the King*, that I remand back all my Subjects he has in Slavery, all my Soldiers  
' that



‘that are Prisoners, all my Horses, and other Goods and Treasure.’ ‘What must I offer him for all this?’ *said Fortunio.* ‘Nothing,’ *answer’d the King,* ‘but my Friendship.’ The young Ambassador had no occasion for a great Memory to keep these Instructions in his mind: he went without seeing the Queen, at which she was very angry; but he had no reason to regard that, for what could she do more in the height of her Rage, than what she had accomplish’d in the greatest Transports of Friendship? And a Tenderness of this kind was to him the most formidable thing in the World. Nay, her Confidant, who knew the whole Secret, was enraged against her Mistress, for striving to sacrifice the Flower of all Knighthood. *Fortunio* took whatever was necessary for his Journey out of his Turkey-leather Trunk, and was not content to clothe himself magnificently, but his seven Servants also; and as they had all excellent Horses, and *Comrade* seem’d rather to fly than run, they arriv’d soon at the Emperor’s Capital, which was no ways inferior to any City of *Europe*.

*Fortunio* was very much surprized to see a Town of such a large Extent. He demanded an Audience of the Emperor, and had it granted; but when he declared the Subject of his Embassy, tho it was with a Grace that gave force to his Arguments, the Emperor could not help smiling. ‘Were you at the Head of five hundred thousand Men,’ *said he,* one might hearken to you; whereas, I am told, you have only seven.’ ‘I never undertook,’ *Sir,* *said Fortunio,* to compel you by force of Arms, but only by my Remonstrances.’ ‘Whatever those be,’ *added the Emperor,* you shall never bring them to bear, unless you will do a thing that is just now come into my head; that is, to find a Man that can eat for his Breakfast as much hot Bread as serves this City for a whole Day.’ The Knight at this Proposition seem’d overjoy’d, and as he spoke not presently, the Emperor burst out  
into

into a Laughter. 'Sir, *said* Fortunio, I accept of your Proposition, and will bring to-morrow a Man, who shall not only eat all the new Bread, but also the stale; order it to be brought out, and you shall have the pleasure of seeing him lick up the very Crumbs.' The Emperor said he consented, and all the Discourse of that Day run upon the Folly of this Ambassador, whom *Matapa* swore he would put to death, if he was not as good as his word. When he returned back to the House where Ambassadors were lodged, he called *Grugeon*, and told what had pass'd between him and the Emperor. 'Never be uneasy, Master, *said* Grugeon, I will eat till they shall be tired first.' However, notwithstanding this Assurance of *Grugeon's*, *Fortunio* could not help being under some Apprehensions, but forbid him from eating any Supper, that he might eat his Breakfast the better.

A Balcony was raised on purpose for the Emperor, and his Consort, and Daughter, to see this sight. *Fortunio* came with his little Train, and when he saw six great Mountains of Bread, he turned pale, which had a quite contrary effect upon *Grugeon*, he being pleased therewith. The Emperor laugh'd and jested with all his Court at the Knight and his Retinue's extravagant Undertaking, while *Grugeon* was impatient for the Signal; at last it was made by the Soundings of Trumpets and Beat of Drum, and *Grugeon* fell upon one of the Heaps, and devoured it in less than a quarter of an hour, and after that all the rest. Never was greater Astonishment, every body thought it was a piece of Witchcraft, or that their Eyes deceived them, which made them go to the Place where the Bread was piled up to be satisfied. *Fortunio*, who was infinitely well pleased with this good Success, went to the Emperor, and ask'd him if he would be pleased to be as good as his word; to which the Emperor, enraged to be thus over-reach'd, reply'd, that it was too much to eat without drinking, therefore he, or some of his

his Train, must drink all the Water in the Aquaducts and Fountains that were in that City, and all the Wine in its Cellars. ‘Sir, said Fortunio, you would put it out of my power to obey your Commands; however, I will try, if I may flatter myself that you will restore to my Master what I have demanded.’ ‘It shall be done, said the Emperor, if you succeed in your Undertaking.’ The Knight ask’d the Emperor, if he himself would be present; he answer’d, ~~Yes~~ he would, because so rare an Action deserved his Curiosity: and getting that instant into his Chariot, carried him to a Fountain of seven marble Lions, which vomited up as much Water as form’d a large River. *Trinquet* made up to the Basin, and without so much as ever fetching his Breath, drank it up, and left the Fishes in the Mud and Sand. In like manner he did by all the Aquaducts and Ponds belonging to the City. After this Experiment, the Emperor never doubted but he would drink the Wine as well as the Water; so that he, as well as the Owners, had no inclination to try him: but *Trinquet* complain’d highly of that Injustice, alledging that he had as much Right to the Wine as the Water; in-somuch that the Emperor, that he might not be thought altogether coverous, consented to his Desires. After that *Fortunio*, taking his opportunity, put him in mind of his Promise; which, he being unwilling to perform, put him out of humour. He call’d his Council, and told them how much he was concern’d, that he had promised this young Ambassador to return what he had taken from his Master; but withal, he thought the Conditions he agreed on were impracticable: therefore he assembled them, to know how he might avoid what was so much against his Interest and Inclination. The Princess his Daughter, who was a very beautiful Princess, having heard how much he was embarrassed, came to him, and said, ‘Sir, as you know that none that ever ran with me, could ever boast of  
‘ the

‘ the Victory, if you think fit, I will contend with him, and if he reaches first the Goal, you promise not to elude the Word you have given.’

The Emperor embraced his Daughter, approved of her Proposal, and the next day, when *Fortunio* came to an Audience, said to him, ‘ I have one thing more to inform you of, which is, that if you, or any of your Attendants, will run against the Princess, I swear by all the Elements, that if you or he gain the Race, I will give your Master all manner of satisfaction.’ *Fortunio* accepted the Challenge, and *Matapa* appointed the time to be within two hours, and accordingly sent to his Daughter, to bid her prepare herself against that time for this Exercise, which was what she had been used to from her Cradle. She appear’d at the time in a long Walk of Orange-Trees, above three Miles long, which was so carefully rolled and managed, that there was not a Stone as big as a Pea to be seen. She was dress’d in a light Gown of Rose-colour’d Taffety, embroider’d in the Seams with Gold and Silver; her Hair, which was very fine, was tied behind her with a Ribbon, and fell carelessly on her Shoulders; her Shoes were made like Pumps, without Heels; she had on a Girdle of Jewels, to shew her Shape, which was delicate: in short, she thus appear’d like another *Atalanta*. Soon after *Fortunio* follow’d, attended by *Lightfoot* and his other Domesticks. The Emperor, and the whole Court, were present, and seated along the Walk, when the Ambassador propos’d *Lightfoot* to have the honour to run with the Princess. He was furnish’d out of the miraculous Trunk, with a fine, white, *Holland* Habit, adorn’d with *Flanders* Lace, Silk Stockings of a Fire-colour, with a white Plume of Feathers in his Cap. In this Dress he appear’d to have a good Mien, and the Princess made no exceptions against him; but before she set out, she had Liquor brought, to make her more swift and strong. Our Racer demanded the same; the Princess



44 *The Tales of the FAIRIES.*

cess said, it was too just a Request to be refused, and ordered that he might have some: but as he was not used to that Water, which was very strong, it got into his Head, and he lay down by an Orange-Tree, and fell fast asleep. In the mean time the Signal was given, and was repeated three times: the Princess waited some time, that *Lightfoot* might awake, and come to himself; but thinking it matter of great consequence to free her Father from his Promise, she set out with a charming Grace, and wonderful Swiftness.

*Fortunio* was at the other end of the Walls, and knew nothing of what had happen'd, when he saw the Princess running by herself, and within half a Mile of the Goal. 'O ye Powers! cry'd he, speaking to his Horse, we are undone, I see nothing of *Lightfoot*.' 'Sir, said Comrade, let *Fine-Ear* listen, he perhaps may inform you whereabouts he is.' Thereupon *Fine-Ear* laid himself down, and tho he was three Miles off, heard him snore; whereupon he told them, he had no thoughts of coming, for that he was in as sound a Sleep as if he was in his Bed. 'Alas! cry'd *Fortunio* again, what shall we do?' 'O! said Comrade, let the good *Marksman* let fly an Arrow into the tip of his Ear, to awake him.' At that he took his Bow immediately, and hit him so nicely, that the Arrow went quite thro his Ear; the Pain and Anguish of which awaken'd him, and when he open'd his Eyes, he saw the Princess almost at the Goal, and heard great Shoutings and Acclamations of Joy. At first he was surprized, but he soon recover'd what he had lost by sleeping; he seem'd as if he was carried by the Wind, and in short arriv'd first at the Goal, with the Arrow in his Ear, for he had not time to pull it out. The Emperor was so much amazed at the extraordinary things that had happen'd since the Arrival of the Ambassador, that he believed the Gods interest'd themselves in his behalf, and that he could no longer defer the Performance of his Pro-

Promise. He order'd the Ambassador to come to him, and said, 'I consent that you take as long with you as much of your Master's Treasures as one Man can carry; for I will never part with any more.' The Ambassador made a low Bow, and thank'd his Majesty, and desir'd him to give Orders that they might be deliver'd to him. *Matapa* accordingly spoke to his Treasurer, and afterwards went to his Palace of Retreat, within some few Miles of the City. *Fortunio* and his Attendants went immediately, and demanded Entrance to the Place where all the Treasure was kept. *Strong-back* presented himself, and by his assistance the Ambassador carried off most of the Furniture that was in the Emperor's Palace; as five hundred gigantick Statues of Gold, Coaches and Chariots, and all manner of Conveniencies: and with these *Strong-back* walked as nimbly, as if he had not above a Pound Weight on his Back.

When the Ministers of State saw the Palace thus gutted, they made all the haste imaginable to acquaint the Emperor; whose Amazement was not to be expressed, when they told him that one Man carried all: he cry'd out, he would not allow it, and immediately order'd his Guards to mount, and pursue those Robbers of his Treasure. And though *Fortunio* was then above ten Miles off, *Fine-Ear* told him, that he heard a great Body of Horse coming after them with full speed: And the good *Marksmen*, whose Sight was excellent, saw them, just as they themselves came to a River-side. *Fortunio* said to *Trinquet*, 'As we have no Boats, you must drink up this Water, that we may pass it.' Which *Trinquet* readily perform'd; and *Fortunio* was for making all possible haste to get away, when his Horse bid him not be uneasy, but let the Enemy approach. Soon after, they appear'd on the Banks of the River, and knowing where the Fishermens Boats lay, embark'd immediately. When the *Boisterer* began to swell his Cheeks, and with a sudden Blast over-

set

set the Boats, so that not one of that Detachment escaped. This happy Success puffed them up with so great Expectation, that every one began to think of the Recompence he deserv'd, and were for making themselves Masters of all the Riches they were carrying with them; whereupon, a great Dispute arose among them: *Lightfoot* said, they had got nothing if he had not won the Race. 'Well, *said Fine-Ear*, 'if I had not heard you snore, where had we been then?' 'And who would have awaken'd you, if I had not, *added the Marksman*? 'Well, *said Strongback*, I cannot but admire at you for your Disputes, sure none dare pretend to lay so good a Claim as myself, since I carried all, and, without my Assistance, you would not have been able to have partaken of them.' 'Say rather without mine, *interrupted Trinquet*, since you were in a bad pligh, if I had not drank your Way.' 'Nay, and you were equally in the same danger, *said the Boyfterer*, had I not overset the Boats.' 'Hitherto, *interrupted Grugeon*, I have held my peace, but I cannot forbear representing to you, that I open'd the Scene to all these Events; for if I had left one Crust of Bread, all had been lost.'

'Friends, *said Fortunio*, *with an Air of Command*, 'you have all done wonders, but we ought to leave it to the King to recompence our Services; for I should be sorry to be rewarded by any other besides him. Let us all trust to his Generosity, he sent us to fetch his Riches, and not to rob him of them; which Thought is so shameful, that, in my opinion, it ought to be smother'd: for my own part, I will do so well by you, that you shall have no reason to repine, should it be possible for the King to neglect you.'

The seven gifted Men, penetrated with this Remonstrance of their Master, threw themselves at his Feet, and promised that his Will should be theirs. After all this, the lovely *Fortunio* found himself, as he drew nigh to the City, agitated with a thousand dif-

different Troubles; the Joy that he had done the King such considerable Services, for whom he had so great an Attachment, and the hope to see him again, and be favourably receiv'd by him, flatter'd him most agreeably. On the other hand, the fear of enraging the Queen, and being persecuted again by her and *Florida*, put him into a heavy Concern. In short, he arrived at the Town, where the People, overjoy'd to see so much Riches and Treasure, follow'd him to the Palace with great Acclamations of Joy. The King, who could scarcely believe such extraordinary News, ran to acquaint the Queen with it, who was first struck on a heap, but recovering herself afterwards, said, 'The Gods protect him, therefore I am not surpriz'd he should succeed in what he undertakes.' And just as she made an end of these Words, she saw him enter the room. He inform'd their Majesties of what he had done, and added, that the Treasures were left in the Park, no other place being large enough to hold them: and we must easily believe the King expressed a great Friendship for so loving and faithful a Subject.

The Knight's Presence, and the Advantages of his Good-fortune, open'd again and dilated those Wounds in the Queen's Heart which were hardly clos'd up; she thought him more charming than ever, and as soon as she was at liberty to talk with *Florida*, she renew'd her Complaints. 'You know,' said she, 'what I have done to ruin him, which I thought was the only means to forget him, yet his unparallel'd Good-fortune brings him safe home again: and whatever reasons I have to despise a Man so much inferior to me, and who has repaid my Sentiments with the blackest Ingratitude; I cannot forbear loving him, and am resolv'd to marry him privately.' 'Marry him, Madam! cry'd *Florida*, it is impossible; certainly my Ears fail me.' 'No, reply'd the Queen, you know my Intention, and must second me in it. I charge you



48 *The Tales of the FAIRIES.*

‘ you to bring *Fortunio* this night into my Closet ; I  
‘ will myself declare to him the love I have for  
‘ him.’ *Florida* in despair to be made the Instrument  
of her Mistress’s Marriage with her Lover, forgot  
nothing she could say to dissuade the Queen from  
seeing him. She represented that the King would  
be angry should it be found out, and perhaps might  
put the Knight to death, or at least would condemn  
him to perpetual Imprisonment, where she would  
never have the sight of him again : but all her  
Eloquence was in vain ; she saw the Queen began  
to be in a Passion, and therefore was obliged to  
obey her. She found *Fortunio* in the Gallery of the  
Palace, ranging in order the golden Statues he  
brought from the Emperor *Matapa*. She went to  
him, and told him her Message from the Queen,  
which made him tremble, and caused *Florida* no  
small Trouble. ‘ O Heavens ! *said she*, how much I  
‘ pity you ; why could not that Princess’s Heart  
‘ escape you ? Alas ! I know one not half so dange-  
‘ rous, that dares not explain itself.’ The Knight  
would not engage in a new Declaration ; too much  
was he chagrind already, but left her, and as he  
had no desire to please the Queen, dress’d himself  
but indifferently, that she might not think he strove  
to set himself off ; but if he could throw off his  
Jewels and Imbroideries, he could not do the same  
by his natural Charms. The Queen, for her part,  
did what she could to heighten the Lustre of hers  
by an extraordinary fine Dress, and observ’d with  
pleasure that *Fortunio* seem’d surpriz’d. ‘ Appearances,  
‘ *said she*, are sometimes so deceitful, that I was  
‘ willing to justify myself concerning what you  
‘ have thought without doubt of my Conduct, when  
‘ I engaged the King to send you to the Emperor,  
‘ it seem’d in all appearance as if I design’d to sa-  
‘ crifice you ; but depend upon it, good Knight, I  
‘ knew what would happen, and had no other  
‘ Views than your immortal Honour.’ ‘ Madam,  
‘ *said he*, you are too much above me to need any  
‘ Ex-

‘ Explanation; I enter not into the Motives that  
 ‘ engaged you; it is enough for me that I obey’d  
 ‘ the King my Sovereign.’ ‘ You shew too much  
 ‘ Indifference, *added she*, for the declaration I make  
 ‘ you of my Sentiments; but tis time I convince you  
 ‘ of my Bounty. Come, *Fortunio*, receive my Hand as  
 ‘ the Pledge of my Faith.’

The poor Knight, quite Thunder-struck, was twenty times going to acquaint the Queen with his Sex, and durst not; but answering those Tokens of Friendship with great Coldness, used a great many Arguments upon the King’s Anger, when he should know a Subject durst be so bold as to contract, in his Court, so important a Marriage without his Consent. After the Queen had endeavour’d, tho in vain, to remove the Obstacles which he seem’d to fear, she all on a sudden assumed the Countenance and Voice of a Fairy, loaded him with Menaces and Wrongs, and fought and scratch’d him; after that, turning her Rage upon herself, she tore off her Hair, claw’d her Face and Neck till she was all in Gore-blood; rent her Veil and Head-dress all in pieces, and then call’d in her Guards, ordering them to carry the Wretch, as she call’d him, to some Dungeon, and in the mean time ran herself to the King to demand Justice against that young Monster: telling him that he had had a long time the boldness to declare his Passion, and that in hopes that Absence and her Severities might have cured him, she had let no opportunity slip, as he might well observe, to have him removed out of the way; but that he was one that nothing could change: that he himself was a witness to what Extremities his Passion had brought him; that she would have him prosecuted with all rigour; and that if he refused her that Justice, she should be obliged to stand upon her own Guard for the future.

The manner in which she spoke, amazed the King; he knew her to be a Woman of a most violent Temper, and that withal she had a great Power, and

50 *The Tales of the FAIRIES.*

could raise great Distractions in the Kingdom. *Fortunio's* Boldness deserved an exemplary Punishment; what was pass'd was publicly known to the whole World, and it was his duty to revenge his Sister's Affront: but alas! on whom was his Fury to light? On a Knight who had expos'd his Life to the greatest Dangers, to whom he owed his Quiet and all his Treasures, and one besides for whom he had a particular value and love. He would have almost lost his own Life to save this dear Favourite. He represented to the Queen the Services he had done both him and the State, his Youth, and whatever might induce her to forgive him; but she would give no ear to what he said, but demanded his Life. The King seeing he could not possibly avoid his being try'd, appointed Judges that he thought to be the most mild and susceptible of Tenderneſs, who might put the most favourable construction upon the Letter of the Law: but he was mistaken in his conjectures; the Judges were for establishing their Reputation at this poor unhappy Knight's expence; and as it was an Affair that would make a great noise in the World, they arm'd themselves with the utmost rigour, and condemned *Fortunio* without hearing him plead for himself. His Sentence was to receive three Stabs in the Heart, as the principal part concern'd.

The King dreaded this Sentence as much as if it was to have been pronounced against himself; he banish'd all the Judges, but could not save his beloved *Fortunio*, while the Queen triumph'd in the Punishment he was to suffer. The King made use of fresh Arguments, which only exasperated her the more. To be short, the day appointed for this horrid Execution came: the Knight was brought out of the Prison where he had been kept from the Speech of all Persons, not knowing the Crime he was accused of, but imagining that it was some new Persecution, which his Indifference for the Queen had brought upon him; yet what troubled him

him the most was, he thought the King seconded that Princess in what she did. In the mean time *Florida*, inconsolable for the condition to which her Lover was reduced, took a resolution of the utmost Violence, which was to poison both the Queen and herself if *Fortunio* was to suffer death so unjustly. As soon as she knew the Sentence, Despair possess'd her Soul, and she thought of nothing but the execution of her designs; but it happen'd that the Poison was not prepared so strong as she intended it: inso-much, that tho she had given it the Queen, she felt not presently the effects of it, but had the lovely Knight brought to the great Space before the Palace, that she might have the satisfaction of seeing him die. When the Executioners had taken him out of the Dungeon where he lay, and brought him like a tender Lamb going to the slaughter; the first Object that his eyes beheld when he came upon the Scaffold, was the Queen, who thought she could not be too nigh, being desirous to have his Blood spurt on her. But, alas! the poor King shut himself up in his Closet, that he might with more freedom bewail the Fate of his dear Favourite.

But when they had bound *Fortunio*, and came to open his Breast; how great was the surprize of that numerous Assembly, when they saw the white Breasts of a lovely Maid, and knew that she was an innocent Damself unjustly accused! The Queen was in so great a confusion, that the Poison began to work, and threw her into strong Convulsions, out of which she never recovered but to express her bitter regret. In the mean time the People, who loved *Fortunio*, set her at liberty; and the News was presently carried to the King, who had abandon'd himself to Melancholy. At that instant Joy took place; he ran to the Palace, and was charm'd to see the new Metamorphosis of his dear *Fortunio*: however, the last Sighs and Groans of the Queen suspended in some measure his Transports; but when he came to reflect upon her Malice, he



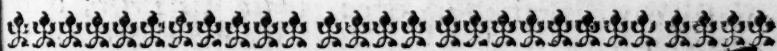
52 *The Tales of the FAIRIES.*

was not so sorry. He resolved to marry this his young Heroine, to repay with a Crown his great Obligations to her; and declared his Intentions to her, which we may easily believe compleated the height of her Desires, which were so much to be a Queen, as to enjoy the Person of a Prince for whom she had always entertain'd a most tender Affection. The day of celebrating the Marriage was fixed; our young Knight laid aside her Man's Habit, and assum'd that of her own Sex, in which she appear'd a thousand times more beautiful. She consulted her Horse what Adventures should happen to her for the future; but as he could promise none more agreeable, she in gratitude for the great Services he had done her, built him a Stable paved with Ebony and Ivory, and instead of being litter'd with Straw, he lay always on Mats of Sattin: and for her seven Attendants, they were all rewarded according to their Services.

After all this was done, News was brought to our young Queen that *Comrade* was not to be found, which was no less trouble to the King who adored her, than to herself: she made enquiry for three days all to no purpose; and on the fourth she arose with the Morning, and went into the Garden, which she crost, and so into a thick Wood, and thence into a large Meadow, calling out, '*Comrade*, my dear *Comrade* where art thou? What do you forsake me! I have occasion for thy Advice.' And as she was talking after this manner, she saw all on a sudden another Sun arising in the West, which made her stand to admire that Prodigy; but her Amazement still increased to see it approach her nigher, and especially when she knew her Horse again cover'd with Jewels, and prancing before a Chariot of Pearls and Topazes, drawn by four and twenty Sheep that were cover'd with gold Fringe instead of Wool: their Harness was crimson Sattin buckled on with Emeralds, their Horns were adorn'd with Carbuncles. The new Queen knew the Fairy her

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Proteſtreſs in the Chariot, and her Father and two Siſters, who cry'd out, clapping their hands, and making Profeſſions of Friendſhip, that they were come to her Wedding. Their Siſter, for her part, thought ſhe ſhould have expired with Joy at ſeeing them again; ſhe neither knew what ſhe ſaid or did: but at laſt recovering herſelf, ſhe got into the Chariot, and return'd with this pompous Equipage to the Palace; where every thing was prepar'd for celebrating the moſt magnificent Feaſt that ever was made in that Kingdom. Thus the enamour'd King united himſelf to his fair Deliverer, and afforded us this charming Adventure, which has been handed down from one Age to another.



The Continuation of the Story of the New Gentleman-Citizen.

**D**Andinardiere having liſtned with great Attention to the Story of *Fortunio*, and as he was very ſuſceptible of Impreſſions, the Prior obſerving that he cry'd heartily, ſaid, 'What is the matter with you? you ſeem very much concern'd.' 'Alas!' reply'd he, who can be otherwiſe? ſure his Heart muſt be harder than the Flints that hurt my Head: who can reſiſt ſo juſt a Cauſe of Affliction?' 'Had that young female Warriour cloſed the Scene with her Death, *answer'd the Prior*, it would have excited my Sorrow, but you grieve unſeaſonably.' 'Indeed, ſaid Dandinardiere, *wiping his Eyes*, her Marriage makes her too happy for us not to ſhare in her Joy; therefore let us be merry, for I have ſome reaſon to be ſo, ſince the generous Preſent you have made me of this admirable Story: the Obligation is ſo great, that I ſhall always be ready

‘to sacrifice my Life for you.’ ‘O, you are too full of Acknowledgment, *answer’d the Prior*, I desire no greater Recompence, than the Pleasure of seeing you shine among the most ingenious Inventors of Stories, like the Sun at noon-day: I will go and tell the charming *Virginia* and *Marthonida* how much you excel them in this kind of Writing, and that if they will come and see you in your Chamber in the afternoon, you will convince them thereof.’ ‘Oh! you ravish me, *said he, clasping him in his Arms*, I am persuaded that this Work will immortalize me; I cannot but think of the secret Rage of those two Fair-ones, when they come to know that I have a thousand times more Wit than themselves.’ ‘They must bear it with Patience, *added the Prior*; but adieu, I have read enough to get me a Stomach to my Breakfast.’ ‘And I have heard so much, *reply’d the Cit*, that my Head stands in need of a little Repose.’

The Prior went and told the two young Ladies, that *Dandinardiere* had finish’d an excellent Work, and invited them to come and hear it. ‘Indeed, *said Marthonida*, he has so much Wit in his Face, that at first sight one may be assur’d he is capable of doing whatever he pleases.’ ‘Tis a great and singular Happiness, *added Virginia*, for a Man like him, who has acted so long in Blood and Slaughter, who has been in the greatest Battels, fought in his time in *Europe*, to preserve as much Delicacy as the learned and studious Gentlemen, that hardly ever stir out of their Closets.’ The Prior had much ado to forbear laughing, to hear that they took *Dandinardiere* for a Soldier, and one who was both fear’d and admir’d in the Army, and would not by any means undeceive them, being very desirous to conclude a Match between him and one of those young Girls. When he left them, away he hurried to the Viscount *de Berginville*, to tell him, that, before Night, *Madam de St. Thomas* and the  
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Cit would be at daggers-drawing about the Story of *Fortunio*. 'Is it possible, *cry'd the Viscount*, that you should go to set them at variance, just at the very time we are thinking seriously of uniting them for ever.' 'I own, I am in the wrong, *said the Prior*, but I thought it would be so pleasant, to hear them on both sides affirm, that they compos'd that Work, quarrel about it, and produce their Witnesses, that I was not Master enough over myself to forbear.' 'I believe, *reply'd the other*, it would create such an Aversion, instead of Tenderness, that they would bear it with them to their Graves.' 'Alas! *said the Prior*, what shall we do? he has the Story under his Pillow, and one may as well take away his Life as it.' I have thought on a Way how to get it, *reply'd the Viscount*; and that is, for you to keep him in discourse while I steel it.' 'That is the way to make him hang himself, *cry'd the Prior*, for he builds on nothing more than the Pleasure or persuading his Mistress he has Wit: What a vexation will he be in, to have invited so much Company to hear it, and to find nothing to say to them? The only Remedy then that I know of, *answer'd the Viscount*, is for me to send home to my Wife for one which an Acquaintance sent her; for in short, he has not lent so great attention to the Subject, but he may be deceiv'd, since it treats of Fairies.' 'I give my consent, *said the Prior*, provided you manage the matter right, otherwise you are a dead Man.' Hereupon the Viscount sent away his Servant, who, as it was no great way off, return'd soon enough for his Master to make the projected Exchange.

The Prior, full of Impatience, ran into the young Ladies Chamber, and said to them, 'I always took Mr. *de la Dandinardiere* to be as brave as *Alexander* and *Cesar*, but did not know that he was an universal Wit before: He has just now finish'd a Story that will go nigh to enrage all that have any



‘ Genius that way : and if he makes so good a Beginning, no body knows what he may arrive to.’ And while he said these Words, he roll’d his Eyes, and made a thousand Grimaces. *Virginia* and *Marthonida* observ’d a strict Silence, which was owing to their Astonishment at the News ; and the Prior resuming the Discourse, said, Yes, twenty times together, in answer to their Thoughts, Yes he will excel yet more and more ; yes, yes, he is a Prodigy and Miracle of Nature. *Virginia* was so taken with what the Prior said, that she cry’d out, ‘ Ah ! Sir, you praise so well, that I look upon you to be the greatest Panegyrist of all Men : I would say something myself of Mr. *Dandinardiére*.’ ‘ But Sister,’ said *Marthonida*, interrupting her, let us rather have the pleasure of hearing this admirable Work as soon as possible.’ At that the Prior told them, he would go in their Names, and make that Request, and so took his leave. As soon as he was gone, they pleased themselves with talking of the Satisfaction they should have, but forgot not to dress themselves better than ordinary : To this end they each put on a riding Habit they had newly made up of green Mohair a Hat of black Velvet, which, through Use was turn’d of a russet Colour, set full of Peacocks Feathers, with Scarfs of old tinsel Lace, which hung down from their Shoulders like Bandeleers ; at the end of which they had ty’d a Horn, though they could not blow it : and, in short, made a great show of Magnificence in a Country Village.

I know not what fantastical Planet ruled that day, in respect of the Dress of these Heroines and our Hero ; who, in the hopes of seeing them, was consulting with himself what would set him off the best he could : for to appear before them with his Head bound up, he could not bear the Thoughts of it ; and to pull off his Bandages, was ten times worse. At last he resolv’d to wrap his Waistcoat, which was yellow, about his Head ; and accordingly,

ly, made thereof a kind of Turban with the Sleeves hanging down on each side: to this he added a Gorget of Steel half eaten up with Rust, a Pair of Gauntlets drawn on his Hands, and an Heap of Cushions to support him. To see him in this ridiculous Dress, a Man must be more austere than the greatest Cynick to forbear laughing. But all this had the contrary effect on *Virginia* and *Marthonida*, since it made them admire him the more. As soon as Dinner was over, and the Cloth taken away, the Prior engag'd *Madam de St. Thomas* to go to see the illustrious wounded Cit, who had promis'd them the reading of a Story. The Thoughts of hearing a Work of Wit, flatter'd her so agreeably, that she rose up presently, and with a grave and solemn Air went into the dying Man's Chamber, follow'd by her two Daughters, partly dress'd like *Amazons*, and partly like Country Girls; yet notwithstanding this Fantasticalness, the Gentlemen were so well bred, as to give them their hands. *Dandinardiere* was so transported with Joy to see them, that he knew not what to do and was twenty times going to jump out of his Bed to make some Bows and Scrapes, as an Acknowledgement of the Favour they did him. After every body was seated, he said to them in a formal Speech, 'I beg pardon, Ladies, for presuming to invite you hither, since you perhaps may expect to hear the Song of a Nightingale; and I can assure you, you will find it but a Screech-Owl's.' 'We are under no Apprehensions of being Screech-owl'd, reply'd *Madam de St. Thomas*, who pretended to a great Choice and Variety of Words, since we know you to have too great a share of the Nightingale's Warblings.' 'I have as great an Inclination to commend you as my Mother, said *Virginia*, and can do it perhaps in Terms no less harsh to the Ears? but the great Desire I have to hear your Story, imposes a Silence on me.' 'Ah! *Madam*, said *Dandinardiere*, you will,

‘ if I dont take care, undo me with Praises, which proceeding from those ruby Lips, almost stifle me.’  
 ‘ Don’t hear them then, *added Marthonida*; a Merit so shining as yours, is always expos’d to rude Assaults.’ ‘ Charming Ladies, *cry’d he*, you heap so many Favours upon me, that my Silence is the only means left me of Acknowledgment: However, Monsieur the Prior *de Richecour* shall read my Work, which I compos’d in what you may call post-haste; which makes me cursedly ashamed.’  
 ‘ I have, *said Madam de St. Thomas, interrupting him*, been admiring for above this Hour, the noble and easy Expressions you make use of, and must own, that you Courtiers have something in you that surpasses the rest of Mankind.’ ‘ O Madam, *reply’d Dandinardiere*, there are some Courts—but that I was brought up in, is so nice and delicate, that they will not there allow of the least Obscenity: All Barbarians are there banish’d; no Man but a Purist can live there.’ The Mother and the two Daughters could have heard the sick Man a whole day, without ever interrupting him, so much were they taken with the great Words he used; when all on a sudden, they were disturbed by a great Noise made in the Yard, and upon looking out of the Window, saw *Alain* with a Cart and three Asses loaded with his Master’s Study, and he fighting with the Carter, whom he accused of stealing a Musick-Book; which piece of Injustice of the Major-Domo’s had so enraged the Country Fellow, that to Fifty-Cuffs they went, and *Alain* got well lugg’d by the Hair and Ears, and thresh’d for his pains.

*Dandinardiere* at this News jumps out of Bed, wrapt in one of the Sheets, and in that Equipage ran to the Window, overjoy’d to see his faithful *Alain* a Man of so much Prowess; but reflecting presently on the Irregularity of his Dishabille, he address’d himself to the Ladies to make an Excuse: ‘ I own, *said he*, my Courage is so troublesome to me,

me, and overpowers me so much, that I cannot hear the least Noise of fighting without being moved: I have fought a hundred times, purely out of the pleasure I take in hearing the Swords clash.' Thus he kept talking, with the Sheet half on and half off, his Turban awry, and on his bare Feet; for being seen in which Posture, he was in no great pain: when Madam de St. Thomas desired him to get into Bed again, and sent to part *Alain*, who had already began to think of an honourable Retreat, having receiv'd six Blows for every one he gave, and who indeed loved his own Skin better than all his Master's Books; 'Keep the Book, said he to his Antagonist, and let me alone.' 'No, reply'd the other, you have robb'd me of my Honour; restore it me, or you are a dead Man.' Just as he had spoke these Words, the Succours Madam de St. Thomas sent, came and deliver'd *Alain* out of the enraged Carter's hands. But the Dispute began again with more Heat when he was to be paid; for *Alain* was for abating him Tenpence, as a Recompence for his bloody Nose and swell'd Eyes. However, at last all was pacify'd, and the Cart and Asses went away, and the Books were left spread upon the Grass; where they were most terribly wet, by a sudden Shower that fell, before they could be got into the House. *Dandinardier's* Vexation made all those who knew how ignorant he was, laugh heartily. 'Alas! said he, my Greek Books, those dear Delights, when alone: Alas! my Hebrew Books, which I have began to translate with so much pains. Alas! my Latin Poets and my Algebra. Alas! had you perish'd in the Sea, or in the midst of a Town on fire, or by Lightning, I should not have been so much concern'd; but to be destroy'd by an ugly Shower of Rain in the midst of a Yard, makes me inconsolable.' *Virginia* touch'd with the just Grief of the learned *Dandinardiere*, conjur'd him to forbear making those sad Complaints, unless he sought her Death;

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promising withal, that all the Family should be employ'd to dry them, and flattering him that there would be enough to entertain him agreeably. *Marthonida* added fresh Arguments to those of her Sister ; so that he thought he should be very much in the wrong, if he was not comforted, since the most amiable Persons in the World concern'd themselves therein. Then the Prior demanding Audience of the Company, began to read the following Story.



*The Story of the Pidgeon and the Dove.*

THERE was formerly a King and Queen, who lived in that strict Union and Love, that they were an Example to all the Families in their own Kingdom, which was the Kingdom of *Desarts*; where the Subjects lived together in that Harmony, that they were the Surprise of their Neighbours. The Queen had had several Children, but could rear up but one; which was a Daughter of such incomparable Beauty, that if any thing could comfort her for the loss of her other Children, it was the Charms that appear'd in this. The King and Queen educated her as their only Hope ; but the Felicity of this small Family lasted not long. The King being one day an hunting upon a fiery starting Horse, and some People being a shooting, the Horse was so frightened at the Fire and Noise of a Gun, that he ran away with the King, and fell with him down a great Precipice, where he died immediately. This dismal News reduced the Queen to the utmost extremity ; she was too sensible of Grief to moderate or resist it, and thought of nothing but settling her Affairs, that she might die with some sort of Quiet ; and having a Friend, who was called, *The Sovereign Fairy,*

## The Story of the Pidgeon and Dove. 61

*Fairy*, because of her Authority over all Kingdoms, and her great Power, she writ a Letter to her with a dying hand, desiring her to come, that she might expire in her Arms, and to make haste if she would find her alive, because she had something of consequence to say to her.

Though the *Fairy* had at that time matters of great Concern upon her hands, she left them all unfinished, and mounting upon her fiery Camel, that went swifter than the Sun, came to the Queen, who waited for her with the utmost impatience: First, she acquainted her with several things relating to the Government of the Kingdom, desiring her to accept of it, and withal to take care of the little Princess *Constantia*. And then said, 'If any thing can make me easy, in leaving an Orphan of so tender an Age behind me, 'tis the Hope you give me of the same Marks of Friendship towards her, as you have always shewn me, and that she will find in you a Mother, that can make her happier, and render her more perfect; and that you will make choice of an Husband so amiable, that she may never love any other.' 'Great Queen, said the *Fairy*, you desire all that can be wish'd for, and I will forget nothing to serve your Daughter; but I have cast her Nativity, and it seems Fate is angry with Nature for having exhausted all her Treasures in her Birth, and upon that account is resolved to make her suffer: and your Majesty must know, that it sometimes pronounces some Sentences that are not to be avoided.' 'However, reply'd the Queen, soften her Misfortunes, and neglect nothing to prevent them; by attention we often may prevent great Evils.' The Sovereign *Fairy* promised what she desired, and the Queen having embraced her dear *Constantia* with all the Tenderness of a loving Mother, died in great Tranquillity.

The *Fairy*, who read with great ease whatever was foretold by the Stars, saw plainly, that the Princess

Princess was threaten'd with the fatal Love of a Giant, whose Dominions lay nigh to the Kingdom of *Desarts*; therefore she thought the best way to avoid him, was to remove her Charge to a part the farthest off from that Giant, where they might be in no likelihood of his disturbing their Repose. Whereupon, as soon as she had made choice of some Ministers she durst confide in, to govern in her Absence, and had enacted some Laws as judiciously contrived for the Benefit of the Subject, as any that were made by the Sages of *Greece*, she went one night into *Constantia's* Chamber, and, without waking her, took her in her Arms, and carried her on her fiery Camel into a fertile Country, where she might live free from Ambition and Trouble; it being a true Representation of the Valley of *Temp'*, where Shepherds and Shepherdesses lived in little Huts of their own building. The Fairy knowing, that if the Princess lived to sixteen years of Age, without seeing the Giant, that she might return in triumph back to her own Dominions, took all the care imaginable to conceal her from the eyes of all the World; and that she might not appear so beautiful, dressed her like a Shepherdess: with her Coifs, and Hat hanging over her Eyes; but that charming Princess, like the Sun breaking out from a dark Cloud, could not be so disguised, but that some of her Charms must appear; and notwithstanding all the Fairy's Care, *Constantia* was every where mentioned as the chief Work of the Gods, and the Ravisher of all Hearts. Besides, her Beauty was not the only thing for which she was admired; the Fairy had endowed her with a delicate Voice, and the Knowledge of all Instruments, that she might be said even to excel *Apollo* and the Muses. In this Solitude she lived without the least repining, for the Fairy had acquainted her with the Reasons of bringing her up in so obscure a manner; which, as she had a great share of Wit and good Sense, she relished extraordinary well: In short, she was the

Admi-

*The Story of the Pidgeon and Dove.* 63

Admiration of the Fairy for her Docility and Aptness of Apprehension. But as her Presence, at that time, was absolutely necessary in the Kingdom of *Desarts*, since the Ministers she had appointed acted not according to their Instructions, she was obliged to leave *Constantia*, enjoining her not to stir out till she returned.

The Princess had a Favourite Ram, that she had bred up from a Lamb, and which she called *Rufon*, with which she used to divert herself, dressing it up with Garlands of Flowers, and Bunches of Ribbons. It knew her Voice, and would do whatever she bid it, and used to skip about her Chamber, and play with her for hours together. Wherever she went, it would go along with her, would eat nought but what she gave it, and would sooner perish with Thirst than drink out of any thing but the Palms of her Hands; it would shut a Door, beat Time when the Princess sung, and bleat by way of Cadence: In short, *Rufon* was amiable, and was loved by *Constantia*, who was continually talking and making much of him. Notwithstanding all this, *Rufon* was more taken with an Ewe of the Flock than his Princess, and a poor sorry Ewe was more in *Rufon's* Eyes than the Queen of Love. *Constantia* often reproached him with his Wantonness: 'Little Libertine, said she, cannot you stay with me? thou art so dear to me, that for thee alone I neglect my whole Flock, and yet thou wilt not forsake that scabby Ewe to please me.' After that, she tied him to the Wall with a Chain of Flowers, whereat he seemed very much vexed, and kept pulling and tearing till he broke it. 'Alas, said *Constantia* in a Passion, the Fairy has often told me, that Men are as wilful as thee, that they cannot endure the least Confinement, and that they are the most refractory Creatures under the Heavens; therefore since thou wilt be like them, naughty *Rufon*, go to thy nasty Ewe, and if the Wolf should catch thee, thou must take it for thy pains,



'pains, since it will not be perhaps in my power to  
'save thee.'

The amorous Sheep, on whom *Constantia's* Advice could not prevail, being one day with his dear Ewe, nigh the little House where the Princess was set working all alone, she heard him bleat out so loud and pitifully, that she no longer disputed but some ill Accident had befall him; and being very much concerned for him, ran to the door, from whence she saw her poor *Rufon* carried away by a Wolf: and not thinking of the Charge the Fairy had given her, ran after, crying out a Wolf, a Wolf; and still pursued him, sometimes throwing her Crook, and sometimes Stones at him, but all could not make him quit his Prey: when, alas! passing by a Wood, there came out a terrible Giant. The Princess, at the sight of this frightful *Colossus*, lifted up her Eyes to Heaven to beg assistance, and almost wish'd the Earth would open and swallow her, but all in vain; she deserved to be punish'd for not believing and observing what the sovereign Fairy told her. The Giant spread wide his Arms to hinder her passing by; and tho he was both savage and furious, nevertheless he was sensible of her Charms. 'What Goddess art thou? *said he in a Voice loud as Thunder*, think not to deceive me, for thou art not mortal; therefore tell me thy Name, or whether thou be the Wife or Daughter of *Jove*? I have a long time sought after a Goddess to marry her, and now happily met with one.' At these words the Princess remain'd mute, and he finding that she returned no answer to his Gallantries, said, 'For a Divinity thou hast the least Wit I ever met with, therefore I shall put thee in my Bag.' And without any more ado open'd a great Sack and put her in. The first thing she perceiv'd was the Wolf and the Ram, which the Giant had taken as he was hunting. 'Alas! *said the Princess to the Sheep, kissing it*, thou must die with me, my dear *Rufon*, but that's  
+ but

## *The Story of the Pidgeon and Dove. 65*

'but a small Comfort; would it not have been  
'much better for us to have staid at home?' This  
melancholy Reflection made her cry most bitter-  
ly; she sigh'd and sobb'd, *Rufon* bleated, and the  
Wolf howl'd, which awaken'd a Dog, a Cock, a  
Parrot, and a Cat, that were fast asleep, and they  
all together made such a noise, that the Giant tired  
therewith, thought once to kill them: but at last  
contented himself with only tying them up in the  
Sack, and hanging it upon a Tree while he went  
to fight a Duel with another Giant.

The Princess never disputed but that she was a  
great way from home, tho she had not been long  
in the Sack, for the Giant's moderate rate of walk-  
ing was faster than the swiftest Horse could gallop;  
however she took out her Scissars, and ripp'd up the  
Sack, and let out her *Rufon*, the Cock, the Cat,  
and Parrot; and after them got out herself, leaving  
the Wolf behind. The Night was very dark,  
and the Princess a Stranger to the place where she  
was, and knew not which way to go, being in the  
midst of a large Forest, and not a Star appear'd  
in the Heavens that might afford her the least light,  
and she always in fear of meeting the Giant: not-  
withstanding all this, she went forwards, and had sell  
a thousand times, but that the Animals she had set at  
liberty, out of gratitude stay'd with her, and were  
very serviceable to her in her Journey. The Cat's  
glaring Eyes served for a Flambeau, the Dog as a  
Sentinel to give notice by his barking, the Cock  
by his crowing to frighten the Lions, and the Par-  
rot by his talking secured her against Thieves, by  
making them believe there were twenty People;  
and the Ram by going just before, pick'd out her  
way that she might not stumble. *Constantia* kept  
walking on, at a venture, recommending herself  
to the protection of her good Friend the Fairy, tho  
at the same time she reproach'd herself for not  
having followed her Orders. Sometimes she feared  
she was forsaken, and wish'd that her Good-  
fortune

66 *The Tales of the FAIRIES.*

fortune would conduct her to the House where she had been brought up so privately; but as she was intirely ignorant of the way, she durst not flatter herself with so great an Happiness. At Day-break she found herself by the side of a River, that water'd a most agreeable Meadow, and looking about, saw neither Dog, Cat, Cock, or Parrot, but only *Rufon*, that kept her company: 'Alas! *said she*, where am I? I am a perfect Stranger to this sweet Abode; what will become of me? Who will take care of me? How much hast thou cost me, my dear Favourite? *said she to Rufon*: Had I not run after thee, I had been still with the *Sovereign-Fairy*, and had been in no fear of the Giant, or any unlucky Adventure.' *Rufon* trembling, seem'd to acknowledge his Fault; and in short, the Princess fatigued and weary, left off chiding, and sat herself down on the Banks, where the Shade of some Trees securing her from the Heat of the Sun, invited her to lie down to take a short Sleep, while *Rufon*, who served for her Guard, walked around her. She had not been long in a sound Sleep, before *Rufon* bleated so loud, that he awaken'd her; but then how great was her Astonishment, to observe at twenty Paces off a young Man behind some Bushes; the Beauty of his Shape and Face, the Nobleness of his Air, and the Magnificence of his Dress, equally surprized the Princess, that she started up all on a sudden, with a Resolution to be gone: but what secret Charm detain'd her, I know not. She look'd upon the Stranger with as much Concern, as if he had been the Giant; but her Apprehensions proceeded from different Causes: their Looks and Actions discover'd too well the Sentiments they entertain'd of each other, and they perhaps might have remain'd so some time before they had spoke, had not the Prince heard the Sounding of the Horn, and the Dogs approaching them. Perceiving she was surprized, at last he said, 'Fear nothing, fair Shepherdess,

## *The Story of the Pidgeon and Dove.* 67

'herdeſs, you are ſafe here, would to Heaven all  
'that ſee you were ſo too.' 'Sir, ſaid ſhe, I am a  
'poor Orphan, whoſe only Employ is being a Shep-  
'herdeſs, therefore I implore your Proteſtion; pro-  
'cure me but a Flock, none ſhall exceed me in  
'Care.' 'Happy muſt the Sheep be, ſaid he, that  
'you lead! But in ſhort, lovely Shepherdſs, if  
'you deſire it, I'll ſpeak to the Queen my Mother,  
'and ſhall take a pleaſure from this day to offer  
'you my Services.' 'Alas! Sir, reply'd Conſtantia,  
'I aſk pardon for the liberty I have taken; I  
'ſhould not have been ſo bold, had I known your  
'Rank.'

The Prince heard her with the utmoſt Aſtoniſh-  
ment, to find her Wit and Politeness anſwerable to  
the Excellence of her Beauty, all which was no  
ways agreeable with the Plainneſs of her Dreſs;  
and thereupon endeavour'd to diſſuade her from  
being a Shepherdſs. 'Conſider, ſaid he, you will  
'be expoſed in Woods and Fields to many Dangers,  
'where you have no other Company but your  
'harmleſs Sheep; beſides, the Delicacies I have  
'obſerved in you will not admit of that Solitude  
'you ſeem to deſire. Who can be ſo ignorant as  
'to think, that when the Fame of your Charms is  
'ſpread abroad, you can avoid thouſands of impor-  
'tunate Lovers? I myſelf, *Adorable Shepherdſs*, will  
'quit the Court to follow you; and why may not  
'others do the like?' 'Forbear, Sir, ſaid ſhe, to  
'flatter me with Praises, of which I am no ways  
'deſerving; I was born in a Cottage, and have al-  
'ways led a Country Life, and hope you will per-  
'mit me to look after the Queen's Flock, if ſhe  
'vouchſafe me that Charge, in all Tranquillity:  
'But yet I have one Favour more to requeſt, and  
'that is, that I may be put under ſome more ex-  
'perienced Shepherdſs, whom I ſhall endeavour  
'never to diſpleaſe.' The Prince could not return  
any Anſwer to theſe Words, becauſe his Attendants  
appear'd on a Hill at ſome ſmall diſtance, but ſaid

to



to her in great haste, ' I must leave you, charming Fair ; I cannot bear the thoughts that so many should partake of the Happiness of seeing you : go to the end of this Meadow, there is a House where you will be entertain'd, if you tell them I sent you.' Hereupon *Constantia*, who was loth to be expos'd to so much Company, ran to the Place where *Constantio* (which was the Prince's Name) directed her, follow'd all the while by that Prince's Eyes, who fetch'd many tender Sighs ; then remounting his Horse, he made towards his Company, and with them return'd to Court, without pursuing their Sport any longer.

When he came to see the Queen, he found her very much enraged against an old Shepherdes, who had given up a very bad account of her Lambs ; whereupon she had order'd her never to see her more. *Constantio*, favour'd with this opportunity, told her he had met with a young Damsel that seem'd careful, and who was very desirous to serve her. The Queen approved of what her Son told her, and accepted of the Shepherdes without seeing her, bidding the Prince give Orders for her to be conducted to those Pastures that belonged to the Crown. He was overjoy'd that she was dispensed with from coming to Court, for the Violence of his Passion had created a Jealousy of being rival'd, tho there were none that could dispute with him either in Rank or Merit ; but indeed he was not so apprehensive of the great Lords, as of more inferior Persons, believing she might have more Inclination for a plain Shepherd, than for a Prince so nigh to the Throne. Hard it is to relate the many Reflections with which this was follow'd, how he reproach'd his Heart, that had never loved before, nor thought any Person worthy of it, for submitting to a young Damsel of an obscure Birth ; and since that he could not own his Passion without a Blush, he resolv'd to combat it, and persuaded himself that Absence was the only Remedy, particularly

*The Story of the Pidgeon and Dove. 69*

ly in a new-born Love. He avoided the sight of his Shepherdess as much as possible, and followed his Diversion of Hunting and other Sports; and whenever he saw any Sheep, turn'd his Head away, as if they were so many Vipers, insomuch that in a little time he was insensible of the Wound he had received: when one day, it being the hottest of the Dog-days, fatigued with severe Hunting, and being alone by the River's side, he retired under some Willows and Osiers, that by the uniting of their Branches form'd a pleasant Shade, which invited him to sleep; when all on a sudden he was awaken'd by an heavenly Voice, and agreeably surprized to hear these words:

*Why, alas! have I then vow'd  
To live all free from Love,  
Since it is the God's Decree,  
That he will me perjur'd prove.*

*How from such a killing Wound  
Shall I free each tender Part,  
Since Constantio is become  
Master of my easy Heart.*

*T'other day I saw him walk  
To this solitary Glade,  
Wearied with the pleasing Toil,  
That invites Men to its Shade.*

*Nothing so charming had I seen  
To rob me of my Rest;]  
'Twas then Love drew his Bow,  
And aim'd it at my Breast.]*

*The Dart pierced in too deep,  
So large a Wound it made;  
My Passion burns up to a Flame,  
No Cure is to be had.*

His Curiosity, at the hearing of his Name mention'd, prevailing over the Pleasure of listening to the fine Singing, he rose up, and went to a little Eminence, surrounded with Trees, to look about, he was no sooner at the top, but perceived the fair *Constantia* at the foot thereof, sitting by the side of a Brook, the precipitant Fall whereof seem'd, by the agreeable Noise it made, to agree with her Voice. Her faithful Sheep lay on the Grass by her side, while she frequently patted him with her Crook, and he, in acknowledgment, looking her in the face, kissed her hand. 'Alas! *said the Prince to himself*, how happy wouldst thou be, if thou knewst but the Value of those Caresses? This Shepherdess is now more beautiful than the first time I saw her! O Love! what is it thou requirest of me! Ought I to love, or am I rather able to resist? I have carefully avoided her, being too sensible of the Danger of seeing her; witness, ye Gods, the Impressions those first Moments made on me. My Reason I employ'd to my assistance, I flew from the lovely Object; but alas! have found it again: and too sure, the *Constantia* she spoke of, is some happy Shepherd.'

While he was arguing with himself after this manner, the Shepherdess arose to gather up her Flock, to drive them to another part of the Mead, where she had left her Companions. The Prince, fearing to lose this opportunity of speaking to her, made all imaginable haste to get to her: 'Charming Shepherdess, *said he*, give me leave to ask you, if the small service I did you is any ways pleasing to you?' *Constantia*, at the sight of the Prince, blush'd, and her Complexion was animated with the most lively Colours: 'Sir, *reply'd she*, I should have taken care to have return'd you my most humble Acknowledgments, if they had been convenient from so poor a Girl as me to so great a Prince; but if I have been failing therein, Heaven can witness I am not ungrateful, but pray  
the

## The Story of the Pidgeon and Dove. 71

'the Gods to crown your Days with Happiness.' *Constantia*, reply'd he, if you are so much touch'd with my good Intentions as you say, it is easy for you to shew it.' 'Alas! Sir, said she, somewhat confused, what can I do for you?' 'You may tell me, added he, whom you meant by those words you sung?' 'As they are none of my making, answer'd she, it is not in my power to satisfy you therein.' While she was speaking, he perceived that she blush'd, and was somewhat embarrass'd, and thereupon said, 'Why, *Constantia*, do you conceal your Thoughts, since your Countenance betrays too much the Secrets of your Heart? You are in love.' Here he left off, to observe her with more Attention: to which she reply'd, 'Sir, whatever things may concern me, cannot be worth a great Prince's being inform'd of; besides, I am so much used to silence with my Sheep, that I must beg your pardon, if I answer not your Questions.' And then went away suddenly.

As Jealousy oftentimes helps to renew the Flames of Love, the Prince's from that moment took such force as never to be extinguish'd; he discover'd a thousand new Charms in her Person, which he never had observed before; her manner of leaving him, confirmed his Suspicion of her being in love with some Shepherd: A profound Melancholy hung over his Soul, he durst not follow her, tho' desirous of more Discourse with her; but laid himself down on the same place she rose from, and after recollecting the words she had sung, writ them down in his Pocket-Book, and examin'd them with great Attention. 'Tis but lately, said he to himself, that she has seen this *Constantio*, with whom she is so much enamour'd; how came I to bear the same Name, and not also to enjoy the same Good-fortune? Alas! how coldly she look'd at me? She shew'd more Indifference than when first I saw her; her greatest care has been to find out a Pretext to get away from me.' With these tormenting



ing Thoughts he rack'd his afflicted Soul, unable to comprehend that a simple Shepherdess should not have the least Inclination to a great Prince. When he return'd to the Palace, he sent for a young Lad, with whom he used to divert himself sometimes, who was both of Birth and Fashion, and one of the Prince's Attendants; he order'd him to dress himself like a Shepherd, to feed a Flock of Sheep in the Queen's Meadows, and to observe *Constantia*, without being in the least suspected by her. *Mirtain*, (which was his Name) too desirous to please his Master to neglect any opportunity, promised to acquit himself the best he could, and prepared himself against the next Morning; when he was admitted, by shewing an Order from the Prince, and saying he was his Shepherd. He was gallant, and found it no difficult matter to render himself pleasing to the Shepherdesses; but for *Constantia*, he discover'd in her an Air of Pride above what she seem'd to be, which made him think the Country-Life she led could not be agreeable to so much Wit, Beauty, and Merit: he followed her, but all in vain, and found her always alone at the bottom of the Wood, singing an Air which she seem'd very much to delight in. He could meet with no Shepherds that durst undertake to make any Address, so difficult it appear'd to please her; however, *Mirtain* attempted it, was always near her, offering her some little Services, but found by Experience, that she would not enter into any Engagement.

Every night he gave the Prince an account of the Situation of Affairs, all which contributed to his despair. 'Deceive not yourself, my Lord, said he one day to him, this beautiful Damsel is certainly in love, but then it is with one in her own Country.' 'If so, reply'd the Prince, why should she not return home?' 'How do we know, added *Mirtain*, but she may have some Reasons that may oppose it? perhaps she may be enraged against

## The Story of the Pidgeon and Dove. 73

'gainst her Lover.' 'Alas! cry'd the Prince, the words I heard her sing were utter'd with too much Tendernefs; however, learn her Sentiments of me, speak both well and ill of me: by that means thou mayst come to know her Thoughts.' Mirtain failed not to get an opportunity of Discourse with *Constantia*, and among other things said, 'Fair Shepherdess, what is the matter with you? You seem melancholy, notwithstanding all those Reasons you have to be otherwise.' 'Pray, said she, what are those Reasons? I am here a Stranger, reduced to keep Sheep, and hear no News from my Friends; where is the Agreeableness of all this?' 'But then, reply'd he, you are the most amiable Person in the World; you have a great share of Wit, a ravishing Voice, and a Beauty not to be equal'd.' 'Tho I am Mistress of all these, said she, fetching a deep Sigh, of what advantage are they to me?' 'What then, reply'd Mirtain, you are ambitious, you think none but Kings and Princes are happy? Be convinced of this Mistake: I belong to the Prince *Constantio*, and notwithstanding the Inequality of our Stations, am sometimes nigh his Person, and can observe and penetrate into the Actions of his Soul, and know full well he is not happy.' 'Alas! said the Princess, what can trouble his Repose?' 'A fatal Passion, answer'd Mirtain.' 'He is in love then, reply'd she, with some concern; alas! I pity him: But what do I say, continued she, blushing, he is too lovely, not to deserve a Return.' 'He dares not flatter himself, fair Shepherdess, said Mirtain, but if you would give him any ease as to that point, your Words would have more effect upon him than any other Person's.' 'It is no ways proper for me, said she, to concern myself with the Affairs of so great a Prince; and those you speak to me of, are too particular: Adieu, Mirtain, leaving him suddenly, if you would oblige me, speak no more of your Prince nor his Amours.'

74 *The Tales of the FAIRIES.*

Thus she left *Mirtain*, tho no ways insensible of the Merit of his Prince; for from the first time she saw him, she had never been able to blot him out of her Thoughts: and without this secret Charm, which detain'd her against her own desire, it is certain she would have endeavour'd to find out the *Sovereign Fairy*. Besides, it may be expected, that that knowing Person, who could not be ignorant of all that pass'd, should come to look after her; but that lay not in her power, for after the Giant had found the Princess, she was forced to submit to Fortune for a certain time, insomuch that the Fairy was contented to come and see her in a Sun-beam, against which *Constantia* could not look steadfastly enough to discern her.

*Constantia* perceived with Rage, that the Prince had neglected her, and that this second View was entirely owing to Chance, that conducted him to the Place where she was sat singing; she was vex'd with herself for the Sentiments she entertain'd of him, and if it is possible to love and hate at the same time, I may say she hated, because she loved too much. *Rufon* was the only Witness of the Tears she shed secretly, sometimes she would confess her Grief to him, as if he was capable of Understanding; and whenever he skip'd and play'd among the other Sheep, she would cry out, 'Take care, *Rufon*, lest Love inflame thee, which, without a Return, is the greatest of all Misfortunes.' These Reflections were follow'd by a thousand Reproaches she made herself, for the Love she bore to a Prince that appear'd so indifferent, whom she was striving to forget; when she found him retired to that agreeable Shade, to think with more freedom on the Shepherdess from whom he flew. There, surprized with Sleep, he lay upon the Grass, when she came and saw him; her Passion increased, and she could not forbear making those words true, which were the Cause of the Prince's Disquiet. But then, what were her Torments, when *Mirtain* told her,

*Constantia*



## The Story of the Pidgeon and Dove. 75

*Constantio* was in love? Whatever Restraint she put upon herself, she could not help changing her Countenance; at which *Mirtain*, whose business it was to observe all her Actions, was not a little overjoy'd, and ran to acquaint his Master. The Prince, who was not at that time so much disposed to flatter himself as his Confidant, fancied he saw nothing but Indifference in all the Proceedings of that Shepherdess, and accused the happy and beloved *Constantia*. The next Morning he went to find her out; she no sooner saw him, but she fled from him, as if he had been a Lion or a Tyger, thinking Flight the only Remedy that was left her: for since her Conversation with *Mirtain*, she thought she ought not to neglect the recovering of her Heart again, and that the only means to succeed therein, was to avoid him. But what became of *Constantio*, when his Shepherdess left him so suddenly? 'You see, said he to *Mirtain*, who stood by him, the happy Effects of what you have done; *Constantia* hates me, I dare not follow her, to know her Sentiments.' 'Alas! Sir, reply'd *Mirtain*, you shew too much Respect to a Country-Girl; if you think fit, I will go and order her to come to you.' 'Ah! *Mirtain*, cry'd the Prince, thou art a Confidant, not a Lover; my Thoughts are entirely bent upon pleasing that lovely Damsel, I have discover'd a Politeness in her, that I am sure those rough ways of yours must be disagreeable to, and chuse rather to endure my Pains, than displease her.' As he made an end of these words, he went away seized with a Melancholy deep enough to move the Pity of an Heart less interested than *Constantia*'s. As soon as he was gone, she return'd, to have the satisfaction of sitting on the same spot of Ground he had stood on. 'It was here, said she, that he stopt, it was from hence that he look'd at me; but alas! in all these Places he has shewn but too much Indifference for me, and comes only to enjoy the more freedom of his Thoughts on his

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76 *The Tales of the FAIRIES.*

'beloved Mistress: But what reason have I to complain? How is it possible he should engage himself to a Girl that he thinks so much beneath him?' Sometimes she was for informing him of her Adventures, but the *Sovereign Fairy* had forbid her so absolutely never to speak of them, that her Obedience prevailed, and she resolved to keep them secret.

Some days after the Prince came again, and she avoided him as much as before; upon which he was very much grieved, and ordered *Mirtain* to go and load her with Reproaches from him, which she pretended she did not understand, but at last consented to see his Master: which words were no sooner out of her mouth, but *Mirtain* ran to acquaint the Prince, who long'd with impatience for the Approach of the next Morn. It no sooner appear'd, but he went to find his lovely Shepherdess; she seem'd, at the first sight of him, speechless and confused, and much more so when he declared his Passion: and notwithstanding her Desire of believing him, she was afraid of being deceived, thinking that he, looking upon her no otherwise than as she appear'd to be, might only divert and please himself, by making a Declaration no ways suitable to a poor Shepherdess. Inraged at this Thought, she became more proud, and received all the Assurances of his Passion with a Coldness that confirmed all his Suspicions. Upon which he said, 'I see you are engaged, some happy Swain has known how to charm you; but bear me witness, Heaven! if I find him out, he shall feel the Effects of all my Rage.' 'Sir, *reply'd she*, I ask no favour for any one, and if you knew but the Sentiments of my Heart, you would find them different from what you think them to be.' At these words the Prince conceiv'd some hopes, but those were soon destroy'd by the Conversation they had afterwards; for she protested her Indifference was not to be overcome, and that she was very sensible she

## The Story of the Pidgeon and Dove. 77

she could never love. These words again cast him into an inexpressible Grief, which he constrain'd as much as possible, that she might not perceive it. In short, whether thro the Violence he did himself, or the Excess of his Passion, which was become stronger by the more Difficulties that oppos'd it, he fell so dangerously ill, that the Physicians, not knowing the Cause, despair'd of his Recovery. *Mirtain*, who was by his Master order'd to attend on, and follow *Constantia*, told her the dismal News, which she heard with a Trouble and Concern not to be conceiv'd. He ask'd her if she knew of no Remedy for a Fever, and violent Pains of the Head and Heart; to which she reply'd, she knew of one, consisting of some Simples that she could gather, but that it depended most on the manner of the Application. 'Will not you go to the Palace, said he, to administer it!' 'No, said she, blushing, I am afraid it should not succeed.' 'How, continued he, can you neglect any thing to do us service on this pressing Occasion? I always indeed thought you cruel and hard-hearted, but now find you a thousand times more so than I imagin'd.' These Reproaches of *Mirtain's* created a Pleasure in *Constantia*, who was overjoy'd that he press'd her to see the Prince; for the obtaining of which Satisfaction alone, she boasted of a Remedy to ease his Pains.

*Mirtain* went and inform'd the Prince of all that the Shepherdess said to him, and with what Ardour she wish'd for his Health. 'Ah! *Mirtain*, said *Constantio*, you intend to flatter me; but I forgive you, and would willingly (durst I be deceived) think that beautiful Maid has some Friendship for me. Go and tell the Queen, that one of her Shepherdesses hath a wonderful Secret to cure me; get her leave, and bring my Charmer hither: run, fly, for every moment seems an Age.' The Queen, who had never seen this Shepherdess, said, when *Mirtain* told her of *Constantia*, that she had no faith in what such ignorant Persons pretended to

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know, and that it was idle Talk. ‘Certainly, Madam, *said Mirtain*, there is sometimes as much Ease found in the use of some Simples, as from the learned Prescriptions of the most eminent Physicians; and the Prince is very desirous of trying what this young Damsel proposes.’ ‘With all my heart, *said the Queen*; but if she does not cure him, I will use her so, as she shall never have the Assurance to pretend to administer her Simples any more.’ *Mirtain* went and gave his Master an account of the Queen’s Ill-humour. The Prince cry’d out, that he was afraid *Constantia* should feel the Effects thereof, and order’d him to go back to his Mother, to desire her from him, to let that fair Maid stay with her harmless Sheep. ‘What a Remedy, *continued he*, is this for her Pains! The very Thoughts of it redouble my Disease.’ *Mirtain* acquitted himself of his Commission to the Queen; but as she was naturally hasty, she flew into a Passion at the fickleness of his Resolutions. ‘I have already sent for her, *said she*, if she cures my Son I shall give her a Reward; if not, I know what I have to do: go and endeavour to divert him, for his Melancholy grieves me.’ *Mirtain* obey’d, but acquainted not his Master with the reception he met with, lest his Fears for his Shepherdess might do him a prejudice. The Pastures belonging to the Crown being nigh the Town, it was not long before she came; besides, those who are guided by Love, are seldom slow. The Queen did not think fit to see her, contenting herself with bidding her take care what she did, and assuring her, if she did not cure the Prince, she should be put into a Sack, and thrown into the River. At this Menace the beautiful Princess turn’d pale, and her Blood ran chill in her Veins. ‘Alas! *said she to herself*, I deserve this Punishment for the Lye I have told, when I boasted of my Skill; and I fear my desire of seeing *Constantio*, will not be a sufficient Reason for the Gods to protect me.’

Then

## The Story of the Pidgeon and Dove. 79

Then hanging down her Head, the Tears ran trickling from her fair Eyes. Those that were by, admired her so much, that they took her to be more like an Angel than a Mortal, and said, Fear nothing, lovely Shepherdess, your Eyes carry in them Life and Death; one Glance from them is able to recover our young Prince: go into his Chamber, dry up your Tears, and apply your Remedy without Fear.

This manner of speaking, together with her extreme desire to see the Prince, inspir'd her with some Confidence. She begg'd leave to go into the Garden to gather what was necessary for the Cure, where she took some Myrtle, Trefoil, and other Herbs and Flowers dedicated to *Cupid* and his Mother; the Feathers of a Dove, some Drops of a Pidgeon's Blood, and call'd upon all the Deities and Fairies for their Aid: and then trembling more than a Turtle when she sees a Kite hovering o'er her head, bid them conduct her to the Prince's Chamber. When she came there, she found him in Bed, his Face pale as Death, and his Eyes languishing; but as soon as he saw her, some streams of colour flow'd up into his Cheeks, which she observed with great joy. 'Sir, said she, I have often offer'd up my Prayers to Heaven for the Recovery of your Health, and my Zeal engaged me to tell one of your Shepherds that I knew of a Remedy, which I would willingly make use of to ease you; but the Queen has told me, that if Heaven should abandon me in this Undertaking, she will put me to death. Judge, Sir, of my Fears, and be persuaded that I am more interested in the preservation of your Health than my own Life.' Fear nothing, charming Shepherdess, said he, the favourable Vows you made for my Life, will render it so dear to me, that all my endeavours shall be to preserve it. Alas! how can my days be more happy, when I remember what I heard you sing of *Constantio*? Those fatal Words, and your Rigour, have reduced me to the Condition you



‘ see me in ; but, fair Shepherdess, you bid me live, and I will live for you.’ It was with difficulty that *Constantia* concealed the pleasure so obliging a Declaration created in her Soul ; and fearing lest some Person might hear what the Prince said to her, she ask’d him, if he would give her leave to put on a Bandage and Bracelets of the Herbs she had gather’d ; at which he held out his Arm in a tender manner, and she tied on one of the Bracelets presently, having first perform’d some little Ceremonies to amuse the Prince’s Court. The Prince cry’d out a few moments after, that he was better ; and the Physicians being call’d in, were surprized at the Excellence of a Medicine, the Effects of which were so quick : but when they saw the Shepherdess that apply’d it, their Amazement vanish’d ; and they said to one another, that there was more virtue in one Look from her, than all their Medicines together. The Shepherdess was so little affected with the Praises they bestow’d on her, that those that knew her not, took that for Stupidity which proceeded from a different Cause ; for she placed herself behind one of the Bed-Curtains, hiding herself from every one but her sick Patient, whose Head and Pulse she often stoop’d to feel ; and in those little opportunities they said thousands of tender things to each other. ‘ I hope, Sir, said she to him, the Sack the Queen provided for to drown me in, will be put to a better use, since your Health, which is so precious to me, is in a fair way of being restored.’ ‘ It depends entirely on you, lovely *Constantia*, replied he ; a little Share in your Heart will compleat both my Health and Happiness.’ She rose soon after and went to the Queen’s Apartment, who, when she was told the Prince was coming, would not believe it, but was very much surprized to meet him at her Chamber-Door. ‘ What ! Is it you, my dear Child ? cry’d she : To whom am I obliged for this ? ‘ To your own Bounty, Madam, replied he, in sending me the

*The Story of the Pidgeon and Dove.* 81

the most able Person in the World; whom I desire you to recompence according to the Benefit I have received from her.' 'Never mind that, said the Queen in a careles manner, she is a poor Shepherdess who will think herself happy to keep my Sheep, trouble not yourself about that.' The King coming in just upon this, and being told the good News of the Prince's Recovery, and his being with the Queen; as he was making towards that Apartment, *Constantia* was the first Object that struck his Eyes: her Beauty, like the Sun shining among the lesser Lights, dazzled him so much, that he was some time before he could ask those about him what she was, and how long Goddesses had inhabited his Palace; at last recovering himself, he went towards her, and knowing her to be the Inchantress that had cured his Son, embraced her, and told her in a gallant manner, that if he should be ill, he would beg of her to cure him too, and then bid her follow him. The Amazement of the Queen, who had never seen her before, is not to be expressed; she gave a great Shriek, and fell into a Fit, looking all the time with an enraged Eye on the Shepherdess. *Constantio* and *Constantia* were both frightened; the King knew not what to attribute it to, and the whole Court were in the utmost Consternation: when at last the Queen came to herself again, the King ask'd often what was the Cause; but she dissembling her Uneasiness, said it was only the Vapours: at which the Prince, who knew better, was very much concerned. She bid the Shepherdess, with some seeming sort of Kindness, to stay; telling her that she design'd her to look after the Flowers in her Parterre, which Employ the Princess was very much pleas'd with, to think she might have an opportunity of seeing *Constantio* every day.

Some time after, the King oblig'd the Queen to go with him into his Closet, where he ask'd her tenderly what vex'd her. 'Alas! cry'd she, I dreamt

‘that my Son was married to a young Shepherd-  
 ‘deſs; and tho I never ſaw this young Girl in my  
 ‘life before, yet I had ſo ſtrong an Idea of her  
 ‘Perſon in my Dream, that I knew her again as  
 ‘ſoon as I fix’d my Eyes on her, and ſhall be very  
 ‘much deceiv’d if this ſorry Country Girl does not  
 ‘give me great cauſe to be afflicted.’ ‘You give too  
 ‘much way, ſaid the King, to ſuch Fancies; I would  
 ‘advise you not to act upon ſuch Principles: ſend  
 ‘this Shepherdſs back to her Flock, and don’t  
 ‘grieve yourſelf with ſuch a ridiculous Conceit.’  
 This Advice of the King’s was no ways acceptable  
 to the Queen, who, inſtead of following it, apply’d  
 herſelf to penetrate into her Son’s Sentiments of  
*Conſtantia*. The Prince took all opportunities that  
 offer’d, to ſee her; and as it was her buſineſs to  
 look after the Flowers, he fancied that every time  
 ſhe touch’d them they appear’d more beautiful.  
*Ruſon* was ſtill her Companion; to him, tho he could  
 not answer her, ſhe would be often talking of the  
 Prince: and whenever he approach’d towards her,  
 ſhe was ſo embarraſs’d, that her Eyes plainly diſ-  
 cover’d the Secrets of her Soul; that which, the  
 overjoy’d Prince would ſay all the tender things a  
 violent Paſſion could inſpire. The Queen, on the  
 Credit of her Dream, and much more on the ac-  
 count of *Conſtantia*’s incomparable Beauty, could  
 not ſleep in quiet, but roſe before day, and hid  
 herſelf, ſometimes behind the Palifadoes, and at  
 the bottom of a Grotto, to hear her Son’s Diſcourſe  
 with that fair Maid; but as they were both ſo  
 wiſe as to talk low, ſhe could gather nothing to  
 ſupport her Suſpicions, which made her the more  
 uneaſy. She look’d on the Prince with the utmoſt  
 Diſdain, and was in continual Fears night and day,  
 leſt that Shepherdſs ſhould aſcend the Throne.

‘*Conſtantio* had as ſtrict a guard upon himſelf as  
 was poſſible; but nevertheless every body almoſt  
 perceived his Love of *Conſtantia*: for whenever he  
 praiſed her, through his wonted Cuſtom of admiring  
 ‘her

*The Story of the Pidgeon and Dove.* 83

her, or found fault with her, he did both like an interested Person: and for *Constantia*, she also could not forbear speaking of the Prince to her Companions; and as she often sung those words she made for him, the Queen who heard her, was no less surprized at her captivating Voice, than at the Subject of her Poetry. 'What have I done, just Heaven, said she, to be punish'd in the most sensible manner? Alas! I design'd my Son for my Neice, and to my mortal grief, see him engaged to a Wretch, who may, perhaps, make him guilty of Disobedience.'

While she was afflicting herself after this manner, and ruminating upon a thousand furious Projects to punish *Constantia*, for being so beautiful and charming, Love made a farther Progress in the Hearts of the two young Lovers. *Constantia*, convinc'd of the Sincerity of the Prince, could no longer conceal her Birth and Sentiments from him. A Confession so tender, and so particular a Confidence, ravish'd him so much with Joy, that if they had been in any other Place besides the Queen's Garden, he would have cast himself at her Feet to thank her. His Passion was no longer to be resisted; he loved *Constantia* when a Shepherdess, and we may easily believe adored her, when he knew her Rank: And if a Princess's wandring through the World, sometimes as a Shepherdess, and sometimes a Gardener, might seem extraordinary, at that time those things were very common; and the Princess's Air and Manner of Address were convincing Proofs of the Sincerity of her Words.

*Constantia*, moved by Love and Esteem, swore an eternal Fidelity to the Prince, as she did also to him, promising to marry as soon as they should obtain the Consent of those whom Duty requir'd them to demand it of. The Queen perceiv'd the Strength of this growing Passion; and was more sensible of it, when one day her Confidant, who desired nothing more than to find something to gain her Fa-  
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84 *The Tales of the FAIRIES.*

your by, came to tell her, that *Constantia* sent *Rufon* every Morning into the Prince's Apartment, and that that Sheep carried two Baskets full of Flowers, and that *Mirtain* led him. The Queen, at this News, lost all patience; and as she knew which way poor *Rufon* was to pass, waited for him; and, notwithstanding *Mirtain's* Prayers and Intreaties, carried him into her Chamber: where she tore the Baskets and Flowers in pieces, and found in a large Lilly a piece of Paper curiously wrapt up by *Constantia*, wherein she reproach'd the Prince with the Dangers he expos'd himself to in Hunting. The Lines were thus:

*In the midst of all my Joy,  
Chilling Fears croud in apace,  
Anxious Cares my Breast invade,  
While you pursue the Chase.*

*Tell me, ye Powers, wherein consist  
These Charms, that thus engage;  
Charms that can my Prince invite,  
And tempt his Godlike Rage.*

*Turn! Oh! turn your conquering Arms,  
Against more yielding Hearts;  
Wolves and Bears fly from your Spears,  
The Fair embrace your Darts.*

While the Queen was venting her Rage against the Shepherdess, *Mirtain* went to give his Master an account of what had happen'd. The Prince, uneasy thereat, ran into his Mother's Chamber; who at that time was gone to the King's, to tell him. 'Behold, Sir, said she, the noble Inclinations of your Son! he is in love with the Shepherdess that pretended to cure him. Alas! continued she, she knew how too well, 'twas Love instructed her: she has restored him his Health, to make him more miserable; and if we don't prevent the Misfortune  
' with

*The Story of the Pidgeon and Dove.* 85

‘with which we are threatned, my Dream will  
‘prove but too true.’ ‘You are naturally too  
‘severe, *said the King*, and would have your Son  
‘think of no other Person but the Princess you de-  
‘sign to marry him to; you must indulge his Years.’  
‘I cannot bear, *cry’d the Queen*, your taking his  
‘part, you can never find fault with him; all that  
‘I ask of you, is, to consent that I send him away  
‘from Court for some time; Absence may have  
‘more effect than all my Arguments.’ The King,  
who was a Man that loved a quiet Life, agreed to  
what his Queen desired; and she return’d back to  
her own Apartment, where she found the Prince  
waiting for her with the utmost Impatience.  
‘Child, *said she to him*, before he could speak to her, the  
‘King has been shewing me a Letter from the King  
‘my Brother, wherein, he begs of him to send  
‘you to his Court, that you may contract a Friend-  
‘ship with the Princess, his Daughter, whom we  
‘have a design you shall marry; it being proper  
‘you should judge of each other’s Merit, and en-  
‘gage your Affections.’ ‘*Madam, reply’d the Prince*,  
‘I ask nothing so particular in my favour; neither  
‘is it customary for Princes to go on such Occa-  
‘sions, and to consult their Hearts before Reasons  
‘of State: My Obedience shall be the same, whe-  
‘ther the Person be beautiful or deformed,  
‘witty or otherwise.’ ‘I understand you, Repro-  
‘bate, *said she in a Passion*, you love a base Shep-  
‘herdese, and are afraid of leaving her; but you  
‘shall, or see her die before your face: but if you  
‘are ready to go, and will endeavour to forget her, I’ll  
‘keep her here, and love her as much as now I hate.’  
The Prince, who turn’d as pale as Death, reason’d  
with himself what to do in this Urgency, he knew  
his Mother to be a most cruel and revengful Prin-  
cess, and fear’d lest his Opposition might exaspe-  
rate her so much, that his dear Mistress would feel the  
Effects of her Resentment: In short, being close-  
ly press’d, he consented at last, like one who con-  
sents

## 86     *The Tales of the FAIRIES.*

sents to drink a Glass of Poison ; and no sooner had given his Word, but he left his Mother, and return'd to his own Apartment, with a Heart so oppress'd, that he thought he should die. He told the faithful *Mirtain* his Affliction, and impatient to let his *Constantia* know the Cause of it, went to the Grott, where she used generally to retire from the Heats of the Sun, to comb her delicate Locks, and adjust herself. There he found her sat on the Grass by a Brook-side, which fell from the height of a Rock, with her Feet in the Water ; the agreeable Murmurs of which, together with the Fatigue of her Work, having invited her insensibly to taste the Sweets of a gentle Sleep. Her Eyes, though closed, preserved a thousand Beauties ; her long black Eye-lashes set off the Whiteness of her Skin ; the Loves and Graces seem'd to surround her, and Modesty and Sweetness to augment her Charms. The amorous Prince remembred, that the first time he beheld her, he saw her thus asleep ; but since then, his Sentiments of her were become so tender, that he would willingly have surrendred up half his Life, to enjoy the other half with her : He gazed upon her some time, with a Pleasure that suspended his Grief ; then running over all her Beauties, discovered her Foot as white as Snow, which he could not forbear admiring, and approaching nigher, fell on his Knees, and took her by the hand : upon which she waked, seeming vex'd that he should see her bare Foot, and hid it with a Blush upon her Cheecks, surpassing the Rose opening to the Morning Sun. But alas ! of what continuance was it ? She observ'd a deep Melancholy in the Prince's Face, and said to him frighted ; ' What is the matter with you, Sir, I know by your Eyes you are troubled. ' Ah ! ' Who can be otherwise, my dear Princess ? *said he,* ' *shedding some Tears :* we must part, I must go and leave you expos'd to my Mother's Rage ; she knows

## The Story of the Pidgeon and Dove. 87

‘ knows the Love I bear you; the Billet you sent me fell into her hands, and she, insensible to my Grief, is sending me to the King her Brother.’ What’s this you tell me, Prince! *cry’d she*, you are going to leave me, as the Means necessary to preserve my Life! How could you imagine such Means? Let me die rather before your Eyes, than live without you.’

So tender a Discourse could not fail of being accompanied and interrupted by Sighs and Tears: The two young Lovers never knew nor foresaw the Cruelties of Absence before; they swore a thousand times never to change, and the Prince promised a quick Return, assuring her, that he would affront both his Uncle and his Daughter, so as to make them lay aside all thoughts of an Alliance: ‘ I will strive, *said he*, to displease the Princess, and am sure I shall succeed.’ ‘ Then you must not shew yourself, *said Constantia*, for if you do, you will please in spite of yourself.’ Then they cry’d again bitterly, looking at each other with a piercing Grief, and making such reciprocal Promises, that if they had any Comfort, it was in the Assurance of their Love and Fidelity. In this melting Conversation the time ran away so fast, that it was dark night before they thought of parting. When the Queen, having a mind to settle the Prince’s Equipage with him, sent to *Mirrain*, to acquaint his Master with it, whom he found at his Mistress’s feet, holding one of her Hands between his. As soon as they saw him, they were both so struck, that they could not speak: However, he delivered the Queen’s Message to the Prince, who durst not disobey her Commands, but took his leave of his Princess. The Queen, when she saw him, found him so melancholy, and so much altered, that, guessing at the Cause of it, she would not speak. Nevertheless, every thing was prepared with the same diligence, while he was altogether taken up with his Passion. He made



*Mirtain* stay at Court, to send him news of the Princess, with whom he left a great many rich Jewels, to serve in case of necessity. The Despair of our Lovers is not to be expressed, when the Prince went: And if any thing mitigated it, it was the Hopes of seeing each other soon again. 'Twas then *Constantia* was most sensible of the Greatness of her Misfortune, of being the Daughter of a rich and powerful King, and in the hands of a cruel Queen, who had sent away her Son, for fear of her, who was no ways his inferiour.

The Queen now overjoy'd that her Son was gone, applied herself to the intercepting all his Letters, succeeded therein, and knew *Mirtain* to be his Confidant, whom, thereupon, she ordered under a false Pretext to be arrested and sent to a dismal Prison. The Prince, when he heard of it, was very much enraged, and writ Letters to the King and Queen to demand his Favourite's Liberty; but all his Instances had no effect. But this was not all; for one Morning, when the Princess rose to gather some Flowers, according to custom, for the Queen's Toilet, she saw the faithful *Rufon*, who went before her, come trembling to her, and advancing forwards to see what was the Cause, heard a hissing of Snakes, and was surrounded by Toads, Vipers, Scorpions, Aspicks, and Adders, which made many vain Leaps at her, and always fell down again upon the same Spot of Ground: Notwithstanding the fright she was in, she could not but take notice of this Prodigy, and could attribute it to nothing but a Ring given by her Lover. Which way soever she turn'd, those venomous Animals fled before her; the Alleys, and all the Flower-beds were full of them: insomuch, that the beautiful *Constantia* knew not what would become of her; and saw the Queen at her Window laughing, and from thence judged, it was in vain to flatter herself with any Expectation of Assistance from her Orders. 'I know I must die, said she,

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## *The Story of the Pidgeon and Dove.* 89

' *courageously*, these Monsters came not here of themselves, but have been brought by the Queen's Command, who is come herself to be a Spectator of the deplorable end of my Life, which has hitherto been so unhappy, that I have no reason to be fond of it; but if I do in some measure regret the loss of it, the just Gods can witness on what account it is.' After this she advanced boldly forwards; the Snakes, &c. made off from her as fast as she made towards them; and so she got out of the Garden, at which she was as much amazed as the Queen, who had been a long time providing these dangerous Creatures to destroy her, thinking that her Son would believe her death accidental, and she by this means should skreen herself from his Reproaches: but this Project failing, she had recourse to this other.

There lived at the farther side of a large Forest a Fairy, whose Abode was render'd inaccessible by Elephants that devoured all Travellers; with this Fairy the Queen had agreed, that if any Person should come from her unhurt, to send them back again with some that would be sure to kill them. Her other Plot miscarrying, she sent for *Constantia*, and order'd her to go thither with a Message she gave her. The Princess, who knew the Queen would be absolutely obey'd, prepar'd to set out for the dangerous Journey she was to undertake; and reflecting on the Dangers she had heard her Companions tell of, she remembred that an old Shepherdess had said, that those Elephants were very gentle when they saw either a Sheep or a Lamb; and that when the Fairy sent the burning Girdle to the Queen, for fear lest the Queen should make her put it on, she had fasten'd it upon several Trees which it fired, till it had lost all its force; but little thought, when she heard this Story, that it might one day be serviceable to her. In short, she took *Rufon*, and set forwards on her Journey; and the Queen, who was mighty well pleased thereat, could

could not forbear telling the King, that they should never see the hated Object of their Son's Affections any more, since she had sent her to the Forest, whence she could never return: upon which the King told her she was too revengeful, and that he could not but have some Regret for the death of so beautiful a Creature.

In the mean time *Constantia* arrived at the Forest, and was presently surrounded by the Elephants; but those dreadful Creatures no sooner saw *Rufon*, but they caress'd him with their Trunks as gently as the finest Lady could with her fair Hand: and then the Princess, fearing lest they should separate their Interests, took *Rufon* in her Arms, and which way soever she turn'd, always presented him; and by that means reach'd the Fairy's Abode, the Rudeness and Desolation of which frighten'd her, as much as the old Woman herself, who in all respects answer'd her dwelling-place. 'What is it you want, fair Maid?' said she. To which the Princess reply'd, 'That the Queen presented her Duty and Service to her, and desired her to send the Girdle of Friendship.' 'She shall not be denied,' said the old Fairy, 'I know it is for you.' And then putting her Hand into a long Pocket she wore by her Side, pull'd out a Girdle of blue Velvet, and gave it her, saying, 'This Girdle will make you most exquisitely beautiful, provided you wear it as soon as you are in the Forest.' *Constantia* made a Courtesy, and thank'd her; and then took up *Rufon*, who was as useful as before: however, she did not forget to put the Girdle of Friendship about a Tree, which immediately was all in flames; and after that, she girt it about several, till all its virtue was spent; and at last came back to Court very much tired. The Queen was so surprized when she saw her, that she could not speak for a long time; and when she recovered herself, told her she was a false saucy Baggage, for that she had not been with the Fairy. *Constantia* affirmed she had, and that she had



*The Story of the Pidgeon and Dove.* 91

had brought the Girdle of *Friendship*: upon which the Queen ask'd her if she had put it on; and the other reply'd, it was too rich for a poor Shepherdess to wear. 'No, no, *said the Queen*, I give it you for your pains, besure to gird it about your Waist; but tell me what you met with in your Travels.' Hereupon *Constantia* told her how she had met with Elephants so sensible and tame, that she could not but admire them; that the Forest seem'd like their Kingdom, wherein some paid great Respect to others: and the Queen, tho vex'd at this relation, yet disguised her Rage, hoping the Girdle would compleat her Desires.

*Constantia* retired to her Chamber, where she bewailed the absence of her dear Prince, to whom she durst not write, because the Queen had Spies abroad that intercepted all Letters and Messengers. 'Alas! *Constantio*, *said she*, you will shortly hear dismal News of me; you should not have gone, and left me exposed to your Mother's Violences: you would have defended me, or receiv'd my last Sighs; whereas I am now in the power of her Tyranny, and have none to comfort me.' The next Morning she went with the Girdle about her Waist, to work in the Garden as usual; where she found the same venomous Creatures again, which her Ring secured her from. And when the Queen perceiv'd her gathering Flowers, and well; she burst out into an extravagancy of Passion. 'What Power, *cry'd she*, interposes in this Shepherdess's behalf? By her Beauty she has bewitch'd my Son, and by her Simples restored him his Health, and can walk unhurt in the midst of Adders and Aspicks. The Elephants were tame and gentle at the sight of her; and the Girdle that should burn and consume her, serves only to adorn her: therefore I must use some other means.' Thereupon she sent the Captain of her Guards, in whom she could confide, to the Port, to see if there were any Vessels ready to sail for a long Voyage;  
and



and he return'd, and told her there was one which was design'd to sail the beginning of the Night. This News was very agreeable to the Queen, who immediately sent for the Master to come and buy a beautiful Slave; who when he came to the Palace, and saw *Constantia* (who knew nothing of what was in agitation) in the Garden, was so surprized with the Charms of this incomparable Maid, that the Queen, who was very covetous, took the advantage of it, and sold her at a considerable Price. It happen'd that Night that *Constantia* retired very early to her Chamber, to amuse and indulge her Thoughts on *Constantio*, and to answer a Letter of his which she had by some Stratagem receiv'd; the which she was reading when the Queen enter'd her Room, follow'd by the Captain of her Guards, and two Mutes, who stop't her Mouth with a Handkerchief, and carried her away. *Rufon* would have follow'd his dear Mistress, but the Queen catch'd hold of him, and prevented him; fearing lest his Bleatings might discover what she had a mind should be done privately. And thus *Constantia*, having none to assist her, was transported aboard the Vessel, which hoisted Sail immediately after.

Here we must leave her to the mercy of the Sea, her new Master, and to cruel Fortune; for the Sovereign Fairy could not prevail with Fate in her favour: and all she could do, was to follow her unseen in a dark Cloud. In the mean time the Prince *Constantio*, wholly taken up with his Passion, paid no regard to the Princess that was design'd him; and tho he was naturally the most polite Prince in the World, was guilty of several rude and unmannerly Actions, which she often complain'd of to her Father, who reprov'd his Nephew for it, and so the Match went rather off than came on. At this very nick of time the Queen thought fit to write to the Prince, to let him know that *Constantia* was at the point of death; which News created so much Grief in the Prince, that without observing any Ceremo-  
nies

*The Story of the Pidgeon and Dove.* 93

nies of taking his leave, he set out with all speed to come and see her; but notwithstanding all his haste, came too late: for the Queen foreseeing that he would return as soon as he receiv'd her Letter, had for several Days before caused a Report to be given out that *Constantia* was very ill, and some time after another that she was dead; and to confirm it, buried a Figure of Wax: and to convince the Prince the more of the Truth of it, released *Mirtain* out of Prison to assist at the Funeral of this charming Maid, who was regretted by all the Court, and for the loss of whom, the Queen, on her Son's account, seem'd to be under some concern.

The Prince arrived soon after in all the Fears and Uneasiness imaginable; and when he enter'd first the City, impatient to know how his dear *Constantia* did, happening to ask some People who knew him not, and being told she was dead, he fell off from his Horse senseless and speechless, and being known by the Crowd which gather'd about him to be the Prince, he was carried for dead to the Palace. The King was sensibly touch'd with the miserable condition of his Son; but the Queen, who was prepared before-hand, believed that Time and the Loss of his most tender Hopes might cure him: but he was too deeply affected to admit of any Comfort. His Grief, instead of diminishing, increased every moment, and he kept his Room several days, without seeing or hardly speaking to any one; when one day oppress'd with his Sorrow, he went into the Queen's Apartment with Tears in his Eyes, his Face as meagre and pale as Death, and told her she had been the cause of his beloved *Constantia's* death, and that she would shortly be punished for the same, since he was resolved to die also, and would go to the Place where she was buried. The Queen unable to dissuade him from it, resolved to go with him herself to a Wood planted with Cypress, where she had rais'd a Tomb over her. When the Prince came there, he said all the tender

tender and compassionate things any Man could invent, which made the Queen, notwithstanding her natural Hardness of Heart, melt into Tears. *Mirtain* took on as much as his Master, and all that heard him shared in his Affliction. At last, all on a sudden, enraged with the disappointment of his Passion, he drew his Sword, and approaching the marble Monument, had kill'd himself, if the Queen and *Mirtain* had not held his Arm. 'No, cry'd he, nothing shall prevent my dying and being with my dear Princess.' The Name of Princess surprized the Queen, and had made her fancy he raved, had he not spoke rationally in other things. She asked him why he called *Constantia* a Princess; to which he answer'd, because she was one, and Sovereign of the Kingdom of *Deserts*. 'Well Child, said the Queen, since *Constantia* is of birth suitable to yours, comfort yourself, she is not dead; for now I must own to you, to mitigate your Grief, I have sold her to a Merchant for a Slave.' 'Ah! cry'd the Prince, what you tell me is only to suspend my design of dying; but my Resolution is fix'd, nothing shall hinder it.' Then said the Queen, 'Your own Eyes must convince you of the truth of my Words.' And thereupon she order'd the Figure of Wax to be dug up. The Prince, as soon as he saw it, believed it to be the Body of his lovely Princess, and fainted away; they endeavour'd to bring him to himself again, but all in vain: The Queen assured him she was not dead; but after the Trick she had play'd her, he could not believe her, till *Mirtain*, whom he knew lov'd him, and who was not capable of telling him a Lye, confirm'd it.

From that moment the Prince found some Ease, because of all Misfortunes Death is the most terrible; and he might yet flatter himself with the hopes of seeing her again: but then he knew not where to seek her, nor who the Merchant was, who never made the least mention whither he was bound.



*The Story of the Pidgeon and Dove.* 95

bound. All these were great Difficulties, but what are those, true Love will not surmount? The Prince chose perishing, in pursuing the Ravishers, a thousand times, before living without her, and reproach'd the Queen as often for her Cruelty; telling her she might repent of what she had done, since he was resolv'd to go, and never come back again. The afflicted Mother cast her Arms about her Son's Neck, wet his Face with her Tears, and conjur'd him, by the Regard he had to his Father's and Mother's Years, and the Love and Friendship he bore them, not to leave them; telling him, that if he deprived them of the Happiness of seeing him, it would be the cause of their Deaths; that he was their only Hope, and that when he was gone, their Neighbours and Enemies would seize upon the Kingdom. All which the Prince listen'd to with a Coldness and Respect, having the ill Usage she had given *Constantia* always in his Thoughts, and without her he despis'd all the Crowns in the World; insomuch that he persisted, with a surprising Firmness, in the Resolution of going the next day. The King endeavour'd to persuade him to stay, but all in vain, for nothing could prevail with him; the night he spent in leaving Orders with *Mirtain*, giving him the Charge of the faithful *Rufon*, and a great many rich Jewels, telling him, that he should hear from him, provided he was secret, being willing to create the Queen as much Uneasiness as possible.

Before day, the impatient *Constantio* took horse, yielding himself up entirely to Fortune, desiring her only to be so favourable as to direct him where he might find his dear Mistress again. Whither to go, he knew not; but as she was carried on board a Vessel, he thought it would be the best way to find her, to embark on board one too: to this end he made towards the most noted Port, and being there unaccompanied and unknown, inform'd himself of the most distant Parts, and of all the Coasts, Ports, and



and Havens they could put in at, and then went on board a Vessel, in hopes that a Passion so violent and pure as his would not always be unsuccessful.

Whenever they came nigh any Land, he always put out a Sloop, and row'd along by the Shore, calling upon *Constantia*, venting his Sighs and Complaints to the pitiless Winds to convey them to the Shore; and then return'd back to the Ship overwhelmed with Grief, and his Eyes bathed in Tears. One night, that they came to an Anchor behind a large Rock, he went on the shore as usual; but as they knew not the Country, and the Night was very dark, those that were along with him would not venture any farther for fear of Danger. The Prince, who valued not his Life to find out the Object of his Wishes, kept going forwards, often falling and getting up again, till at last he discover'd a great Light, that seem'd to come from some large Fire; and approaching nigher towards it, heard a great noise of Hammers, that gave terrible Strokes: far from being afraid, he made all possible haste forwards, till he came to a great open Forge, in the Furnace of which was so great a Fire, that it look'd as bright as the Sun; here thirty *Cyclops* were at work, making Arms. *Constantio* went up to them, and said, 'If you are capable of entertaining any Pity in the midst of Fire and Steel, tell me if you have seen the beautiful *Constantia* land here, and I will give you whatever you shall demand.' He had no sooner said thus, but the Noise, that ceased at his first Arrival, was renew'd with much more Violence: 'Alas! said he, the barbarous Wretches are no ways touch'd with my Grief; what can I expect from them?' And just as he was about to leave them, he heard a soft Symphony that ravish'd his Senses; and looking towards the Furnace, saw the most beautiful Child Fancy could ever represent, brighter than the Fire he came out of. When he consider'd his Charms,

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## *The Story of the Pidgeon and Dove.* 97

Charms, the Bandage over his Eyes, his Bow and Quiver by his Side, he no longer doubted but that it was *Cupid*; who cry'd out to him, 'Stay, *Constantio*, you burn with too pure a Flame for me to refuse my Assistance: I am called *Virtuous-Love*; 'twas I that wounded you with *Constantia*, and defended her against the Giant that persecuted her. The *Sovereign Fairy* is my intimate Friend, we have engaged to protect her; but I must make a tryal of your Passion, before I discover where she is.' 'Command, *Love*, command what you think fit, cry'd the Prince, I will not disobey thee.' 'Then throw yourself into this Fire, reply'd the Child; but remember, if you love not faithfully, you are lost.' 'I have no reason to fear that,' said *Constantio*; and immediately threw himself into the Furnace, where he lost all Sense presently: He slept thirty Hours, and when he awaked, found himself changed into a most beautiful Pidgeon, and instead of being in the terrible Furnace, on a Nest of Roses, Jessamines, and Honey-suckles. Never was any Surprise greater than his, to see his rough Feet, his Skin stuck full of Feathers of various Colours, and his Eyes, as he beheld them in a Brook, as red as Fire; he attempted several times to utter his Complaints, but found he had lost the Use of his Speech, tho he had recover'd his Senses. He look'd upon this Metamorphosis as the compleatest of all Misfortunes: 'Ah! perfidious *Love*, thought he to himself, is this the Recompence thou givest the most perfect of all Lovers? The False, the Fickle, and Forsworn, are favour'd by thee, while thou tormentest the True and Faithful. What can I promise myself from so extraordinary a Figure as mine, a poor Pidgeon? Could I speak, I would fly high and low, and search after my Mistress thro all different Climates, and inform myself of every one I met; but I am debarred the Liberty of pronouncing her Name, and the only Remedy

98 *The Tales of the FAIRIES.*

‘left me, is to throw myself off some Precipice,  
‘and willingly embrace my Death.’

Possess’d with this fatal Resolution, he flew to the top of a high Mountain, and from thence cast himself down, but forgot, having not been long a Pidgeon, that his Wings and Feathers would keep him up: thereupon he resolved to unplume himself, and accordingly put this Design in execution. As soon as he had quite stript himself, he walked up to the top of a high Rock, to attempt his Destruction once more, where he was surprized by two young Damsels, that came suddenly upon him; who, as soon as they saw him, said one to another, ‘Where has this poor Pidgeon been? He has escaped the Claws of some Bird of Prey, or some Weasel.’ ‘It is no matter where he has been,’ said the younger, ‘but I know where he shall go; he shall go and bear five others, I have at home, company, with which I intend to make a Pye for the Sovereign Fairy.’ The Prince Pidgeon hearing her speak thus, instead of going from her, made towards her, in hopes of being speedily kill’d by her: but that proved his Safety, for the young Maids found him so tame and familiar, that they resolved to bring him up, and keep him alive; to which end the elder put him in her Work-Basket she had in her hand, and so they pursued their Walk.

Some days after, one of these Damsels said to the other, ‘Methinks our Mistress has a great deal of business upon her hands, since she is never from off her fiery Camel, but goes night and day from one Pole to the other.’ ‘If you can be discreet, reply’d the other, I’ll tell you a Secret she has entrusted me with; the Princess *Constantia*, of whom she is so very fond, is persecuted by a Giant that would marry her, and has put her in a Tower: and she is doing some surprizing things to prevent this Marriage.’ The Prince listen’d to this Conversation, and thought till then nothing could add to his Troubles; but found, to his grief, he

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## *The Story of the Pidgeon and Dove.* 99

he was much deceived; for we may judge by his Passion, and by the unhappy Circumstances he lay under, of being a Pidgeon, at a time when the Princess stood in most need of his assistance, that his Anguish of Soul was great; his Imagination always ready to torment him, represented to him, that *Constantia* was secured in a dismal Tower, and there exposed to the Importunities and Violences of a barbarous Giant: And was always in apprehension, lest she, thro Fears, might consent to marry him; and then again, lest by refusing she should hazard her Life, thro the Rage of an unsuccessful Lover. One day the young Maid, that carried him in her Basket, having been abroad, and returning back with her Companion to their Mistress the Fairy's Palace, found her walking in a shady Walk of the Garden, went and cast herself at her feet, and told her, that she had found a Pidgeon that was so tame and familiar, that her Companion and she design'd to keep it in their Chamber; that if she liked it, 'twas at her service, it being very diverting. The Fairy took the Basket, open'd it, and seeing the Pidgeon at the bottom, and knowing who it was, (for that Metamorphosis was owing to her) fell into a serious and deep Reflection, moralizing on the Vicissitudes and Changes of this Life, and above all on those of *Constantio's*. She carefs'd the Pidgeon, and he, for his part, neglected no little Artifice to gain her Attention, that she might give him some Comfort in this melancholy Adventure. The Fairy carried him into her Closet, and there said to him, 'Prince, the miserable Condition you are at this present in, makes me, that I cannot forbear owning and loving you for my beloved *Constantia's* sake, who, I can assure you, is no less indifferent than yourself; blame nobody but me for this Metamorphosis, I did it to try your Passion, which is both pure and lasting, and will tend to your own Honour.' The Pidgeon bow'd his Head three times in acknowledgment,



ment, and listen'd attentively to what the Fairy told him.

' The Queen, your Mother, said she, had no  
' sooner receiv'd the Money for the Princess, but  
' she sent her aboard with all imaginable Vio-  
' lence; and the Ship set sail for the *Indies*, where  
' they were sure to make a considerable Advantage  
' of the precious Jewel they carried with them.  
' Her Tears and Intreaties worked not the least ef-  
' fect upon them; she said, but all to no purpose,  
' that the Prince *Constantio* would purchase her of  
' them again, if all he had in the World would do  
' it: The more she urg'd all these Arguments, the  
' more haste they made to get off, for fear lest the  
' Prince, hearing of what was done, might come  
' and snatch away their Prey from them. In short,  
' after having been some Months at Sea, a great  
' Storm arose; and the Princess, oppress'd with  
' Grief, and fatigued with the Sea, was at the point  
' of Death; when they, to preserve her, put into  
' the first Port they could make: But as they  
' were disembarking, a great Giant, follow'd by se-  
' veral others, came down upon them, and would  
' see what they had in their Vessel; where the first  
' Object he fixed his Eyes on, was the young Prin-  
' cess; and knowing her again, as well as she knew  
' him, cry'd out, Ah! little Runaway, the just and  
' merciful Gods have put thee in my power again:  
' Do not you remember how I found you, and you  
' cut my Sack? but I shall be very much mistaken,  
' if you serve me so any more. And without any  
' more words, took her away in his Arms from the  
' whole Ship's Crew, and carried her to his great  
' Tower, which is situated upon a high Moun-  
' tain, and built by Enchanters, who neglected no-  
' thing to make it fine and curious. Doors there  
' are none, and no entering into it, but by the Win-  
' dows, which are very high; the Walls are built  
' with Diamonds, which make it look as bright, as  
' the Sun at noon-day: In short, it is as noble as Art  
' and

*The Story of the Pidgeon and Dove.* 101

and Nature can make it. When the Giant had the charming *Constantia* in his possession, he told her he would marry her, and make her the happiest Woman in the World, that she should be Mistress of all his Treasures, that he would love her, and doubted not but that she was overjoy'd that her Good-fortune brought her to him. She, by her Tears and Complaints, has let him know the Excess of her Despair; but, as I manage privately against Fate, which hath sworn the Ruin of *Constantia*, I have inspired the Giant with such Sentiments of Mildness as he never was Master of before: Insomuch, that instead of being enraged against the Princess, he has told her he will give her a Year's time to consider on it; and if she does not then come to a Resolution, he'll marry her against her Will, and then kill her. After this dismal Declaration, he brought several young Damsels to bear her company, and divert her, and set a Guard of Giants round the Tower, to hinder any Person from coming to her. In short, the poor Princess seeing no likelihood of any Succours, and the Year being expired all but one day, designs to throw herself from off the top of the Tower. This, Prince, is what she is reduced to, and the only Remedy I know of, is, for you to fly to her with a little Ring, which, as soon as she shall put it on her Finger, will change her into a Dove, and so you may save yourselves together. The Pidgeon was in the utmost impatience to be gone, but wanted the Ring; he pulled the Fairy by the Apron and Handkerchief, to make her understand what he meant; which she knowing full well, said, 'Fly, charming Pidgeon, giving him the Ring, take care you lose it not, and it will guide you to *Constantia*.' But as the Prince Pidgeon, as I said before, had no Feathers, the Fairy rubbed him with a wonderful Essence, that made the most beautiful Feathers grow immediately; insomuch that he excelled *Venus's Doves*. Over-

joy'd to see himself replumed again, and taking the Ring, he arriv'd by break of day at the Tower: and as there was a spacious Garden on the top of the Tower, full of Orange-Trees loaded with Fruit; the Prince, had he not more important Affairs on his hands, could have spent some time in admiring it.

He perched upon an Orange-Tree with the Ring in his Mouth, and in extreme Anguish of Mind; when the Princess came into the Garden in a long white Robe, and her Face cover'd with a black Veil embroidered with Gold, that hung all upon her Shoulders; the amorous Pidgeon could not have been certain that it was her, but by the Nobleness of her Shape, and her majestick Air, which too plainly discover'd who she was. But when she came and sat under the Orange-Tree, and lifted up her Veil, he remain'd sometime dazzled. ' My sad  
' Regret, and melanchoy Thoughts, cry'd she, are  
' now useless, my afflicted Heart has lived a whole  
' Year betwixt Hope and Fear, but now the fatal  
' time is come: this Day, some few Hours hence,  
' I must die or marry the Giant. Alas! is it possible  
' that the Sovereign Fairy, and the Prince *Constantio*, should thus abandon me? What have I done?  
' But what need all these Reflections? I had better execute my noble Design.' Hereupon she rose up with boldness to throw herself off; but as the least noise frightened her, and hearing the Pidgeon stir in the Trees, she lifted up her Eyes to see what it was; when he taking that Opportunity, flew upon her Shoulder, and put the Ring in her Breast. The Princess was surprized at the Caresses of the Bird, but much more at the Present he made her; and looking at it some time, observed mysterious Characters. When the Giant came into the Garden, unheard by her; for some of the Women that waited on her, had inform'd that dreadful Lover of the Princess's Despair and that she was determin'd to kill herself, rather than marry him:  
and

*The Story of the Pidgeon and Dove.* 103

and knowing that she went early that Morning upon the top of the Tower, he dreaded some dismal Catastrophe; and his Heart, which never, till then, had been capable of any thing but Barbarities, was so engaged by the Charms of that lovely Maid, that he loved her with a Tenderness. But, Oh Heavens! What a Condition was she in, when she saw him? She was afraid he would prevent the Means she sought of Death; and the poor Pidgeon was not a little terrified at this formidable *Colossus*. However, the Princess, in the Trouble and Confusion of her Soul, slipt the Ring on her Finger, and was immediately changed into a Dove, and flew away with her faithful Pidgeon.

Never was Surprise equal to that of the Giant's, who, after having seen his Mistress metamorphos'd into a Dove, and traversing the open Air, remain'd some time motionless; then he made most dreadful Outcries and Howlings, that shak'd the neighbouring Mountains, and with them ended his Life. The charming Princess flew after her Guide, and when they had taken a long flight, they lit in a thick shady Wood, render'd very agreeable by the Grass and Flowers that grew therein. *Constantia* knew not that the Pidgeon was her beloved Prince, and he was grieved that he could not speak, to tell her; when suddenly, he felt an invisible Hand unloose his Tongue, and said to the Princess; 'Charming Dove, your Heart has not yet inform'd you, that you are with a Pidgeon that burns always with the Flames your bright Eyes first kindled.' My Heart, *reply'd she*, has ever wish'd for this Happiness, but never durst flatter itself: Alas! who could imagine it? I was at the very Brink of Destruction, and you came and snatch'd me out of the Arms of Death, or from a Monster much more terrible.' The Prince, overjoy'd to hear these Words of his Dove, and to find her as tender as his Desires could wish, said whatever the most delicate



delicate and lively Passion could inspire; and told her all that had happen'd since the sad Moment of their Separation, particularly the surprizing Adventure of the Forge, and how he came to the Fairy's Palace. She was overjoy'd to find that her best Friend had all along interested herself in her behalf; and thereupon said to *Constantio*, 'Let us go, my dear Prince, and thank her for all these Favours, perhaps she may restore us to our former Shapes, and then we will return back to your Kingdom or mine.' 'If you love me with an equal Flame, *answer'd he*, I have one Proposal to make, wherein Love is only concern'd: but, lovely Princess, you will say I am extravagant.' 'Value not the Reputation of your Thoughts before the Ease of your Heart, *reply'd she*, speak without reserve; I shall always take a pleasure to hear you.' 'Then I would advise, *said he*, not to change our Forms; we may burn, you a Dove, and I a Pidgeon, with a Passion as ardent as *Constantio* and *Constantia*; and I am persuaded, that being free from the Cares of crown'd Heads, we may live only for each other in this delightful Solitude.' 'Ah! *cry'd the Dove*, How delicate and great is this Design! For though I am young, I have undergone so many Misfortunes, since Fortune, jealous of my innocent Beauty, has persecuted me so obstinately, that I shall be overjoy'd to forsake every thing to live with you. I consent, my dear Prince, let us pitch upon an agreeable Country, and under this Metamorphosis spend our days, innocent and free from Ambition, and all Desires, but those of a virtuous Love.' At that instant *Cupid* descending from Heaven, cry'd out, 'I am your Guide, a Design so full of Tenderness deserves my Protection.' 'And mine too, *said the Sovereign Fairy*, who appear'd all on a sudden; I come to partake in your Joy.' The Pidgeon and Dove were as much pleased as surprized, and put themselves under the Care of the Fairy. *Cupid* invited

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## *The Story of the Pidgeon and Dove.* 105

invited them to *Paphos*, where he told them his Mother was worshipped, and Doves admired; but *Constantia* told them, they desired to have no commerce with Men but were happy they could enjoy a pleasant Solitude.

The Fairy struck the Earth with her Wand, and *Love* touch'd it with his golden Quiver, and presently the Wood appear'd, adorn'd with Meadows, Fountains, and Fruit-Trees: 'Stay here, said *Love*, and swear a lasting Fidelity to each other, in the Presence of this wonderful Fairy.' Which they both did. After that, the Fairy promised, if they would leave that Metamorphosis, she never would forsake them, but would restore them to their former Shapes. They thank'd her, and assured her, it was not in the least their Desires, since they had made too much trial of the Misfortunes attending human Life. The Fairy approv'd of their despising the Greatness of the World; and then *Cupid* and she retired to their Mansions, leaving the Pidgeon and Dove as Examples of a tender and sincere Passion: And ever since that time, they have been represented as true Emblems of Love and Constancy.



## *The Continuation of the Story of the New Gentleman-Citizen.*

THE Story was no sooner ended, but *Virginia* and *Marthonida* clapped their hands, and applauded it as a perfect Work. *Dandinardi* desired them with a modest and composed Countenance to excuse him; for it was impossible it should be so, because the haste he made to begin and end it was almost incredible. 'Yes, said he, what I tell



*Fortunio*, or the fortunate Knight, which he thought was the Title of his Story. 'I know not how it is, *said he*, tis a piece of Fairy Craft, I think; for 'I am sure I spoke of *Grugeon, Strong-back*, and——' 'You are mistaken, you did not, *said the Prior*, interrupting him, for fear *Marthonida* should know her own Story, and reclaim it: I was entertaining you with that Story, and you have it now fresh in your Memory.' The Cit took the Hint, and the young Lady never penetrated any farther.

By this time *Alain* had got wash'd and clean'd, and coming into the Room with a great Basket of Books upon his back, and quite out of breath, said, 'My Mother assured me that Wits were as light as the Wind; but was she alive, I could tell her otherwise: for these I have on my Shoulders, are heavier than the Blows of the damn'd Carter that knock'd me down.' 'Hold your tongue, Poltroon, *cry'd the Cit*, it was with shame that I saw how you was beat; and I was once or twice in the mind to come and help him, to learn you whether it is any where writ, that the Valet of such a Gentleman as I am, ought not to suffer himself to be knock'd down by such a sorry Fellow.' 'Indeed, *said Alain*, a little chafed, I was in the wrong to hazard only one Fillip for your Interest's sake. It was all about that Book which you would have sold to the Church-warden of our Parish: I believ'd he had stole it, and was willing to make him return it back again. He was stronger than me; if I have suffer'd upon this occasion, it was for you, and in recompence you quarrel with me. Well, well, I'll——' 'Hold your tongue, impudent Prater, *cry'd Dandinardiere as red as Scarlet*, if these Ladies were not here I'd pay you what I owe you; but you shall lose nothing of it.' 'Sir, *said he*, I would willingly lose it all, or go away, for I am not so great a Fool to wait for the Blows of your Care; for by your leave, I have received too many by half already:

and



‘ and I now protest that I will throw off your Liberty, or you shall promise before Witnesses to let me alone.’ *Dandinardiere* lost all Patience to see *Alain* take the advantage of the ill State his Wound had reduc’d him to, (tho he had not yet found himself very ill) to make himself so familiar, that he flew into a violent Passion; and to gain the Esteem of *Madam St. Thomas* and her Daughters, and make amends for the Impertinence of his Valet, he committed a greater Crime, by jumping out of Bed, and running after him. *Alain* knew too well the danger he was expos’d to, and being us’d to dodge about the Room to escape his Master’s Rage, he bethought himself of this Expedient. When *Dandinardiere* came to him, he stood stock-still, at which the other was not a little glad, who lifting up his Fist to give him a good Knock on the Pate, the other duck’d and threw him on his Nose with such violence, that his Turban, Gorget, and Gantlets, which were all he had on but his Shirt, flew about the Room. *Alain* never stay’d to stand the second shock, but got away while his Master was getting up; and had not this Scene been so nigh the Door, *Madam St. Thomas* and her Daughters had run away too, but could not unless they would have step’d over him: so in the confusion they went and look’d out of the Window.

When our furious Hero had got to bed again, the Viscount desired them to go to his Bed-side to comfort him after this Misfortune; which the Baroness did not approve of, saying, ‘ What, Monsieur *Berginville*, do you think I can submit to such a thing, after a Person has been failing in the Respect due to me? I would have you to know, that all the Women of my Family have always been very strict in this point, and I’ll be burnt before I will ever derogate from them.’ Hereupon she began to grow very warm, and *Dandinardiere*, who heard her with all the Perplexity and Uneasiness imaginable, begg’d of the Prior to make all proper

Excuses

Excuses for his Indiscreetness; who, with the assistance of the two young Ladies, acquitted himself so well, that the Baroness forgave him, on condition he did the same by *Alain*. This last Article in this Treaty of Peace, was as hard to be agreed to as the other, for the Cit's Heart was very much set against his Valet; and the Fall he gave him was very hard of digestion: but he lov'd *Virginia* so well, that to see her by his Bed-side again, he promised her Mother his pardon. As for *Alain*, he was troubled with Qualms of Conscience, and went and hid himself under some Trusses of Hay in the Stable, where he was just almost stifled when a brother Valet came to tell him the good News of the Reconciliation, and that he was wanted. He hesitated some time what to do, and at last sent for the Baron *St. Thomas*, to advise him whether he should go, or in short run away; and being assured he might venture, he went to the Bed's-feet in such a suppliant Posture, as made all the Company laugh heartily. *Dandinardiere* who pretended to do every thing with a *Bon-Grace*, made a Compliment to *Madam St. Thomas*, and told her she might always prescribe Laws to him.

To put an end to this Quarrel, *Virginia* said, 'I beg your attention to a Story I'll read in my turn, and which you may not perhaps dislike, tho it is very long.' 'If it is yours, charming Lady, said *Dandinardiere*, I am sure you will have the Votes of all here.' 'I shall not tell you, reply'd she, whose it is; but that you may not be prepossess'd in my favour, I declare it is none of my own.' 'Whose can it be then, said *Dandinardiere*, giving himself an air of a Man of a great Capacity; for I must own, Ladies, I have no Taste but for your Works, and would go to *Rome* to see any of them.' 'You abound in Flattery, answer'd *Virginia*, and say all the most obliging things in the World; I must confess that the most beautiful Turns of Thought, and noble Expressions, are always flowing on your Tongue.

# 110 *The Tales of the FAIRIES.*

‘Tongue. You are never embarrass’d but in your  
‘Choice, and that you never make amiss.’ ‘Ah!  
‘my Princess, you assassinate me, *reply’d Dandinardiere*;  
‘your Strokes penetrate too much, and tho  
‘you wound with golden Arrows, you pierce too  
‘deep. I beg quarter, fair *Amazon*; I yield, I am  
‘dead, or very nigh it; but it is the death of Ad-  
‘miriation, or a death of the fullness of my Acknow-  
‘ledgment. I am——’ ‘Stop there, my Friend, *said*  
‘*the Baron laughing*, you have both shew’d so much  
‘of your Gentility, that we are charm’d with it;  
‘but the Conversation grows too serious: to make  
‘it more merry, *said the Viscount*, I will propose a  
‘Match to Monsieur Dandinardiere.’ ‘I will have,  
‘*said he, bridling his Chin, and making a Mouth that the*  
‘*whole Company could not refrain laughing at*; I will  
‘have one that is young, beautiful, rich, and of  
‘Quality: but above all, she must be a Woman of  
‘so much Wit, as to be the admiration of this Age  
‘and all Ages to come; for I should have a mortal  
‘aversion to an ordinary Person.’ ‘Well, *said the*  
‘*Prior*, but pray tell us what you would exchange  
‘against so much Merit?’ ‘I don’t much care for  
‘talking, *said he*, but since you will force me to it,  
‘I am not ashamed to tell you, that for Valour and  
‘Birth I will not yield to Don *Japhet of Armenia*.’  
Here the Baron could not hold out any longer:  
‘This is a rich comparison, *said he*, I observe he  
‘seldom makes any other.’ ‘Since you are satisfied  
‘on these two Articles, *reply’d Dandinardiere*, you  
‘cannot disprove of my Substance; I can make it  
‘appear I have a pretty Income: and for the  
‘Character of my Wit and Person, Modesty pre-  
‘vents my saying any thing of it.’ ‘Tis true, *said*  
‘*the Viscount*, you have Money sufficient; but there’s  
‘one fault ruins all, and that is the Interest. A  
‘sordid desire of the Riches of this World, was  
‘never known to be rank’d with Bravery, Quality,  
‘a Delicacy of Thought, and all desirable Quali-  
‘fications; for, *that dulls and sullies the Imagina-*  
‘*tion.*’

'tion.' 'Yes, Sir, *reply'd Dandinardiere, somewhat in a Passion*, I am of opinion, that one should never think of any thing solid, but turn the Pot upside downwards. Observe the wise Men of this Age, they know that one and one makes two; and are not such Fools as to marry without they get good Fortunes; and I'll do the same, or die in the Attempt.' 'Tis great pity, *Monsieur Dandinardiere, cry'd the Baron*, you should lead a single Life; some pretty little prating Boys, like yourself, would be worth their weight of Gold. Think then of the Love of Virtue, and set not your Heart so much upon Riches.' 'Ha, ha! what you speak of, *said he, a little chagrin'd*, savours too much of the Country Gentleman, who prefers an Idea of Generosity to the thing itself; and I must tell you, if I meet not with a Person worth as much as myself I will have nothing to say to Love.'

So frank a Declaration surprized all the Company; *Dandinardiere* laugh'd like a Fool, and clapt his Hands, and bounced about in the Bed, that he frighted the Women. 'You applaud yourself, *said the Baroness*, for having a fine Taste.' 'Oh, not at all Madam, *said he*, but for a little that a gallant Man knows the way of the World, he always takes care of those false Lights which proceed from the gross Vapours of the Earth: you understand this Comparison.' 'If we did not, *cry'd Virginia*, we must be void of Sense.' 'For my part, *said the Prior*, I protest I think nothing can be more perplex'd than your Discourse.' 'You speak that out of Malice or Envy, *added Marthonida*; for who does not see that those false Fires are the wanton Inclinations of the Heart which rise above the middle Region of the Head, as the others rise above that of the Air; and that shews Monsieur to be in the right.' 'Yes, without dispute, *reply'd Virginia*; for a sub-lunary Reason of Nature is brighter than the Stars.' The Baron *St. Thomas* sweat to hear these florid Speeches of his Daughters, which made him  
shrug



shrug up his Shoulders, and look at the Viscount and the Prior, signifying the pain he was in to see three People such Fools. The Prior himself, who was as weary of this silly Discourse, told *Dandinardiére*, he design'd in his turn to propose to him the most charming Person in the World, but that he was too difficult; and if the King of *Siam* did not send him a Princess, or the *Grand Mogol* one of his Daughters, he should not dance at his Wedding. 'Lay all Jest's aside, Mr. Prior, *said Dandinardiére*; 'I might pretend to the best Matches in *France*, if 'I made my Quality and Valour known: but yet I 'will, notwithstanding my Niceness, hear your 'Propositions.' 'I assure you, *said Virginia, interrupting them*, you shall talk of nothing till the 'Story I have complimented you with, is read.' 'And for my Punishment for having propos'd any 'thing else, *reply'd the Prior*, I'll read it.' Every body consented, *Virginia* pull'd a Roll of Paper out of her Pocket, and the Prior read the following Story.



*The Story of the Princess Fair-Star and  
Prince Chery.*

THERE was a Princess, who having undergone several great Misfortunes, had nothing left of all her past Grandeur, but two rich Suits of Clothes; the one of Velvet embroider'd with Pearls, and the other of Cloth of Gold cover'd over with Diamonds, which she kept as long as she could; but the extreme Necessity she was reduced to, oblig'd her often to sell a Pearl or Diamond privately, to support her Equipage. She was a Widow, and had three Daughters, all very handsome: she

*Princess Fair-Star and Pr. Chery.* 113

she thought if she brought them up in the Grandeur and State suitable to their Rank, they would become afterwards more sensible of their Misfortunes. Thereupon she determin'd to sell that little she had left, and go and settle in some Country where they might live cheap; but by the way, going over a large Forest, she was robb'd of almost all she had. This poor Princess, after this last Misfortune, which was greater than all that had befall her before, knew she must now either earn her Bread or starve: and as she all her Life-time had taken great delight in Cookery, and having a small Kitchen furnish'd with golden Plate, which she used to divert herself in: that which she used to do before for her pleasure, she was now forc'd to undertake for her livelihood. She took a pretty little House nigh a great City, and made the best Fricassees and Ragouts imaginable; insomuch that she had a considerable Trade, and acquir'd great Fame of being an excellent Cook. In the mean time her three Daughters grew up, and their Beauty, without doubt, had reach'd the Ears of the Court, had not their Mother kept them up in their Chamber. When one day there came a little old Woman, who seem'd to be very much tired, and leaning on a Stick, her Body very feeble, and her Skin all wrinkled and shrivell'd; 'I am come,' said she, to make one good Meal before I leave this World, that I may brag I have had one; therefore, said she again to the Princess, drawing herself a Chair to the Fire-side, get me something nice, and make haste.' As she had at that time her Hands fully employ'd, and could not do all herself, she call'd her three Daughters down, whose Names, (in relation to the Colours of their Hair, which was red, brown, and fair) were *Rousetta*, *Brunetta*, and *Blondina*; who were dress'd like Country Girls in Bodice and Petticoats, all of different Colours; but the youngest was the handsomest and best-natured. The Princess their Mother order'd one to go take  
some

some Pidgeons, another to kill some Pullets, and the third to make some Pafte. In fhort, two or three Courfes were prefently ferved up, and fet before the old Woman, with clean Linen, good Wine, and every thing in nice Order, which made her eat and drink with an extraordinary Appetite. When ſhe had done, ſhe got up, and ſaid to the Princeſs; ‘Honeſt Friend, had I any Money I would  
 ‘ pay you; but I have been poor theſe many Years,  
 ‘ and wanted ſo kind an Entertainment as you have  
 ‘ given me; all that I can do, is to wiſh you bet-  
 ‘ ter Customers than I have been.’ The Princeſs  
 ſmiled, and reply’d, ‘Well, Mother, don’t trouble  
 ‘ yourſelf, I am always well rewarded if I can but  
 ‘ pleaſe.’ And ſaid *Blondina*, ‘We are glad it was  
 ‘ in our powers to ſerve you; if you will ſup here  
 ‘ too, you ſhall be welcome.’ ‘Oh! cry’d the old  
 ‘ Woman, how happy are they who have ſuch ge-  
 ‘ nerous Souls! But don’t you think of receiving  
 ‘ ſome Recompence? Well, continued ſhe, aſſure  
 ‘ yourſelves, that the firſt Wiſh you make without  
 ‘ thinking of me, ſhall be compleated.’ Then ſhe  
 went away, leaving them ſome Reaſons to believe  
 her to be a Fairy.

This Adventure ſurprized them; they had never ſeen a Fairy before, and were frighten’d: inſomuch that for five or fix Months after, they could not forbear talking of her; and whenever they wiſh’d for any thing, ſhe was always preſent in their Thoughts, ſo that they came to nothing, which made them very angry with the Fairy. When one day the King going a hunting, reſolved to call at their Houſe to ſee if the Princeſs was as notable a Cook as ſhe was repreſented to him. The three Siſters were in the Garden gathering Strawberries when he paſſ’d by. ‘Ah! ſaid Rouſetta, was I ſo  
 ‘ happy as to marry the Admiral, I boaſt that I  
 ‘ could ſpin Thread enough to make Sails for his  
 ‘ whole Navy.’ ‘And I, ſaid Brunetta, was my  
 ‘ Fortune ſo good that I ſhould marry the King’s  
 ‘ Brother,

*Princess Fair-Star and Pr. Chery.* 115

‘ Brother, I could work Lace enough with my Needle to hang his Palace.’ ‘ And I, *said Blondina*, would the King have me, boast at the end of nine Months to bring him forth two fine Boys and a Girl, with Stars in their Foreheads, and a Chain of Gold about their Necks; from whose Hair, hanging in curious Rings, should drop valuable Jewels.’ One of the King’s Favourites overhearing their Discourse, went and inform’d the King thereof, who order’d them to come to him. When they enter’d the Room where the King was, which they did with all Respect and Modesty, he asked them, whether what he had been told of their Discourse about Husbands was true or not? At which they blush’d, and hung down their Heads; but upon his pressing them farther, they own’d it was. ‘ Certainly, *said he*, I know not what Power influences me, but I will not stir from hence, till I have married the fair *Blondina*.’ ‘ Then, Sir, *said his Brother*, you will give me leave to marry the lovely *Brunetta*.’ ‘ And I live not without hopes, *said the Admiral*, but your Majesty will consent to my Happiness, in espousing *Rousetta*, with whom I am charmed.’ The King, pleased that two of the greatest Persons in his Dominions should follow his Example, approved their Choice, and asked the Mother’s Consent; who answer’d, it was too great an Honour and Happiness for her to refuse: and then the King, Prince, and Admiral, kissed her.

Just when the King was going to dinner, a Table came down the Chimney, whereon was seven golden Dishes of all manner of Rarities, which the King eat heartily of; the Beaufet was ranged full of gold Plate, and a fine Symphony plaid all the time, which made the King imagine it to be a piece of Witchcraft: when the Princess, guessing that it was owing to a Fairy, assured him it was not, and blessed the hour she entertained the little old Woman. After the Repast was over, which  
was



was so long, that Night surprized them all at Table; at which his Majesty was somewhat ashamed, for it seem'd as if *Bacchus* ruled at this Wedding more than *Cupid*: the King pulled a Ring off his Finger, and put it on *Blondina's*; and the Prince and Admiral did the same: after which all the King's Retinue saluted, as became them, both the Queen and Princess; but for *Rousetta*, she had not so much Respect shewn her, for tho she was the elder Sister, she was the worst married. The King sent a Gentleman of his Bed-chamber to inform the Queen his Mother of what had happen'd, and to send Coaches to fetch the Queen *Blondina* and her two Sisters. When the Queen-Mother, who was the most cruel of all Women, knew that the King and Prince were married so suddenly, and besides, to two Girls of obscure Birth, she flew into such a Passion, as frighten'd the whole Court. Then asking the Gentleman the Reasons that induced the King to such a base Marriage, and being told, the Hopes of having two Boys and a Girl with Stars on their Foreheads, &c. she laugh'd disdainfully at her Son's Credulity, and said all the most inveterate things her Rage could invent. When the Coaches came, the King invited his Mother-in-law to go along with them; assuring her, that she should be look'd upon with all manner of Distinction. But she, comparing a Court to the Rolling of the Waves in a rough Sea, told him she had had too much Experience of the World, to forsake a quiet Life. 'Why, *reply'd the King*, you don't intend to follow your Business?' 'No,' *reply'd she*. 'Then, *added he*, give me leave to appoint you an Equipage and Attendants.' 'I thank you, Sir,' *answer'd she*; when I am alone, I have none to disturb my Repose, and had I a large Family of Domesticks, there would not fail of some to incommode me.' The King admired the Sense and Discretion of a Woman, who both thought and spoke like a Philosopher. But while he was pressing his

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*Princess Fair-Star and Pr. Chery.* 117

Mother-in law to go along with him, *Rousetta* went and hid all the Vessels of Gold that were in the Beaufet, in the bottom of the Chariot; all which the Fairy turned into earthen Ware, when she arrived at Court, and came to put them into her Closet.

The King and Queen embraced the prudent Princess with all Tenderness, and assured her she might command whatever lay in their power; and leaving this rural Abode, came to Town, preceded by Trumpets, Hautboys, and Kettle-drums. The Creatures of the Queen-Mother advised her to disguise her Resentment, lest she should anger the King, and that might produce fatal Consequences; she approved thereof, constrained herself, and shewed a great Friendship for these her two Daughters-in-law, making them Presents of Jewels, and complimenting them. The fair Queen, and the Princess *Brunetta*, were united by a strict Friendship; but *Rousetta* hated them mortally for their Good-fortune. 'What, said she to herself, must I, who am the elder, and think myself a thousand times handsomer than either of them; must I be only the Wife of an Admiral, who perhaps loves me not so well as he ought! And shall they be, one a Queen, and the other a Princess, and be adored by their Husbands! Ye Gods, it is intolerable!' And this Envy to her Sisters made her enter into the Queen-Mother's Measures; for every body knew, that the Tenderness she shewed her Daughters-in-law was all Diffimulation, and that she only wanted an opportunity of doing them all imaginable mischief.

The Queen and Princess both proved with Child, and by Ill-fortune a War happen'd, which obliged the King to put himself at the Head of his Troops. The young Queen and the Princess, finding that they must be left in the power of the Queen-Mother, desired they might return home to their own Mother, which would be some Comfort to them  
for

118 *The Tales of the FAIRIES.*

for the loss of their dear Spouses: but the King could not be brought to consent to it; he conjured his beloved *Blondina* to stay at her Palace, and assured her his Mother should use her well. Accordingly he desired her, in the most pressing manner, to love and take care of her Daughter-in-law, telling her, that therein she would oblige him most sensibly; and that he hoped for most beautiful Children, and should long, with the utmost expectation, to hear the News. This wicked Queen, overjoy'd that her Son should entrust her with his Wife, promised him every thing he desired, and assured him he might be easy upon that score. The King, thro his Desire of a quick Return, hazarded his Troops in all Rencounters; and his Happiness was, that by his Rashness he succeeded: but before he could finish the Campaign, the Queen was brought to bed, as was also the Princess her Sister, on the same day, of a lovely Boy; but she died in the Birth. *Roussetta's* Thoughts were wholly employ'd how she might injure the Queen, and when she saw such charming Children, and that she herself had none, her Rage increased, and she resolved to speak soon to the Queen-Mother, for there was no time to lose. 'Madam, said she, I am so deeply touch'd with the Honour your Majesty has done me, by letting me share some part of your Esteem, that I willingly would do any thing, tho against the Interest of my own Family, to obey you. I am not ignorant of the great Displeasures you have conceived at the base Marriages of the King and Prince; and here are four Children born to perpetuate the Crime: our Mother is but a poor Country Woman, who had scarcely a Bit of Bread to put in her Mouth, when she betook her to be a Cook, Take my Advice, Madam, let us make a Fricassee of these Brats, and put them out of the World, before they make you blush.' 'Ah! how much I love thee, my dear *Roussetta*, said the Queen, for being so equitable,

and

*Princess Fair-Star and Pr. Chery.* 119

‘and partaking with me in my just Grief? I had  
‘already determined to execute what you now pro-  
‘pose; but then, the manner how perplexes me.’  
‘Never let that trouble you, *reply’d* Rousetta; I  
‘have a little Bitch that has just puppi’d two little  
‘Dogs and a Bitch, with Stars on their Foreheads,  
‘and Rings about their Necks: we must make the  
‘Queen believe that she has been deliver’d of these  
‘Creatures, and make away with her three Chil-  
‘dren, and that of the Princess deceased.’ This  
Project was approved by the inhuman Queen, who  
order’d *Feintisa*, one of her Maids of Honour, to  
fetch the Whelps, and dress them in as fine Linen  
and Laces as the Queen’s Children should be, and  
put them into the Cradles; then she, follow’d by  
*Rousetta*, went and paid the Queen a Visit: ‘I am  
‘come to wish you joy, *said* she, of the Heirs you  
‘have brought forth to my Son; methinks (holding  
‘up the Whelps) their Heads will become a Crown:  
‘now I am not amazed at the Promise you made  
‘my Son, of bringing two Sons and a Daughter,  
‘with Stars on their Foreheads, and Collars of  
‘Gold about their Necks. Here take them, and  
‘nurse them yourself, for no Women, that I know  
‘of, will ever give their Breasts to them to suck.’

The poor Queen, surprized at the Relation of  
this Misfortune, had like to have died away with  
Grief; and when she perceived it was true, seeing  
the whole Litter lie yelping upon her Bed, cry’d  
most bitterly: then clasping her Hands, said, ‘A-  
‘las! Madam, add no Reproaches to my Affliction,  
‘which of itself is already too great: Had the  
‘Gods permitted me to die, rather than be the  
‘Mother of such Monsters, I should have thought  
‘myself too happy. Alas! what will become of  
‘me, the King will hate me as much as he loved  
‘me before!’ Here her Sighs and Sobblings inter-  
rupted her, and her Speech failed her; when the  
Queen-Mother, continuing her Reflections, had the  
pleasure of passing away three Hours by her Bed-  
side,



fide, and then went away. Her Sister, who pretended to partake of her Grief, told her she was not the first that had had such Misfortunes; that she plainly saw it was a trick of the old Fairy's, who had promised such Wonders; and that as it might be dangerous for her to see the King, she advised her to go home to her Mother with her three Whelps. The Queen return'd no Answer, but by Tears, which might make the most harden'd Heart relent, to think she must be forced to suckle nasty Whelps, and believe herself the Mother of them. The old Queen ordered *Feintisa* to take the four Children and strangle them, and after that bury them carefully, that she might not be discover'd: But just as she was going to execute that fatal Commission, and had the Cord about their Necks, she look'd some time earnestly upon them, and seeing the Stars in their Foreheads, which she thinking might portend something extraordinary, she durst not lay criminal hands upon them, but put them in their Cradle aboard a little Boat, and with some Jewels committed them to the Mercy of the Seas. The Boat was soon forced from the Shore by the Wind, which at that time was very boisterous, and was got presently out of sight; the Waves swelled as high as Mountains, the Sun was darken'd by thick Clouds, and the Air was rent by violent Claps of Thunder, attended with great Lightnings: insomuch that *Feintisa* doubted not in the least but that the Boat was cast away, and these Infants perish'd; at which she conceived no small Joy, she having had all along a Dread, lest something should happen in their favour.

The King, whose Thoughts were always on his dear Spouse, and the Condition he left her in, having concluded a Truce for some time, returned with all speed home, and arriv'd about twelve Hours after her Delivery. The Queen-Mother met him, and with a compos'd Air, full of Grief, held him a long time in her Arms, wetting his Face with

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## *Princess Fair-Star and Pr. Chery.* 121

with her Tears, and seeming as if her Sorrow prevented her Speech. The King, all trembling, durst not ask her what had happen'd, for he doubted not but it was some very great Misfortune. But at last, she making as if she used some great Effort on herself, told him that his Queen was brought to bed of three Whelps, which *Feintisa* immediately presented to him; and *Rousetta*, falling on her Knees, begged of him not to put her Sister to death, but to send her back to her Mother; which, she said, she should take as a great favour. The King was so struck and confounded, that he could hardly breathe, and looking on the Whelps, and observing, with Surprise, the Star on their Foreheads, and the white Ring about their Necks, he fell into a Swoon, and rolling a thousand things in his Imagination, could not resolve on any, till the Queen-Mother press'd him so much, that he pronounced his innocent Queen's Banishment: who was that minute put into a Litter with her Whelps, and sent to her Mother's, where she arrived almost for dead.

But Heaven looked with a more favourable eye on the Boat the three Princes and the Princess were in; for the Fairy, who protected them, rain'd Milk into their Mouths, and preserved them in this sudden and terrible Storm: they floated seven Nights and Days; and were met out at main Sea by a Corsair, the Captain of which, seeing the Stars on their Foreheads, tho at a great distance, thought the Boat was full of Jewels, which he found to be true in the end. But what touched him most, was the Beauty of these four charming Children, the desire of preserving which, made him turn back again; to give them to his Wife, who never had any, and was very desirous of them. She, for her part, was frighten'd to see him return so soon, he using to stay out a long time, but was overjoy'd when he put so valuable a Treasure into her hands. They both wonder'd at the Star, the

Chain of Gold, which could not be taken from off their Neck, and their fine Hair; but what increased it the more, was, when the good Woman came to comb them, there fell out Diamonds, Rubies, Emeralds, and Pearls, of several Sizes, some whereof were very large and beautiful. The Husband seeing this, told his Wife he was weary of the Seas, and that if those Children continued to bestow such Treasures, he would go no more, but might stay at home, and live as well as the greatest Captains they had; at which Resolution of her Husband, the Wife, whose Name was *Corfina*, was overjoy'd, and grew every day fonder of these Children. The Princess she call'd *Fair-Star*, the elder Brother *Bright-Sun*, the second Son *Felix*, and the Princess's Son *Chery*, who was much more beautiful than the others, for all he had neither a Star nor Chain, and was best beloved by *Corfina*. She, as she could not bring them all up herself without the assistance of a Nurse, desired her Husband, who was a great Lover of Hunting, to take some young Fawns; which he, as they lived nigh a large Forest, did accordingly. *Corfina*, when she had them, exposed them to Windward, and the Hinds smelling them, came presently to suckle them; when *Corfina*, in their stead, put the Children, with whom their Milk agreed very well. Thus twice every day there came four of them together, to suckle the Princes and the Princess. In this manner were they brought up in their Infancy; the Corfair and his Wife loved them so passionately, that they were all their Care. He was a Man who had been well educated, and being a Corfair was more owing to his Ill-fortune, than any Inclination: He married *Corfina* from the Service of a Princess, where her Genius and Manners had been happily cultivated; she knew how to live, and tho it was in a kind of Desert they then inhabited, where they subsisted upon what they got by robbing on the Seas, yet she had not forgot the Ways  
and

## Princess Fair-Star and Pr. Chery. 123

and Manners of the World: They were glad they were no longer obliged to be exposed to all the Dangers of the Seas, but were rich enough without; for every three days she comb'd out of the Princess's and her two Brothers Hair, a great many considerable Jewels, which *Corfina* sold at the highest Town, and bought them therewith all manner of Necessaries.

After the first Years of their Infancy, the Corsair apply'd himself seriously to cultivate the natural Parts, with which Heaven had so largely endow'd them. And he made no doubt, but that some great Mysteries were concealed in their Birth, and his finding them as he did; therefore he resolv'd to make the Gods an Acknowledgment for this Present, by his extraordinary Care of their Education: insomuch that after having enlarged his House, he hired Masters to instruct them in all manner of Learning and Qualifications, who were surprized at the great Genius's of their Pupils. The Corsair and his Wife never divulg'd this Adventure; but the Children pass'd for their own, tho in all their Actions they plainly shew'd they were of more illustrious Blood. There was a strict Unity among them, and a natural Politeness; but the Prince *Chery's* Sentiments for the Princess *Fair-Star*, were more passionate than the other two: for when she desired any thing, he was ever most earnest to obtain it, and was never from her. When she went a hunting, he would go too; but if she stay'd at home, he never fail'd of an Excuse: and *Bright-Sun* and *Felix*, her own Brothers, always spoke to her with less Respect; all which pass'd not unobserved by her. As they grew up, their mutual Tenderneß increased, and they lived with all imaginable Pleasure and Satisfaction. 'Dear Brother, said Fair-Star to him one day, if my Wishes could make you happy, you should be one of the greatest Monarchs upon Earth.' 'Alas! Sister, reply'd he, envy me not the Blessing I enjoy, in being nigh  
G 2 you;



“you; one moment of which time I prefer to all the Grandeur you can wish me.” If she said the same things to her other two Brothers, they only thanked her in a careless manner, and said no more.

When she was alone, she examined into the Differences of Love, and found her Heart to be somewhat disposed like theirs; for tho *Bright-Sun* and *Felix* were both dear to her, she could not wish to live with them all her Life: but for *Chery*, she was all in Tears at the least thought of his Father’s sending him to Sea, or into the Army. ’Twas thus Love, disguised under the specious Name of an excellent Nature, grafted itself into these young Hearts. But at fourteen Years of Age, *Fair-Star* began to reproach herself with not loving her Brothers all alike, but imagined the Reason proceeded from the Cares and Caresses of *Chery*, whom she forbid from endeavouring to endear himself any more; telling him, that he had found out the way but too agreeably, and had made too great a difference between them. He, overjoy’d to hear her speak in this manner, instead of abating his Passion, rather permitted it to increase, and every day evidenced some new piece of Gallantry. They knew not yet how far their Tenderness might proceed, and indeed not the nature of it; till one day, some new Books being brought to *Fair-Star*, the first she laid her hand on, was a Story of two young Lovers, whose Passion began when they thought themselves Brother and Sister; but being known by their Parents, were married together after a great many difficulties: And as *Chery* read with great Justness and a fine Accent, she desired him to read it to her, while she made an end of a piece of Lace, which she intended to finish.

It was with no small Concern that he read this Adventure, especially when he saw so naked a Description of his own Sentiments; and *Fair-Star* was no less surprized, for it seem’d as if the Author had

*Princess Fair-Star and Pr. Chery.* 125

had known all that pass'd in her Soul: The more *Chery* read, the more he was affected; and she, tho' she endeavour'd all she could, was not able to hinder the Tears from gushing out from her Eyes. *Chery*, on his part, made uselefs Endeavours to conceal his Trouble; he first turn'd pale, and then red, and falter'd in his Speech: and thus were they both in great Agonies. Ah! Sister, cry'd he, (looking melancholy at her, and letting the Book fall out of his hands) how happy was *Hippolito*, that he was not Brother to *Julia*? 'We shall not have the like Satisfaction, answer'd she, tho' we deserve it as much.' The words were no sooner out of her Mouth, but she knew she had said too much, and became confused; which was the only thing, if any there was, that could comfort the Prince. From that time they both fell into a deep Melancholy, without explaining themselves any farther, tho' both penetrated into what pass'd in each other's Soul; and both strove to conceal a Secret from the World, which they would have been glad to have been ignorant of themselves. But as it is natural for us to flatter ourselves, the Princess pleased herself, that *Chery* had not the Star, nor Chain of Gold, &c.

One day the three Princes being gone a hunting *Fair-Star* went up into a little dark Closet, which she loved to sit and think in, the which was separated only by a thin Partition from *Corfina's* Chamber; where she heard her (thinking she was gone a walking) say to the *Corfair*, 'It is now time to think of marrying *Fair-Star*; if we knew who she was, we should endeavour to marry her suitable to her Rank: or if we could believe that these, who pass for her Brothers, were not so, we might bestow her on one of them; for where can we find one more deserving of her?' 'When I found them,' said the *Corfair*, I saw nothing that could inform me of their Birth, but knew by the Jewels that were fasten'd to their Cradles, that they were no

126 *The Tales of the FAIRIES.*

‘mean Persons; and what is more singular, you know they seem’d all of an Age, and four are too many for one Birth.’ ‘I suspected so, *said* Corfina, that *Chery* is not their Brother, for he has neither a Star nor Collar.’ ‘That’s true, *reply’d the Husband*, but Jewels fall out of his Hair as well as the others; yet after all the Riches we have amassed together by them, I could wish to know whose they are.’ ‘That we must leave to the Gods, *said Corfina*, who gave them us, and when they shall think fit, will let us know.’ *Fair-Star* listen’d attentively to their Discourse, and could not express her Joy, that she might hope she was born of illustrious Parents, tho she had never failed any ways in respect to those she thought to be hers; and yet was not over well pleased at her being a Corfair’s. But what flatter’d her Imagination most, was to think that *Chery* was not her Brother; which Thought made her impatient to see him, to tell him of this extraordinary Adventure. Hereupon she went and took horse, and followed them by the Sound of the Horn. *Chery*, as soon as he saw her, came to meet her before the other two. ‘How agreeable a Surprize is this, *Fair-Star*, *said he*, to see you a hunting, who are never to be drawn away from your Musick and other Amusements?’ ‘I have so many things to tell you, *reply’d she*, that I came to seek you, to talk in private with you.’ ‘Alas! *Sister, said he sighing*, what is it you would have with me to-day, for it is a long time since you have taken any notice of me?’ At that she blush’d, and cast down her Eyes, and remain’d some time thoughtful, without ever returning any Answer. At last, when her two Brothers came to them, she, like one awaken’d out of a Lethargy, jump’d from off her Horse, and went, follow’d by them, to a little Hillock, surrounded with shady Trees; where she said to them, ‘Sit down here, and I will tell you what I have heard.’ And accordingly she told them word for word

*Princess's Fair-Star and Pr. Chery. 127*

word the Corsair's and his Wife's Discourse, and now that they were not their Children. Nothing can be said to express the Surprize of the three Princes; they debated among themselves what they had best to do: one was for going without saying any thing, another was not for going at all, and the third was for going and acquainting them with it. The first maintain'd his was the surest way, because the advantage they made of them would induce them to keep them; the second said, it was not proper to leave them, unless they had somewhere to go, where they might be well received, for that he could not bear the thoughts of being called Wanderers; the third alledged the Ingratitude of leaving them without their Consents; that it was Folly to stay any longer with them in a desert part of the World, where they could never learn who they were, and that therefore the only way was to tell them of their Design, and get their Consents. This Opinion at last prevailing, they all took horse again, and returned home to the Corsair.

Chery's Heart was flatter'd with all that Hope can offer most agreeable to comfort an afflicted Lover; his Love made him guess at what was to come: he no longer looked upon himself as Brother to *Fair-Star*, and his constrained Passion taking wing a little, permitted a thousand Ideas that charmed him. They address'd themselves to the Corsair and his Wife with a visible Joy, and yet Uneasiness in their Faces: 'We come not, *said Bright-Sun*, 'to deny the Friendship, Gratitude, and Respect 'we owe you, tho we are inform'd how you found 'us on the Sea, and that you are not our Father 'and Mother. The Piety with which you saved 'us, the noble Education you have given us, and 'the Care and Bounty you have shewn, are such 'indispensable Ties, that nothing in this World 'can free us from. We are come now to renew 'our sincere Thanks, and to beg of you to relate



' to us so rare an Event, and to advise us, that  
 ' guided by your wise Counsels, we may have no-  
 ' thing to reproach ourselves withal.' The Corsair  
 and his Wife were very much surprized, that a  
 thing, which they had concealed with so much Care,  
 should be discover'd. ' You are too well inform'd,  
 ' said they, and we can no longer hide from you,  
 ' that you are not our Children, and that Fortune  
 ' alone put you into our hands. We have no know-  
 ' ledge of your Birth, but by the Jewels that were  
 ' found in your Cradles, guess your Parents to be  
 ' People of Quality, or very rich. What can we  
 ' advise you more? If you consult the Friendship  
 ' we have for you, you will, without doubt, stay  
 ' here with us, and comfort us in our old Age by  
 ' your Presence. If you don't like this House or  
 ' Abode, we will remove where you shall think  
 ' fit, provided it be not to Court, which a long  
 ' Experience has made us dislike; and will make  
 ' you too, if you knew but the continual Trouble  
 ' and Care, the Disguises and Dissimulations, the  
 ' Envy and Strife, the false Happiness, and all the  
 ' Mischiefs attending there: I could tell you more,  
 ' but that you may think my Counsels too much  
 ' interested; which they really are, my dear Chil-  
 ' dren: we only desire to detain you in this peace-  
 ' able Retreat; yet you are your own Masters, to  
 ' go when you will. Consider, now you are in  
 ' the Haven, and are going to sail in a boiste-  
 ' rous Sea; the Trouble exceeds the Pleasure: the  
 ' Course of Man's Life is limited, and oftentimes  
 ' is cut short by one half; the Grandeurs of this  
 ' World are like false Stones; the most solid Hap-  
 ' piness is to know how to set Bounds to our De-  
 ' sires, to be wise, and live in a perfect Tranquil-  
 ' lity.

The Corsair had not made an end of these his  
 Remonstrances so soon, but that he was interrupted,  
 by Prince Felix: ' We have too great a desire, dear  
 ' Father, said he, to make some Discoveries of our  
 ' Births,

‘Births, to live buried here in a Defart; the  
‘Morals you have laid down are excellent, and I  
‘wish we were able to follow them: but I know  
‘not what Fatality guides us; let us fulfil our De-  
‘stiny, we will come and see you again, and give  
‘you an account of our Adventures.’ At these  
Words the *Corfair* and his Wife burst out in Tears;  
the Princes very much relented, and particularly *Fair-  
Star*, who was of a sweet Disposition, and would  
never have thought of going away, had she but  
*Chery* to stay with her. After this Resolution, their  
Thoughts were wholly bent upon their Equipage  
and their Embarkation; for they hoped, when at  
Sea, to get some light of what they wanted to  
know. They put four Horses aboard; and after  
having combed their Heads to give *Corfina* as many  
Jewels as possibly they could, they desired her in  
exchange to give them the Chains and Diamonds  
that she found in their Cradle: who went imme-  
diately and fetch’d them out of her Closet, where  
she kept them safe, and tied them all upon *Fair-Star*,  
whom she embraced with all motherly Affection,  
wetting her Face with her Tears.

Never was any Separation more melancholy; the  
*Corfair* and his Wife were ready to die with Grief:  
but their Sorrows proceeded not from Interest;  
they had already amass’d too much Riches to desire  
any more. In short *Bright-Sun*, *Felix*, *Chery*, and  
*Fair-Star*, went aboard a Vessel which the *Corfair*  
had fitted out with all Magnificence, and fine  
Paintings, of the Stories of *Cleopatra* and *Mark An-  
thony*, and all the Attendants of *Venus*. The Course  
they steer’d was to the same Degrees of Latitude  
where the *Corfair* found them, and prepared a  
great Sacrifice for the Gods and Fairies to obtain  
their Protection, and guide them to the place of  
their Birth. They took a Turtle-Dove, and were  
going to sacrifice it, but that the compassionate  
Princess thought it so beautiful, that she saved its  
Life, and let it fly, saying, ‘Go thou pretty Bird.

‘ of *Venus*, if I should ever want thy assistance, remember what I have done for thee.’ Away went the Bird, and when the Sacrifice was over, there was heard such a charming Concert of Musick, that all Nature seem’d to keep a profound silence to listen to it; the Seas were calm, and the Winds only breath’d gentle Zephirs, which only disorder’d the Princess’s Veil and Hair: and a Syren arose out of the Water, and sung, while the Princess and her Brothers admired her. After some Airs, she turn’d herself towards them, and said, *Be not uneasy; let your Vessel drive before the Wind; and where it stops, there disembark; and let those who love, love still on.*

*Fair-Star* and *Chery* were sensible of an extraordinary Joy at these Words of the Syren’s; never disputing but that they related to them; and by Signs gave each other to understand as much, without *Bright-Sun* and *Felix* perceiving them in the least. The Ship sailed at the pleasure of the Winds and Sea; they had nothing extraordinary happen’d in their Voyage, and the Weather was all the time very fine, and the Sea calm. They were full three Months out at Sea, during which time the amorous Prince had a great deal of Conversation with his beloved Princess, and one day, among others, said to her; ‘How flattering are my Hopes, charming *Fair-Star*! I am no longer your Brother: this Heart, which again acknowledges your Power, and ever shall, was never form’d to be guilty of such a Crime; for a Crime it would be to love you as I do, if you was my Sister: but the charitable Syren has confirm’d what I always suspected.’ ‘Ah! Brother, replied she, trust not so much to a thing which is yet so dark that we cannot penetrate into it. What will become of us, if we should irritate the Gods against us, by Sentiments that may not be pleasing to them?’ The Syren has explain’d herself so little, that we must be very fond of guessing at Riddles, to apply what she said to ourselves.’ ‘Ah, cruel Maid,

‘ said

*Princess Fair-Star and Pr. Chery.* 131

*said the afflicted Prince*, your Refusal proceeds more from Aversion to me, than Respect to the Gods. *Fair-Star* made no Reply, but raising her Eyes up to Heaven, fetch'd a deep Sigh, which he explain'd in his favour.

The Days were then very long and hot; towards the Evening the Princess and her Brothers went upon the Deck, to see the Sun repose himself in the Breaſt of his beloved *Thetis*; and taking their Instruments, began a very agreeable Concert. In the mean time, a fresh Gale of Wind arising, they soon doubled a Point, which conceal'd from their Eyes a beautiful City, the Prospect of which amazed and pleas'd our lovely Youths so much, that they wish'd their Vessel might enter the Port; but doubted lest there should not be room, there being so many in before them; that the Masts look'd like a floating Forest. Their Desires were accomplish'd; the Shores were presently croud'd to see the Magnificence of the Ship, which was no ways inferior for beauty to that sent by the *Argonauts* to fetch the golden Fleece. All that saw the Stars on the Princes, were fill'd with Admiration; and some ran to inform the King of it, who as he could not believe it; and as the large great Terras belonging to his Palace look'd to the Sea, he came presently and saw the Princes *Bright-Sun* and *Chery*; taking the Princess in their Arms, and carrying her ashore; and after that unshipping their Horses, the Richness of whose Accoutrements were answerable to the rest. That *Bright-Sun* was mounted on, was as black as Jet; *Felix's* was grey, *Chery's* as white as Milk, and the Princess's an *Isabella*; which four Horses carried themselves so handsomely, and curvetted so fine, that the King very much admired them.

The Princes hearing the People say, there's the King, there's the King, lifting up their Eyes, beheld in him an Air of so much Majesty, that they no longer disputed but it was true; and passing by him, made him each a low Bow, fixing their Eyes.



on him all the time; while he looking no less earnestly upon them, was charm'd with the incomparable Beauty of the Princess, and the good Mein of the three Princes. He sent the first Gentleman of his Bed-chamber to offer them his Protection and whatever they should want, they being perfect Strangers. They accepted of the Honour the King did them, with a great deal of Respect and Acknowledgment, and told him that they only wanted an House where they might live private, and that they should be glad if it could be two or three Miles from the City, because they took great delight in walking. He accordingly did as they desired, and lodged them and their Train commodiously. The King, whose Thoughts were full of what he had seen, went immediately into the Queen Mother's Apartment, and told her what he had been seeing, and how much he admired the Youths and the young Lady. At this News she stood as it were thunder-struck: but recovering herself, ask'd in a careless manner, of what Age they might be, and he answering about fifteen or sixteen; her Uneasiness increased, and she apprehended with fear that *Feintisa* had betray'd her: while the King walked about the Room in some Passion and Concern, often saying, 'How happy must that Father be, who is blest with such an Off-spring! and how miserable am I to be a King and Father to three Whelps, and have no Heirs to my Crown!'

The old Queen heard these Words with a deadly Dread; the Stars, and the nearness of their Age with the Princes and their Sister, gave her great Suspicions that *Feintisa*, instead of making away with the King's Children, had preserved them: but as she was a Woman that had a great command over herself, she discover'd not in the least what agitated her Soul; and would not send that day to inform herself of what she desired so much to know; but the next day sent her Secretary under pretext of giving some Orders for their Entertainment, to  
examine

*Princess's Fair-Star and Pr. Chery.* 133

examine and enquire into what was so necessary to her Repose. The Secretary went early the next Morning, and arrived just as the Princess was set down to her Toilet, and was combing her Hair, which hung down in fine Rings below her Waist, which was hung round with Baskets to catch the Jewels she comb'd out; her Star shined so bright that it dazzled him, and the Chain of Gold about her Neck, seem'd no less extraordinary than the Diamonds, &c. rolling down from the top of her Head. The Secretary could hardly believe his eyes; when the Princess making choice of a large Pearl, such as the Kings of *Spain* esteem so much by the Name of *Peregrina*, or the Pilgrim, as it came from a Traveller, she desired him to accept of it, that thereby he might remember her. He, confounded by so much Liberality, took his leave of her, and went to pay his respects to the three Princes, with whom he stay'd some time to inform himself of what his Mistress desired so much to know; and after that return'd back to the Queen, with an account that confirm'd what she so much fear'd. He told her *Chery* had no Star, but that Diamonds, &c. fell out of his Hair; and that in his opinion he was the handsomest: that they were come a great way off; and that their Father and Mother had prefix'd a time for them to finish their Travels in.

This Article put the Queen a little to a stand, and she imagined sometimes that they were not the King's Children. Thus she waver'd between hope and fear; when the King hunting one day by their House, the Gentleman of his Bed-chamber told him as they pass'd by, that it was there the Princess and her Brothers lived. 'The Queen has advised me, reply'd the King, not to see them, fearing lest they may have come from some Place where the Plague rages, and may bring some Infection with them.' 'Indeed, reply'd the Gentleman, it is very dangerous; but I believe there's more to be fear'd from the Eyes of this young Stranger, than any Infection

134 *The Tales of the FAIRIES.*

' of the Air.' ' I am of your opinion,' said the King, and spurring his Horse, went forward; when presently hearing a Sound of Instruments, he stopt at the Hall Windows, which were open; and after having admired the Sweetness of this Symphony, went on. The noise the Horses made, engag'd the Princes to look out; who, when they saw the King, saluted him very respectfully, and made all haste to come out; and accosting him with a gay Countenance and much Submission, they embraced his Knees, and the Princess kiss'd his Hand. The King caress'd them with a pleasing satisfaction, and found his Heart so touch'd, that he could not guess at the cause. He bid them not fail of coming to Court, telling them he should be very glad to see them there, and that he would present them to his Mother. They thank'd him for the Honour he did them, and assured him, that as soon as their Clothes and Equipage were got ready, they would make appearance there. After this the King left them to pursue his Game, and sent them one half of what he kill'd, and carried the other with him to the Queen his Mother; who said to him, ' How comes ' this about? you used to kill three times as much as ' this.' ' Indeed, *reply'd the King*, I have regaled the ' beautiful Strangers with some; and I have so strong ' a Fancy for them, that were you not so much ' afraid of some Contagion, I would lodge them in ' the Palace.'

The old Queen very much vex'd, accused him of want of Respect to her, and reproach'd him for exposing himself so rashly; and when he was gone, sent for *Feintisa* into her Closet, and catching hold of her Hair with one Hand, and clapping a Poy-nard to her Throat with the other, said, ' I know ' not, base Wretch, what Remains of Kindness ' hinders my sacrificing thee to my just Resent- ' ment'; thou hast betray'd me, and hast not kill'd ' the four Children I put in thy hands for that pur- ' pose: own thy Crime, and perhaps I may forgive ' thee.'

*Princess Fair-Star and Pr. Chery. 135*

'thee.' Feintisa half dead with Fear, cast herself at her Feet, and told her all she had done; that she thought it impossible that they should be alive, because there arose just then such a terrible Tempest, that in all probability they must be cast away, adding, that if she would but give her time, she would find out a way to destroy them one after another, without the least Suspicion. The Queen, whom nothing but the Promise of their Death could appease, bid her to lose no time; and indeed Feintisa, who saw her Life in great danger, neglected nothing that lay in her power: she watched the time when the Princes were gone out a hunting, and carrying a Guittar under her Arm, went and sat over against the Princess's Window, and sung these Words:

*Happy they, the Use who know  
Of Blessings the kind Gods bestow;*

*Beauty fades,*

*Ages invades,*

*And blights the fairest Flower:*

*Too great's the Grief,*

*When past Relief,*

*And Charms have lost their Power;*

*Then to our cost,*

*We find we've lost,*

*And miss'd the lucky Hour.*

*Fair-ones, beware, your Charms improve,*

*While in your Bloom and fit for Love;*

*Beauty fades,*

*Ages invades,*

*And blights the fairest Flower:*

*Too great's the Grief,*

*When past Relief,*

*And Charms have lost their Power;*

*Then to your cost,*

*You'll find you've lost,*

*And miss'd the lucky Hour.*

*Fair-Star*



136 *The Tales of the FAIRIES.*

*Fair-Star* liking the Words, came into her Balcony to see who the Person was that sung them, and *Feintisa* appearing in a Dress suitable to her design, made her a very low Courtesy. The Princess, as she was gay, returning the Salute, ask'd her if those words were made upon herself. 'Yes, charming Lady, they were,' *replied Feintisa*; but that 'they may never be apply'd to you, I am come to give you some good advice, which you ought not to neglect.' 'What's that,' *said Fair-Star*? 'Let me come into your Chamber, and I will tell you,' *replied the other*. 'Come up then,' *said the Princess*? And immediately thereupon, the old Woman rose up, and came into her Chamber with a courtly Air, which when once attain'd, is not easily laid aside. 'Dear Lady,' *said she, without losing any time, for she was afraid of being interrupted*, Heaven has formed you charming and lovely; you are adorned with a bright Star upon your Forehead, and several Wonders are reported of you: but you want one thing that is essentially necessary; and if you have it not, I pity you.' 'And what is it?' *reply'd she*. 'The Dancing-Water,' *added the wicked Feintisa*, if I had had it in my Youth, you should not have seen a grey Hair in my Head, nor a Wrinkle in my Brow. I should have had now the most charming white Teeth: but alas! it was too late when I knew this Secret; my Charms were decay'd before. Profit by my Misfortunes, dear Child, it will be some comfort to me, for I have a Tenderness for you.' 'But where shall I get this Dancing-Water?' *reply'd Fair-Star*. 'In the Burning-Forest,' *said Feintisa*. You have three Brothers, do none of them love you well enough to go and fetch it for you?' 'My Brothers,' *said the Princess*, love me tenderly; and I am sure there's one of them will refuse me nothing: and I will certainly, if this Water does what you say, give you a Recompence suitable to your Deserts. The perfidious *Feintisa* retired in haste, overjoy'd that

*Princess Fair-Star and Pr. Chery.* 137

that she had succeeded so well, telling *Fair-Star*, she would be sure to come and see her again.

When the Princes came from hunting, one brought a Boar, another a Hare, and the third a Stag, and laid them at their Sister's feet; which Homage she looked upon with disdain: Her Thoughts were so much employed on the Advice *Feintisa* had given, that she seem'd uneasy; and *Chery*, whose whole Study was to observe her Humour and Motions, was not long before he observ'd it. 'What is the matter, my dear *Star*, said he, perhaps you like not the Country where we are; if so, we will go away immediately; perhaps you are not pleased with our Equipage, it is not fine enough: speak, and tell me, that I may have the pleasure of obeying you first.' 'The Confidence which you give me, said she, to tell you what passes in my Mind, engages me to declare to you, that I cannot live without the Dancing-Water which is in the burning Forest; had I that, I need not fear any thing from the Power of Time.' 'Trouble not yourself, my lovely *Star*, added he, I will go and fetch it you, or let you know by my Death, that it is impossible to have it.' 'No, said she, I would rather renounce all the Advantages of Beauty, and be horridly frightful than hazard a Life so dear. I conjure you never to think more of this Water; and, if I have any power over you, I forbid you.' The Prince seem'd to obey, but as soon as he saw her engaged and busy, he mounted his white Horse, and furnish'd his Pockets plentifully with Money; and for Jewels his Head supply'd him sufficiently: He took no Attendants with him, that he might be more at his own liberty; and that if any dangerous Adventure presented, he might not be troubled with the Remonstrances of an over-zealous and timorous Servant.

When Supper-time came, and the Princess saw not her Brother *Chery*, she was so much troubled, that

138 *The Tales of the FAIRIES.*

that she could neither eat nor drink, but ordered the Servants to search every where for him. The other two Princes, who knew nothing of the Dancing-Water, told her she was too uneasy, and that he could not be far off; that she knew he loved Retirement sometimes, to indulge his Thoughts, and that without doubt, he was amusing himself in a little Wood that was hard by. This made her easy, for some time, but then again she lost all Patience, and told her Brothers, crying, that she was the Cause of his Absence, by expressing a Desire to have some of the Dancing-Water in the burning Forest, and that without doubt he was gone thither. At this news, they resolv'd to send after him, and she charged the Messengers to tell him, that she conjured him to come back. In the mean time, *Feintisa*, who was not without her Spies, to know the Effect of her Advice, when she learnt that *Chery* was gone, was overjoy'd; not doubting in the least, but he would make more haste than those that follow'd him, and that some Mischief would befall him. Big with these Hopes, she ran to the Queen-Mother, to give her an account of all that had past; telling her, that she no longer disputed, but that they were the three Princes and their Sister, since they had Stars on their Foreheads, and golden Chains about their Necks, and that she had seen the Princess dressed in the same Diamonds she put into her Cradle, though they were nothing nigh so valuable as some that dropped out of her Hair: Insomuch, that she was assured of their being return'd, notwithstanding the care she thought she had taken to prevent it. ' But, Madam, *said she*, ' as the only Means left me to repair this Fault ' of mine, is to rid you of them, give me but time, ' and I will effectually do it: There's one of the ' Princes gone already to fetch the Dancing-Water, ' who, undoubtedly, will perish in the Attempt; ' and I shall form Schemes enough for the rest. ' We shall see, *said the Queen*, whether the Success

' an-

*Princess Fair-Star and Pr. Chery.* 139

' answers your Expectation, which is the only  
' thing that shall skreen you from my just Rage.  
Upon this, *Feintisa* retir'd, not a little alarm'd, de-  
vising with herself how to prosecute her Under-  
takings.

The Contrivance of the Prince *Chery's* Destruction  
was one of the most certain, for the Dancing-Water  
was not easily to be got; the Reports of the Misfor-  
tunes that attended all those who had gone for it, had  
made the Way known almost to every body. The  
Prince never spared his white Nag, who went at  
an incredible Swiftnes, so willing was he to re-  
turn soon to *Fair-Star*, to give her all the Satis-  
faction she could promise herself from his Journey.  
He was eight Days and Nights without taking any  
Repose, but what he got under a Tree in a Wood  
or Forest, while his Horse was grazing; and lived  
on what Fruits he found on the Trees. The ninth  
Day, he found himself very much incommoded by  
the excessive Heat of the Air, and not knowing  
what Cause to attribute it to, since he was certain  
it was not the Sun, when he gain'd the top of  
a Hill, he perceiv'd the burning Forest; where  
the Trees were always in Flames, without ever  
consuming; which cast such a Heat, that all the  
Country about was a dry Desart. In this Forest,  
the Prince heard the Hissings of Adders, and the  
Roarings of Lions, which very much amazed him;  
who could not believe that any thing but a Sala-  
mander could live in a kind of Furnace. After  
having considered on so dreadful a thing, and  
thought on what was to be done, he gave himself  
up for lost; when going nigher to this great Fire,  
and being ready to die with Thirst, finding a Foun-  
tain, he alit from off his Horse, and stooping to take  
up some Water in a golden Vessel he brought with  
him, to carry that the Princess desired in, he per-  
ceiv'd a Turtle drowning, and taking pity on it,  
saved it; and after having held it some time by the  
Heels, and wiped its wet Feathers, put it in his  
Bosom,



Bosom, where the poor Turtle recovered. 'Prince Chery, said it, in a soft tender Voice, you never could have obliged any Creature more full of Acknowledgment than myself: This is not the first time I have receiv'd most signal Favours from your Family; I am glad that now I can, in return, be serviceable to you. Think not that I am ignorant of the Cause of this your Journey, which you have too rashly undertaken, since it is almost impossible to tell how many have perished here. The Dancing-Water is the eighth Wonder of the World; it beautifies Ladies, makes them young again, and enriches them; but if I am not your Guide, you can never get to it: The Source of the Water falls with so great an Impetuosity into a deep Abyss: In the Road is a Blockade of Trees, laid so close, and so entangled by their Branches and Briars, that I see no Way but to go under Ground. Rest yourself here, and be not uneasy, I will go and take proper Measures about it.'

Then the Turtle left him, flying backwards and forwards, and taking several Flights about; and towards the Close of the Day, came and told the Prince all was ready: Who took the loving Bird in his Hand, kissing it, caress'd it, and thank'd it; and after that, followed it upon his white Horse. They had not gone many hundred Yards, before the Prince seeing a great number of Foxes, Badgers, Moles, and other Creatures that burrough, and wondring how they came to be so assembled together, the Turtle told him it was by her means, and that they came to work for his Service. Chery, when he came to the Mouth of the Vault, pull'd the Bridle off his Horse's Head, and ty'd it to the Saddle, and turn'd him loose; and then follow'd the Turtle, who conducted him to the Fountain, the falling of whose Water made such a noise, as would have deafen'd him, had not the Turtle given him two of her white Feathers. He was strangely surprized to see the Water dance with so much

Just-

*Princess Fair-Star and Pr. Chery.* 141

Justness to the Warblings of some Birds, who flying in the Air, formed a Band of Musick. He fill'd his Vessel of Gold, and pull'd two hearty Draughts, which made him a thousand times more beautiful than he was before; and refresh'd him so much, that he was able to bear the Heat of the Forest. He return'd the same Way he came, and finding his Horse again at the Cavern's Mouth, mounted him again, and taking the Dove in his Hand, said, 'Loving Turtle, I know not by what Prodigy you have so much Power here, what you have done for me demands all my Gratitude; and as Liberty is the greatest of all Blessings, I give you yours, to shew some token of my Goodwill.' As he said these Words, he let her go: She flew away with as fullen an Air, as if he had kept her against her Will. Upon which he said to himself, 'How fickle art thou! thou hast more of a Man than a Turtle in thee; the one is inconstant, the other not.' To this the Turtle, mounted high in the Air, said, 'And do you know who I am?'

Chery, amazed that the Turtle should answer thus to his Thoughts, suspected her to be something very extraordinary, and was sorry he had let her fly, saying to himself, that she might be very useful to him, and he might have learnt of her several things, that might have contributed very much to his Repose. But then again, he considered with himself, that he ought never to regret a good Action, and that he was indebted to her, when he thought on the Difficulties she had smooth'd out for him, to get the Dancing-Water. His golden Vessel or Bottle, in which he put it, was so close stopt up, he could not spill one Drop, nor the Spirit of the Water evaporate; so that all the way, he entertain'd himself with the Thoughts, how agreeably he should please his *Fair-Star*, and the Joy she would resent, to see the Water and him again: when presently he spy'd several Men on horse-back, gal-

galloping at full speed, who no sooner perceiv'd him, but they gave a Hollow, and pointed to him. Though his intrepid Soul was so void of Fear, as not to be alarm'd at any Danger, yet was he vex'd to think he should be stopt; he spurred on his Horse, and made boldly towards them: But how agreeable was his Surprize, to find them to be his Domesticks, with a Letter from the Princess, charging him not to expose himself to the Dangers of the burning Forest! He kiss'd the Writing, sigh'd several times, and made all possible haste to ease her other Fears.

When he came home, he found her sitting under some Trees, abandon'd to her Grief; but when she saw him at her feet, she knew not what Reception to give him; she could both chide him, for going contrary to her Orders, and thank'd him for his Present: at last, her Tendernefs prevailing, she embraced her dear Brother, and receiv'd him with all possible Demonstrations of Joy. The restless *Feintisa* knew by her Spies, that *Chery* was return'd, and more beautiful than when he went, and that the Princess, by washing her Face with the Dancing-Water, was become excessive beautiful, that no body could behold her without Admiration. She was very much amazed and vex'd, for she made account that the Prince would perish in the Attempt: But recollecting, this was no time to despond, but seeking an Opportunity, when the Princess went to the Temple of *Diana* unaccompanied, she accosted her with an Air of Friendship, and said, ' I congratulate you, Madam, on the happy  
' Success of my Advice, your Looks discover too  
' plainly that you have used the Dancing-Water:  
' but, if I durst advise you once more, you should  
' think of getting the Singing-Apple, which is as  
' great an Imbelishment to the Wit: would you  
' persuade, it is but smelling; would you appear  
' in publick, make Verses, write Prose, make People  
' to laugh or cry, it has all these Virtues; and  
' be-

*Princess Fair-Star and Pr. Chery.* 143

besides, sings so fine, that it ravishes all that hear it.' 'I will have none of it, cry'd the Princess, my Brother had like to have lost his Life, in fetching the Dancing-Water, your Counsel is too dangerous.' What! Madam, reply'd Feintisa, would you not be the most learned and witty Lady in the World? Sure you don't think so.' Alas! What would have become of me, if my Brother had been brought back dead, or dying? Then let him go no more, said the old Woman, let the other two oblige you in their turns; this Enterprize is not so dangerous.' 'No matter for that, said the Princess, I will not expose them to it.' 'How much I pity you, reply'd Feintisa, to let so advantageous an Opportunity slip you, but consider upon it: Farewel, Madam.' And then left her, very much unsatisfied with the Success of her Harangue. Fair-Star stay'd at the feet of Diana's Statue, irresolute what to do: She loved her Brothers, but so earnestly desired the Singing-Apple, that she sigh'd and fell a crying. Bright-Sun coming into the Temple, and seeing the Princess's Face covered with her Veil, because she was ashamed to be seen blear-ey'd; but he guessing she was in Tears, and going up to her, conjured her instantly to tell him why she cry'd: But she refused, telling him she could not for shame: and the more she deny'd, the more earnest he was to know. At last she said, that the same old Woman that advis'd her to send for the Dancing-Water had been telling her of the Singing-Apple, which was more wonderful; because it created as much Wit as to make the Person possessed of it a perfect Prodigy, and that she would almost give her Life for such an Apple, but that she fear'd there was too much Danger in going for it. 'You need not be afraid of me, reply'd the Brother, I assure you, for I am not so fond as that comes to: What have you not Wit enough already? Come, come, don't vex yourself about such a foolish Story.'

*Fair-*



144 *The Tales of the FAIRIES.*

*Fair-Star* follow'd him from thence home, not a little melancholy at the manner of his receiving the Confidence she reposed in him, and the Impossibility of her having the Singing-Apple. When Supper was set upon the Table, she could not eat; *Chery*, the lovely *Chery*, observed it, and helped her to the nicest Bits, pressing her to taste thereof: but all he could say proved usefess, the Tears came in her Eyes, and she rose from the Table. O Heavens! how uneasy was *Chery*, ignorant of what was the Cause? when *Bright-Sun* told him, in a sort of Railery, disobliging enough to his Sister, who was so much piqued thereat, that she retired to her Chamber, and would see nobody all that night.

When *Bright-Sun* and *Felix* were in bed, *Chery* mounted his white Nag again, and without saying any thing to any one, set out on his Journey for the Singing-Apple, tho he knew not one foot of the way, leaving a Letter behind him, to be given to *Fair-Star* the next morning; who, when she receiv'd it, felt all the Disquiet and Torments conceivable upon such an occasion. She ran into her Brothers Chamber, to let them partake somewhat of her Grief; who presently sent after him again, to oblige him to return, without attempting an Adventure wherein there was so much hazard. All this time the King, who never had these four Strangers out of his Thoughts, as often as he went a hunting, call'd upon them, and reproach'd them for not coming to his Court. They excused themselves, first, that they had not compleated their Equipage; and then, that their Brother was absent: assuring him, that upon his Return, they, after the leave he gave them, would pay their most humble Respects to him.

The Prince *Chery*, who was too much urged on by his Passion, not to make all possible haste, some time after Day-break, found a handsome young Man sat under a shady Tree, reading a Book he held in his hand; to whom he address'd himself in a  
civil

*Princess Fair-Star and Pr. Chery.* 145

civil manner, and said, 'Give me leave to interrupt you, to ask if you know where I may find the Singing-Apple.' The young Man looking up and smiling, ask'd him if he intended to obtain it. 'Yes, *reply'd the Prince*, if it is possible, I will.' 'Ah! Sir, *added the Stranger*, you know not all the Dangers; here is a Book that speaks of them, and the very reading of it is enough to make one tremble.' 'No matter for that, *said Chery*, the Danger is not capable of dismaying me; tell me only where I may find it.' 'This Book, *continued the Man*, says in the Desarts of *Lybia*, that we may hear it sing eight Leagues off; and that the Dragon, which guards it, has already devoured above five hundred thousand People.' 'I shall make one more,' *said the Prince smiling*: And then taking his leave, set forwards for the Desarts of *Lybia*. After several days Journey, he listen'd if he could hear the Apple, afflicting himself with the length of the way; when perceiving in the Road a Turtle almost dead, and seeing no one nigh that could have wounded it, he believed that it might belong to *Venus*; and that having escaped her Court, the little Archer, to try his Bow and Arrows, had let fly at her: and taking pity on it, lit off his Horse, took it up, and wiping its bloody Feathers, took out of his Pocket a little golden Box, of an admirable Ointment, and no sooner apply'd it to the Wound of the poor Turtle, but it opened its Eyes, rais'd up its Head, stretch'd out its Wings, and then looking at the Prince, said, 'Good-morrow, *Chery*, you are destined to save my Life, and I may perhaps do you no less signal Services. You are come for the Singing-Apple, the Enterprize is difficult, and worthy of you; for it is guarded by a terrible scaled Dragon, with three Heads and twelve Feet.' 'Ah! my dear Turtle, *said the Prince*, how overjoy'd am I to see you again, and at a time when your Assistance is so necessary. Don't deny it me, my pretty Creature,

146 *The Tales of the FAIRIES.*

‘for I should die with Grief, if I should return  
‘without the Singing-Apple; and since that I got  
‘the Dancing-Water by thy means, I hope you will  
‘find out some Expedient, whereby I may succeed  
‘as well in this Undertaking.’ ‘Follow me, an-  
‘swer’d the Turtle, and I hope all will be well.’

The Prince let her go, and after following her  
all the day, arrived at a great Mountain of Sand,  
into which the Turtle told him he must dig;  
which he accordingly did, sometimes with his  
Hand, and sometimes with his Sword. After some  
hours hard working, he found a Headpiece, Breast-  
plate, and, in short, a compleat Suit of Armour for  
Man and Horse, all of Glass. ‘Arm yourself, said the  
‘Turtle, and fear not the Dragon; for when he shall  
‘see himself in all these Glasses, he will be so fright-  
‘ned, thinking his own Resemblance, in so many  
‘Mirrors, to be as many such Monsters as himself,  
‘that he will run away.’ Chery approving this  
Contrivance, armed himself, and taking the Turtle  
in his hand, they travelled all that night, and at  
Day-break heard a most ravishing Melody; and the  
Prince asking what it was, the Turtle told him,  
she was persuaded that nothing but the Singing-Apple  
could be so agreeable, for that it perform’d all  
Parts in Musick, and seem’d as if all manner of  
Instruments were plaid upon, which made them  
still keep advancing towards it. The Prince wish’d  
to himself, it might sing something that might  
be adapted to the Situation of his Heart; and at  
that very instant heard these words :

*’Tis Love can conquer the most Rebel Heart,  
Be amorous still, and from her never part;  
And since you follow Beauty’s Cruelty,  
Love on, pursue, and you will happy be.*

‘Ah! cry’d he, in answer to these Verses, how charm-  
‘ing is this Prediction! I may hope then to be  
‘more happy.’ To which the Turtle made no Re-  
ply,

*Princess Fair-Star and Pr. Chery.* 147

ply, for she never spoke any thing but what was absolutely necessary. The farther they advanced, the more charming the Musick seem'd; and whatever Dread the Prince might be in, he was sometimes so ravish'd, that he stopt, almost insensible of any thing else: but the sight of the Dragon, who appear'd suddenly, soon recover'd him out of this kind of Lethargy. He had smelt the Prince a great way off, and expected to devour him, as he had done by all the rest. He came jumping along, covering the Ground as he came with a poisonous Froth. Out of his infernal Throat there issued Fire and little Dragons, which he used instead of Darts, to throw into the Eyes and Ears of all the Knights-Errant that came to fetch away the Singing-Apple. But when he saw his own terrible Figure, multiplied a thousand times, in the Prince's Glass Armour, he stopt; and looking hard upon him, bearing so many no less horrid Monsters than himself about him, was frighten'd, and run away. *Chery* perceiving the happy Success of his Armour, pursued him to the Mouth of a deep Cavern, which he closed up, to prevent his returning again. After that, searching about, he discover'd, with Admiration, the beautiful Tree, which was all Amber, except the Apples, which were Topazes; but that which he sought after with so much pains, and great danger, was a Ruby crown'd with a Diamond. The Prince, transported with the Joy of having it in his power to bestow so great a Treasure on his beloved *Fair-Star*, made haste to break off the Bough; and proud of his Good-fortune, mounted his Horse again, but saw no more of the Turtle, who, when there was no farther need of her assistance, was flown away. In short, the Prince returned to his Princess with his Prize, who had never enjoy'd one moment's Repose since his Absence; she continually reproached herself for her Ambition of Wit, dreading *Chery's* Death far more than her own: 'Ah unhappy Wretch that I am (*would she of-*



148 *The Tales of the FAIRIES.*

\* *ten cry, fetching deep and heavy Sighs*) why was I so  
 \* vain-glorious? Why could not I be content to  
 \* speak, and do things well enough not to be im-  
 \* pertinent? Well, I am punished for my Pride,  
 \* if I lose him I so dearly loved. Alas! Perhaps  
 \* the Gods, displeased with the irresistible Passion I  
 \* have for *Chery*, will deprive me of him by some  
 \* 'tragical end.' No afflicting tormenting Thought  
 escaped her Imagination, when, in the middle of  
 the Night, she heard such ravishing Musick, that  
 she could not lie in Bed, but got up, and went  
 to the Window to hear it more plainly, not know-  
 ing what to think of it: Sometimes she believed it  
 to be *Apollo* and the Muses, sometimes *Venus*, the  
*Graces*, and *Loves*; and all the time the Symphony  
 seemed to come nigher. At last, it being Moon-  
 light, she discovered the Prince; upon which she  
 retired, seeing a Gentleman, and not knowing  
 who it might be: when he stopt under her Win-  
 dow, and the *Apple* sung an Air, the beginning of  
 which words were, or something like it, *Awake,*  
*you sleeping Fair.*

At this the curious Princess presently looked out,  
 and knowing her Brother again, was ready to jump  
 out of the Window to him. She talked so loud,  
 that the whole Family was presently alarmed, and  
 came and opened the Doors; which *Chery* entered  
 with all imaginable haste, holding in his hand a  
 Branch of Amber, with the wonderful Fruit upon  
 it: and as he had smelt on it often, his Wit was  
 so much increased, that nothing was comparable  
 to it. *Fair-Star* ran to meet him with great preci-  
 pitation, crying with Joy, and saying, 'Do you  
 'believe I thank you, dear Brother? No, there's  
 'nothing that I do not buy too dear, when I ex-  
 'pose you to fetch it.' 'And there are no Dan-  
 'gers I would not hazard, *answer'd he*, to give  
 'you the least Satisfaction. Accept, *Fair-Star*, of  
 'this Fruit, none deserves it so much as you.'  
*Bright-Sun*, and his Brother, came just then, and  
 interrupted

interrupted their Conversation, and were glad to see their Brother again, who gave them an Account of his Journey, which lasted till Morning.

The wicked *Feintisa* having left the Queen, after having acquainted her with her Projects, was just retired home, and got to Bed, but could not sleep, thro her Uneasiness, one Wink. When she heard the sweet singing of the *Apple*, and not doubting but that he had obtained it, she cried and bewailed her Condition, scratching her Face, and tearing off her Hair. Her Grief was extremely great; for instead of doing the Princess the mischief she projected, she did them all the Service imaginable. As soon as it was day, she was too well informed of the Prince's Return, and upon that hurried away to the Queen-Mother: 'Well, *Feintisa*, said that Princess, do you bring me any good News, are they destroyed?' 'No, Madam, reply'd she, casting herself at her feet: but let not your Majesty be impatient; I have a thousand ways yet left.' 'Ah Wretch! said the Queen, thou intendest to betray me, and therefore spare them?' *Feintisa* protested to the contrary, and when she had appeased her, returned home, to think of what was to be done next. She let some days pass without undertaking any thing: when being informed by her Scouts, that the Princess was walking in the Forest alone, expecting her Brothers, she went thither; and addressing herself to her, said, 'Charming *Star*, I have been informed that you have got the Singing-Apple, and was overjoyed to hear of it; for I have so great an Inclination for you, that I am interested in whatever tends to your advantage. And, continued she, I cannot forbear advising you to one thing more.' 'Ah, cry'd the Princess, getting from her, keep your Advice to yourself, for tho the Benefits I receive be great, yet they make not amends for the Trouble and Uneasiness they have caused me.' 'Uneasiness is not so great an Evil (answer'd she with a Smile)

‘ there is a Sweetness and Tenderness sometimes in it.’ ‘ Forbear, *said Fair-Star*, I tremble when I think on it.’ ‘ Indeed, *said the old Woman*, you are very much to be pitied, to be the most beautiful and wittiest Lady in the World.’ ‘ I desire once more, *reply’d the Princess*, to be excused, I know too well the Condition the Absence of my Brother reduced me too.’ ‘ You must notwithstanding be told, *said Feintisa*, that you want the little *Green-Bird*, that tells every thing, by which you will be informed of your Birth, and your good and ill Fortune, there’s no particular thing he does not discover; and when the World shall say, that *Fair-Star* has the Dancing-Water and the Singing-Apple, and wants the little Green-Bird, they had as good say nothing.’

After having, in this manner, utter’d what she intended, she retired, leaving the Princess melancholy and thoughtful, and sighing, as if there was something she desired: ‘ This Woman is in the right, *said she*; what am I the better for the Dancing-Water and Singing-Apple, if I know not who I am, who are my Parents, and by what Fatality my Brothers and I were expos’d to the Fury of the Waves? There must be something extraordinary in our Births, that we should be abandon’d in the manner we were, and receive so evident a Protection from Heaven. How great a pleasure would it be to me to know my Father and Mother, to love them if they be alive, and to honour their Memory if dead.’ Thereupon Tears trickled down her Cheeks, clear as Drops of Morning-Dew, distilling upon Lillies and Koses. *Chery*, who was always more impatient to see her again than the other two, made the most haste, after the Sport was over, to return home: that day he was a-foot, his Bow hung negligently by his side, some Arrows he held in his hand, and his Hair was tied with a Ribband behind him; and in this warlike Dress he looked charmingly pleasing.

When

*Princess Fair-Star and Pr. Chery.* 151

When the Princess saw him, she retired to a dark shady Walk, that he might not perceive those Characters of Grief in her Face: but nothing can escape a Lover's Eye; for the Prince looking upon her, soon knew something was the matter. Whereupon he was disturbed, and desired her to tell him what it was; but she refusing with Obstinacy, he turn'd one of his Arrows against his Breast, and said, 'Since you love me not, *Fair-Star*, I have nought to do but die.' By this means he (as I may say) extorted the Secret from her; but on these Conditions, that he should not with the hazard of his Life seek to satisfy her Desires: all which he promised. But as soon as she was retired to her Chamber, and her Brothers to theirs, he went into the Stable again, and mounting his Horse, set out without saying a word to any one. When it was known the next Morning, the whole Family was in the utmost Consternation. The King, who could not forget, sent to invite them again, and they return'd the same Excuse again of their Brother's being absent, and that they could have no Pleasure and Satisfaction without him; but that upon his return they would not fail to pay their Devoirs. The Princess was inconsolable; the Water and Apple could not charm her, nothing was agreeable without *Chery*.

The Prince wander'd up and down, asking all he met where he might find the little Green-Bird; but no body could tell him, till he lit on an old Man, who taking him home with him, took the pains to look over his Books and a Globe, which he had made the Study of his Life; and then told him it was in a frozen Climate, on the point of a frightful Rock, shewing him all the Roads to it. The Prince, by way of return, presented him with a Purse of Jewels he had comb'd out of his Hair; and taking leave of him, pursued his Journey. To be short, one Morning by Sun-Rise, he perceiv'd the Rock, which was very high and craggy, and



on the top of it the Bird talking like an Oracle, telling most strange things. He thought he might catch it with little trouble, since it appear'd to be very tame, hopping from one place to another. He lit off of his Horse, and climb'd up without making any noise, promising himself and *Fair-Star* the most sensible Pleasure; when, all on a sudden, the Rock open'd, and he fell, as motionless as any Statue, into a large Hall; so that he could neither bemoan nor complain of his deplorable Adventure. There he found three hundred Knights, who having made the same Attempt as himself, were in the same Condition, being only able to look at one another.

The time of his Absence seem'd so long to *Fair-Star*, that she fell extraordinary ill; and the Physicians pronounced her to be devour'd by deep Melancholy. Her Brothers, who loved her tenderly, would often tell her the cause of her Illness; upon which she confess'd, that she reproach'd herself Night and Day for *Chery's* Departure; and that she was sure she should die if she heard no News of him. *Bright-Sun*, moved by her Tears, resolved to go and seek his Brother; and accordingly, knowing where the Bird was, set out, approach'd it with the same hopes, was swallowed up by the Rock, and fell into the great Hall, where the first Object he fix'd his eyes on was *Chery*; but could not speak to him. In the mean time *Fair-Star* grew better, hoping every Minute to see her two Brothers return; but being deceived therein, her Grief renew'd, and she complain'd incessantly, accusing herself for the Disasters that beset her Brothers: when Prince *Felix*, having no less Compassion on her, and Concern for his Brothers, resolved to go and find them; and acquainted her therewith. She at first seem'd to oppose it; but he reply'd, that it was just that he should expose himself for those who were so dear to him; and then set out, after taking

*Princess Fair-Star and Pr. Chery. 153*

taking his leave of the Princess, whom he left a Prey to the most piercing Grief.

When *Feintisa* knew that the third Prince was gone, her Joy had no end, but away she ran to the Queen, and promised her with more assurance than ever, to destroy this unfortunate Family. *Felix* fared the same with *Chery* and *Bright-Sun*; he found the Rock, saw the Bird, and fell in the Hall, where he knew the Princes he sought, and saw them ranged in Niches. They never slept, nor eat, but remain'd in that sad condition, having only their Thoughts at liberty. *Fair-Star* seeing none of her Brothers return, was inconsolable, and reproach'd herself for staying so long after them; and without any longer hesitation order'd their Servants to stay six Months; and if neither she nor her Brothers return'd in that time, to go and acquaint the Corsair and his Wife with their Deaths. Then dressing herself in Men's Clothes, as most fitting to secure her from all Insults in her Journey, *Feintisa* had the pleasure to see her go upon her *Isabella* Horse; and immediately after ran full of Joy to the Palace to regale the Queen with the News. She only arm'd herself with an Head-piece, the Visor of which she never lifted up, because her Beauty was so perfect, she would not otherwise have pass'd for a Man. She suffer'd very much by the Rigour of the Weather; for that Country where the Green-Bird lived, in no Season ever received the happy Influence of the Sun: but Cold, nor nothing could dismay her. In her way she saw a Turtle no less white nor cold than the Snow it lay upon, which, notwithstanding her Impatience of arriving at the Rock, she could not see perish; but lighting off her Horse, took it up, warmed it with her Breath, and put it into her Bosom, where it never stirr'd. *Fair-Star* thinking it dead, pulled it out, and looking sorrowfully upon it, said, 'What shall I do, 'lovely Turtle, to save thy Life?' To which the little Creature made answer, 'One sweet Kiss, *Fair-*

‘*Star*, from your Mouth, will finish what you have so charitably begun.’ ‘Not only one, *said the Princess*, but a thousand if need be:’ and fell a kissing it. Upon which the Dove reviving, reply’d, ‘I know you, notwithstanding your Disguise, and must tell you, that you undertake a thing which will be impossible for you to effect without my Assistance; but do as I advise you. When you come to the Rock, instead of attempting to climb it, stay at the bottom, and sing the most melodious Song you can think of; the Green-Bird will hear you, and observe from whence the Voice comes; then you must pretend to be asleep, and I will stay by you: when he sees me, he’ll come from the Rock to peck me, and then you must take your advantage and catch him.’

The Princess, overjoy’d at this Hope, arriv’d soon at the Rock, where she found her Brothers Horses grazing, which sight renew’d all her Grief, and she sat down and cry’d bitterly; but the little Green-Bird said such fine and comfortable things to those that were afflicted, that she dried up her Tears, and sung so loud and charming, that the Princes in the Hall had the pleasure of hearing her, which was the first Moment they began to hope. The little Green-Bird heard her also, and look’d to see from whence the Voice came, and perceiving the Princess, who had pulled off her Cask, that she might lie down to sleep with more ease, as also the Turtle hopping by her; he came down to peck her, but had not pull’d off three Feathers before he was taken himself. ‘Ah! *said he*, what would you have with me? What have I done to engage you to come so far to make me miserable? Give me my liberty, I conjure you, and I will do whatever you desire in exchange.’ ‘Restore me my Brothers, *said Fair-Star*, whom by their Horses feeding here, I know thou detainest somewhere hereabouts.’ ‘I have a red Feather, *said he*, under my left Wing, pull it out, and touch the

*Princess Fair-Star and Pr. Chery.* 155

' the Rock with it.' The Princess made haste to do what he had bid her, but at the same time saw such Flashes of Lightning, and heard such Claps of Thunder, together with the roaring of the Wind, that she was very much frighten'd; but notwithstanding held the Green-Bird fast, that he might not escape her: then touch'd the Rock again a second and third time, at which last it split from the Top to the Bottom, and she with an Air of Victory enter'd the Hall, where the three were with a great many others. She ran to *Chery*, who knew her not in that Dress, and in a Helmet; for then the Enchantment was not destroy'd, insomuch that he could neither speak nor stir. The Princess seeing that, asked the Bird more Questions, to which he made answer, that she must rub the Eyes of all those she would free from the Enchantment, with the same red Feather; which good Office she did to several Kings and Princes, as well as her three Brothers: who, in return for so great a Benefit, fell down on their Knees, and call'd her the Deliverer of Kings.

*Fair-Star* then perceiving that her Brothers, deceived by her Dress, did not know her, pull'd off her Helmet, and holding out her Arms, embraced them a thousand times, if possible, and afterwards ask'd the other Princes civilly who they were; every one told his own particular Adventure, and offer'd to accompany her wherever she went: to which she answer'd, That tho the Laws of Knight-hood might give her some Right over their Liberty, she waved it, leaving them to pursue their own Pleasures; and then retired with her Brothers, that they might give each other a particular account of what had befall them since their Separation. The little Green-Bird often interrupted them, to desire *Fair-Star* to give him his Liberty; upon which she look'd for the Dove to ask her opinion: but not finding her, told the Bird he had cost her too much Trouble and Uneasiness to enjoy so little of her Conquest.



Conquest. Thereupon they all four mounted their own Horses, leaving the other Kings, &c. to go a-foot, their Equipage, &c. being all lost and dead, during the many Years of their Enchantment.

The Queen-Mother, eased of all the Disquiet with which the Return of the Princes and Princesses had burden'd her, renewed her Instances to the King to marry again; and importun'd him so much, that he made choice of a Princess, one of his Relations. But as he must first disannul his Marriage with the Queen *Blondina*, who had lived all that time at her Mother's with the three Whelps; the old Queen sent a Coach for her and them. She came according to her Commands, and was dress'd in black, with a long Veil that reach'd down to her Feet; in which Apparel she appear'd as beautiful as the Morning-Star: tho she was become lean and pale by not sleeping nor eating but just to sustain Nature, and out of Complaisance to her Mother, who was pitied by all. The King relented so much, that he durst not cast his eyes on her; for he consented to this second Match purely out of the hopes of Heirs. The Marriage-Day being appointed, the old Queen, urged thereto by *Rousetta*, who always hated her unfortunate Sister, would have the Queen *Blondina* appear at the Feast, which was to be very magnificent: and the King to shew his Grandeur to Strangers, sent the first Gentleman of his Bed-Chamber to the Princes and their Sister, to invite them to it.

The Gentleman went accordingly, and knowing the extreme Desire the King had to see them, finding them not at home, left one of his Attendants to wait for them, and to bring them without any delay. The Night before this Banquet, *Fair-Star* and the three Princes arrived, to whom the Person that was left deliver'd his Message, telling them withal the History of the King's Life; how that he had married a young beautiful Damsel, who had the Misfortune to be deliver'd of three Whelps; and

*Princess Fair-Star and Pr. Chery.* 157

and that upon that account he had put her away, tho he loved her tenderly: that he had lived fifteen Years before he would hearken to any Proposals of Marriage; but being press'd thereto by the Queen-Mother and his Ministers of State, he had determined to espouse a young Princess of his Court, to whose Nuptials they were invited.

*Fair-Star* dress'd herself in a Rose-colour'd Velvet, bedeck'd on the Robings with Diamonds, her Hair hanging on her Shoulders in fine Curls, but tied together with a Bunch of Ribbons, by which means the Gold-Chain on her Neck appear'd more visible; the Star on her Forehead shined with all imaginable Lustre; and in short, she seem'd too beautiful for a Mortal. Her Brothers came not far short of her; and Prince *Chery* had something that distinguish'd him most advantageously. They went all four into an Ivory and Ebony Chariot, drawn by twelve white Horses, their Equipage every way suitable. The King, overjoy'd to see them, received them at the Stair-head; the Apple sung wonderfully fine, the Water danced, and the Green-Bird talk'd like an Oracle. They all fell on their Knees, till the King rais'd them up with his Hand, which they kiss'd with all Respect and Affection. After that he embraced them, and said, 'I am  
'obliged to you, lovely Strangers, for your Company to-day; your Presence gives me a sensible  
'Pleasure.' Then he led them into a large Hall, where there were several Tables set out with all manner of Rarities and Dainties, and Musick playing all the time. Soon after came the Queen-Mother with her new Daughter-in-law that was to be, accompanied by *Rousetta*, and a great number of Ladies, and with them the poor Queen led by a Brass-Chain about her Neck, to which the three Dogs were fasten'd; who, together with them, was carried to a great Bowl of Bones and Offal-Meat, that was set out by the old Queen's Command in one part of the Hall.

158 *The Tales of the FAIRIES.*

When *Fair-Star* and the Princes saw this unhappy Princess, Tears came in their Eyes; either because they were sensibly touch'd with the Vicissitudes and Changes of this World, or by Instinct of Nature. But how outrageous were the old Queen's Thoughts at so unexpected a Return, so contrary to her Designs? She cast so furious a Look at *Feintisa*, that she wish'd the Earth would open, and swallow her up; so much did she dread her. The King presented the Princess and her Brothers to his Mother, saying the most obliging things of them; and she, notwithstanding her inward Hatred and Concern, receiv'd them with a favourable Compliment, and a Smile; for at that time Dissimulation was as much in vogue as now. No Mirth was wanting during the Feast, tho the King was not very well pleased to see his Wife eat with Dogs, as the meanest of all Creatures; but having resolved to shew all manner of Complaisance to his Mother, she order'd every thing as she thought fit.

When the Repast was over, the King addressing himself to *Fair-Star*, said, 'I hear you are possess'd of three incomparable Things, I wish you joy of them, and desire you to tell me how you got them.' 'Sir, *reply'd she*, I shall obey you with pleasure. I was told that the Dancing-Water would make me handsome, and the Singing-Apple inspire those who had it with Wit; which were the two Reasons made me desirous of them. For the little Green-Bird, who tells every thing, our ignorance of our fatal Births made me cover him, since we were Children abandon'd by our Parents.' To judge of your Birth by your Persons, *reply'd the King*, it must be illustrious; but tell me sincerely who you are.' 'Sir, *said she*, my Brothers and self deferr'd that Enquiry till our Return, and then we receiv'd the Honour of an Invitation to your Wedding, and have brought these Rarities to divert you.' 'I am very glad of it, *said the King*, therefore let us not defer so agreeable an  
' Enter-

*Princess Fair-Star and Pr. Chery.* 159

‘Entertainment.’ ‘What, said the Queen-Mother, in  
‘a Passion, can you amuse yourself no better than  
‘with such idle Stories, and such silly Chits and  
‘their Rarities; I am sorry your Credulity should  
‘be so much abused, and that they should have  
‘the Honour to sit at my Table.’ *Fair-Star* and her  
Brothers knew not how to behave themselves at  
this disobliging Expression, but were confused and  
vex’d to be affronted before so much Company:  
but the King telling his Mother that this Proceed-  
ing of hers very much displeased him, desir’d them  
to take no notice of it, and held out his Hand as a  
Sign of his Friendship. *Fair-Star* call’d for a Glas-  
Bason, and pouring the Dancing-Water into it;  
which, by its skipping and jumping, sometimes  
forming Waves like a rolling Sea, and sometimes  
changing its Colour, fill’d all the Company with  
Admiration, by its forcing the Bason along the  
Table to the King, cast out some Drops into the  
first Gentleman of the King’s Bed-Chamber’s Face;  
who being a Man of good Mein, but of a disagree-  
able Face, (tho’ a Man of Merit) having but one  
Eye, the Water made him very beautiful, and re-  
stored his Eye again. The King, whose Favourite  
he was, seem’d as much pleased with this Adven-  
ture, as the Queen-Mother was vex’d to hear the  
Applauses of the whole Company. After that *Fair-  
Star* produced the Ruby Apple upon its Branch of  
Amber, which began as melodious a Concert, as if  
there had been a hundred Musicians; which ra-  
vished the Senses of the King and whole Court,  
whose Admiration increased when she shew’d the  
little Green-Bird in a golden Cage, out of which she  
took him gently, and set him upon the Apple, which  
out of Respect left off singing, to give him time to  
speak: his Feathers were so bright, that when the  
Eyes were shut, they glisten’d, and were of all man-  
ner of Shades of Green. He address’d himself to the  
King, and ask’d him what he pleased to know.  
‘We want to be inform’d, reply’d the King, who  
‘this



‘ this Lady and three Gentlemen are.’ ‘ O King,  
 ‘ *answer’d the Bird, with a plain and intelligible Voice,*  
 ‘ she is thy own Daughter, and two of these Prin-  
 ‘ ces are thy Sons; the third, whose Name is *Chery,*  
 ‘ is thy Nephew.’ Thereupon, with an unparal-  
 lell’d Eloquence, he told the whole Story, without  
 omitting the east Circumstance.

The King melted into Tears, and the afflicted  
 Queen leaving her Dogs, came softly forwards, cry-  
 ing for Joy; for she no longer disputed the Truth  
 of the Story, when she saw all the Tokens. The  
 three Princes rose up at the end thereof, cast them-  
 selves at the King’s feet, embraced his Knees, and  
 kissed his Hand: He, with open Arms, clapt them  
 to his Heart; and, at that time, there was nothing  
 heard, but Sighs and Cries of Joy. When at last,  
 the King seeing his Queen standing fearful by the  
 Wall-side in an humble Posture, ran to her, and  
 embraced her a thousand times: then took her by  
 the hand, and made her sit down by him; but not  
 before her Children and she had embraced as  
 often. Never was Sight more tender and moving;  
 they were all in Tears, lifting up their Hands and  
 Eyes to Heaven to return thanks. The King made  
 the Princess he was to marry a Compliment, and  
 withal, a Present of Jewels. But for the Queen-  
 Mother, *Rousetta*, and *Feintisa*, they could expect  
 nothing but the utmost Resentment. The Thunder  
 of his Anger began to grumble, when the generous  
 Queen, her Children, and *Chery*, conjured him not  
 to put himself into a Passion, but to pass a more  
 exemplary than severe Sentence. The Queen-Mo-  
 ther he made a close Prisoner for Life in a strong  
 Castle, and *Rousetta* and *Feintisa* were cast into a  
 deep nasty Dungeon, there to remain all their days  
 with the three Dogs.

After these three wicked Persons were carried  
 away, the Musick began to play, and all Joy and  
 Mirth went forward; but none came up to that of  
*Chery’s* and *Fair-Star’s*, who were as happy at they  
 wish’d

*Princess Fair-Star and Pr. Chery.* 161

wish'd to be; for the King, sensible of his Nephew's Merit, compleated the Happiness of that Day, by marrying him to his Daughter. The Prince, transported with Joy, cast himself at his feet; and *Fair-Star* discover'd no less Satisfaction. But, not to forget the old Princess, who had in a kind of Solitude spent so many Years, but to let her partake of the Joy, the same Fairy that had been so entertain'd by her, at the same moment, went and told her all that happen'd at Court, and asked her to go with her thither. The grateful Princess went with her in her Chariot of blue and gold, preceded by all manner of warlike Instruments, and follow'd by five hundred Body-Guards, richly cloth'd; and by the way, the Fairy told her the History of her Grand-Children, how she had never forsaken them, but had protected them under the Shape of a Syren and a Turtle, and all upon the account of the charitable Reception she gave her. The good Princess was every moment for kissing her Hand, to shew her Acknowledgment, and could not think of Expressions to declare her Joy. When they arriv'd at Court, the King receiv'd them with a thousand Testimonies of Friendship. The Queen *Blondina*, and her Children, were glad to see the Princess, and earnest to express the Gratitude and Obligations to that illustrious Lady, whom the old Princess told them was the kind Turtle that guided them; who, to compleat the King's Satisfaction, told him, that his Mother-in-law, whom he always took for a poor Country Woman, was a Sovereign Princess: which was the only thing perhaps wanting to that Monarch's Happiness. And to conclude, the Corsair and his Wife were sent for, that they might receive a noble Recompence, for the extraordinary Education they bestow'd on them.



*The Continuation of the Story of the New  
Gentleman-Citizen.*

THE Story of the Princess *Fair-Star* filled *Dandinardiere* with so much Admiration, that, with his good-will, he would have spent the whole Evening in commending it; and in the Excess of his Raptures, taking *Virginia* by the Hand, pulled her so rudely to him, that, not being prepared, she fell upon the Viscount, and he upon the Ground. *Dandinardiere* seem'd amazed at this Disorder; he accus'd his Stars a thousand times, in the most lofty Expressions, for persecuting him in this manner, telling the Company, that he never thought of succeeding so ill in a piece of Gallantry, into which his Admiration had engag'd him. 'It is a very odd way of pleasing, said the young Heroine, to pull one so rudely by the Arm, to lame me for some days.' 'Neither have I, Monsieur *Dandinardiere*, said the Viscount, been much better used; and what vexes me most, is, that in my fall, my Peruke fell off; and as I give myself, as much as I am able, all the Airs of a young Man, I am very much at a nonplus to justify my grey Hairs, before these Ladies.' 'I see by Monsieur *Dandinardiere*, said the Prior, that you increase his Pain, by talking as you do; you must have some Consideration for a Gentleman that is wounded: I swear, had he broke my Neck, I would not have said a word.' 'I am obliged to you, said he; but alas! the Ladies have other Privileges, Cruelty is their Appennage and Support, and the fair *Virginia* knows too well how to maintain her Rights.' 'Reproach me not for  
' com-

‘complaining, said she; any other but myself would  
‘have cry’d out louder.’ ‘But, to speak sincerely,  
‘I have the Sentiments of an *Alexander*, and meet  
‘with the Rigour of an *Alexandretta*, said he, (with  
an abundance of Joy, thinking he had made use of a  
most delicate and uncommon Expression, and won-  
dred that no body applauded it, looking upon the  
Company with such an Air of Merit, that the Gen-  
tlemen could scarce contain from laughing.) When  
*Maribonida*, who was always most liberal of her  
Praises, forbore some time, but at last cry’d out,  
upon the Fineness of the Expression of *Alexan-  
dretta*, and on the Beauties it included; which  
were hid from, and unknown to the Vulgar. Then  
*Virginia* taking upon her the Discourse, told him  
he had a superiour Wit, and was capable of po-  
lishing the whole World, of banishing all Ob-  
scurities, and to give the last Perfection to Lan-  
guage; which were follow’d by a thousand such like  
Extravagances: for these Ladies had an inexhaustible  
Store of them.

*Dandinardiere*, charm’d and confounded together,  
clapped his armed Hands together, and was for an-  
swering all together; insomuch, that he knew not  
what he said, but had like to have choaked him-  
self, and crow’d like a young Child, or drunken  
Man; getting out sometimes, Your very humble  
Servant, you are too favourable to my small Me-  
rit; Your very humble Servant. It being very  
late, *Madam St. Thomas* thinking it fit to give the  
sick Man some time to repose himself, took her  
leave of him, and bid him good night, and was  
follow’d by the rest of the Company; leaving *Alain*  
in a Corner of the Room, with a mortify’d Coun-  
tenance; which shew’d his Sorrow for his Lord  
and Master’s Fall, whom, out of respect, he durst not  
approach, till he calling kindly, said, ‘Reach me  
‘my Night-Cap, instead of this Turbant, which,  
‘though it becomes me very well, is very trouble-  
‘some: I cannot tell what the *Turks* do to theirs,  
‘for



' for mine is always falling off.' O! Sir, *answer'd* Alain, *with his ordinary Simplicity*, don't wonder at that, for the Devil's their Friend, and can make them stay on faster than if they were held on by Ribbands: Now the Ladies, who are not so great *Turks* as the *Grand-Turk*, are forced to wear great Bunches of Ribbands.' ' A Turbant, you mean, you Fool, *cry'd* Dandinardiere; I cannot bear to hear you speak so improper.' O! if I am improper, *said* Alain, *who did not understand him rightly*, you know it is not my fault; for it rain'd when I box'd in the Yard, and since that, you have tumbled and tossed me about your Chamber; and you know white Walls never do one's Clothes any good. I protest, Sir, my Heart always aches when I see you in a Passion in a dirty Place, which proceeds from my Fear of getting Spots upon my Clothes.' ' I know very well, *said his Master*, that you have a great Consideration for what Goods are mine; and I assure you, I shall take care to make you pull off your Livery, when I beat you again.' ' That's a very bad Promise, *reply'd* Alain, for since you have been here, your Blows are worse than the brushing them: It was not long since I was your faithful Domeftick, and well-beloved, as my good old Grandmother used to say, when she put Cabbage into the Pot; and I think I may use this Comparison, that you are the Pot, and I the Cabbage, which you cultivate and water, to eat me, that is to say, to beat me: You love me no otherwise; Ha! ha! ha! I am a Fool to ——— but I will say no more.' Here he left off, and happy was it for him, since he saved thereby some Strokes that his Master, who began to be chafed by his arguing in this manner, was going to bestow upon him.

By this time, Supper came up, and Dandinardiere, by tormenting himself all day, eat enough to make a Famine; and after that, fell into so sound a Sleep,

Sleep, that he never waked, till Mr. Robert the  
 Chirurgeon knock'd at his Chamber-door the next  
 Morning, with his Fist and Feet." ' Ah! Mon-  
 ' sieur Dandinardiere, cry'd he, as loud as he could bawl,  
 ' they say that you design to go away without  
 ' paying me for the Care I have taken of your  
 ' Head; but I shall watch your Door, you shall  
 ' not give me the slip: it is the true Way to  
 ' be rich indeed, to promise, and never to pay;  
 ' Fair Words butter no Parsnips: I am not to be so  
 ' bubbled; you shall pay me, or I am very much  
 ' mistaken.' Dandinardiere, surprized and intriged at  
 the Insolence of Mr. Robert, listen'd to him, while  
 he pronounced his Proverbs like another *Sancho*  
*Pancha*; and afterwards, awaking his Valet, who  
 was in a sound Sleep, and bidding him softly come to  
 him, said, ' Thou hear'st the Impertinence of this  
 ' rascally Chirurgeon, he would be paid for the  
 ' Care he takes to kill me; could he think me so  
 ' void of Honour and Honesty not to satisfy him?  
 ' He deserves to be well thresh'd; but I am not  
 ' in the humour to give myself so much trouble  
 ' about such a sorry Fellow. Besides, it is thy Bu-  
 ' siness, I would have thee make a quick and sud-  
 ' den salley upon him, throw him down, and  
 ' give him twenty or thirty Blows; I'll back you:  
 ' And this is what he shall get for his Impudence.'  
 ' You'll back me! answer'd Alain: Pray, Sir, what  
 ' is it you will do to back me?' ' I will go softly  
 ' behind thee, reply'd he, and bolt the Door after  
 ' thee; for if thou shouldst chance to be the weak-  
 ' est, he will come in to me: and I scorn, as I told  
 ' you before, to lay my hands on him.' ' Ah! Sir,  
 ' answer'd Alain, I scorn him as much, and I de-  
 ' sire you not to make me fight with a Man so  
 ' much beneath me.' ' How long, added the Cit,  
 ' have you been such a Braggadocio?' ' I don't  
 ' know what that means, said the Valet, but to tell  
 ' you truly, I find my Sides sore, since yester-  
 ' day's Work. Would you have the heart to send  
 ' me

'me against a fresh Man, whom I despise so much?  
 'Believe me, Sir, you had better take the pains  
 'yourself to beat him, since it cannot be done by  
 'any one more proper.' 'I should have learnt  
 'him already how to make such a noise when he  
 'asks Money of such a Gentleman as me, *said*  
 'Dandinardiere, was he not so much below me?  
 'Alas! Sir, *reply'd* Alain, you beat me almost every  
 'day, and I swear he is of a better Family; my  
 'Father was a Farrier, and he is a Surgeon; which  
 'I am sure is the more honourable Profession,  
 'and may make him worthy your Strokes.' 'If  
 'you hand down a thousand Genealogies, *cry'd*  
 'Dandinardiere, you shall not provoke me more;  
 'but I know thee to be a Poltroon, and love to  
 'sleep in a whole Skin.'

While he was loading, in a low Voice, the prudent *Alain* with these injurious Speeches, *Mr. Robert* kept knocking at the Door, which made the enraged *Dandinardiere*, who could not bear the thoughts of exposing himself to any more Dangers, think of an odd way of revenging himself. As there was a Hole at the bottom of the Door, through which the Cat used to pass; *Dandinardiere* got out of Bed, and finding neither Shoes nor Slippers, and fearing to catch cold, drew on his Boots, and taking up the Tongs, went softly to the Door, and catch'd *Mr. Robert* by the Legs, who thinking himself bit by a Serpent, durst not look at his Feet, but made such a terrible Outcry, that, together with *Dandinardiere's* laughing, who fail'd not to ply well the Tongs, the whole Family was alarm'd. The Viscount and Prior, whose Chambers lay next to his, and by whose Management this Scene came to be acted, rose presently, and came to appease this Quarrel. *Mr. Robert* was a *Norman*, and as fond, to be sure, of a Law-suit as a broken Leg or Arm. 'Gentle-  
 'men, *said he*, bear witness, I am lamed for ever.' He could say no more, for just then *Dandinardiere* pinch'd so hard, that he turn'd pale and speechless.

The

The Viscount and Prior could not forbear laughing at this new manner of fighting; but as it was then time to pacify the enraged Spirits of both sides, they desired *Dandinardiere* to make a Truce, let go the Tongs, and open the Door. For Mr. Robert, as soon as he found himself at liberty, he ran away, protesting against so bad a Pay-master, and resolving to sue him all his Life.

The Cit, who never had the pleasure of making his Enemy quit the Field before, grew so proud upon it, that without reflecting on the Irregularity of his Dress, which was only a Shirt and Boots, he strutted about the Room with the Tongs on his shoulder, like another *Hercules* with his Club. 'You are in a very great Passion, *said the Prior*; are not you afraid it should make you worse?' 'I fear nothing, *reply'd he*, not Death itself in its most terrible Shapes.' 'This past Action of yours, *said the Viscount with a serious Face*, shews your Intrepidity; but for all that, I think you ought to pay this poor Fellow, who has nothing to live on but his Business.' 'He is a Rogue, *cry'd Dandinardiere*, who ought to pay me for the Mischief he has done? I should have been well without him; the Villain would have cut my Skin like a piece of Paper.' 'A little Generosity, *said the Prior*, will make things easy; he is ignorant as well as a great many others, but that is not his fault perhaps: but I would advise you as a Friend, not to be so obstinate as to refuse him some Pistoles.' 'Now you are upon your banter, *Monsieur le Prior*, *said Dandinardiere*, I came not directly from *Paris* to be made a Fool of in the Country: this is not the first difference I have had in my life, and I have always come off with flying Colours.' 'Indeed I believe it, *said Alain, braving it also*, my Master's a dreadful Man; and I as his Servant partake somewhat of his Nature.' 'Honest Friend *Alain*, *said the Viscount*, don't be so imprudent; for what will be the consequence of a Process where-

in



‘in your Name shall be put down?’ ‘Why, said he, I saw nothing; it was all done through the Hole of the Door; nay, I did not so much as reach my Master the Tongs: Well, let him bring his Process, and see if I cannot defend it; I have an Uncle a Lawyer, and may get Law as cheap as he.’ ‘Courage, my Boy, said the Viscount laughing, here’s the Alexander and Bartholus of our time united against Mr. Robert: for my part I am a lover of Peace; I’ll go and dress myself to fetch the Olive-Branch.’ ‘And I, said the Cit, will get to bed again, for this Knave has disturbed me too soon.’ And then they all parted.

Never was Joy greater than Dandinardiere’s, to think of the Exploit he had perform’d; he talk’d a long time to his Man about it, telling him, that when he ever undertook to chastise any one, he did it to some purpose. Upon which, Alain, who had never before seen him do any thing more than himself, began to look upon him with more Respect. ‘I must own, Sir, said he, you have made amends for the Dread you have always had of Villeville, and I doubt not but you will now fight him.’ ‘O, that’s an old Quarrel, said Dandinardiere, that you do well to remind me of; I am persuaded that Spark has thought better on it, than to be so void of Sense as to measure Swords with me.’ ‘But at a venture, Sir, said Alain, would you if he would?’ ‘I know not, said Dandinardiere, shaking his Head two or three times, it is not that I want Courage, for I have enough of that: but when I think of the Adventure that befel me by the Sea-side, and of that Demon so like a Man, as never were two Drops of Water more like one another, and who brought me that villainous Challenge, which has made me fret ever since; I must sincerely confess, Alain, that I had rather you should fight him than myself.’ ‘But I am not such a Fool, reply’d Alain: What! you would deliver me into the Lion’s Mouth that  
‘ this

‘ this Devil, if he is one, should carry me ready  
 ‘ drest, and in my Shoes and Stockings, into the  
 ‘ other World. Indeed, Sir, though I have not so  
 ‘ much Money as yourself, my Life’s as sweet to  
 ‘ me as yours ; for it is not Money altogether that  
 ‘ can make us happy ; we must have Health, or  
 ‘ one had as good be dead : Now if I fight with  
 ‘ this Magician, and he should put out my Eyes,  
 ‘ cut my Wind-pipe, or run me through the Heart,  
 ‘ do you believe in your conscience that I should  
 ‘ be very well after it ? ’ ‘ How do you know,  
 ‘ Coward, *reply’d Dandinardiere in a Passion*, that  
 ‘ *Villeville* would serve you so ? ’ ‘ O, it is very easy  
 ‘ to be believ’d, *said Alain*, for Devils have more  
 ‘ Power than Fairies ; and if you remember the  
 ‘ Story that was told yesterday, they could make  
 ‘ Apples sing like Nightingales, Birds to talk as well  
 ‘ as Doctors, and Water to dance as well as the  
 ‘ best Masters. After all this, have not I reason to  
 ‘ be afraid ? ’ ‘ You are a strange Fellow, *said his*  
 ‘ *Master*, to torment yourself and me as you do ;  
 ‘ for there’s now no talk of *Villeville* : therefore let  
 ‘ me taste the pleasure of my Victory, and go to  
 ‘ sleep, thou Disturber of my Repose.’ *Alain* drew  
 the Curtains, wish’d his Master a good Nap, and  
 afterwards went to the Window which look’d into  
 the great Road, where he pass’d away an Hour in  
 killing the Flies, he being their declared Enemy ;  
 when *Villeville* passing by, and looking up acciden-  
 tally, saw him ; and knowing that his very Name  
 struck a terrour both into *Dandinardiere* and his  
 Man, and thinking this Adventure might be plea-  
 sant enough, held up a Pistol to him, as if he would  
 kill him. ‘ Ah ! cry’d *Alain holding up his Hands*, be  
 ‘ pleased not to mistake me ; remember the Strokes  
 ‘ you gave me some time since, which I swear I  
 ‘ have never bore you any Malice for.’ *Villeville*  
 returning no answer, but remaining in the same  
 posture, and *Alain’s* Fears increasing the more, he  
 said, ‘ I see you have a mind to kill some-body,

‘stay a moment, I would rather it should be my Master than myself; I’ll go and awake him, tho’ I know he will be very sorry.’ Hereupon he ran, and pull’d *Dandinardiere* by the Arm; ‘Sir, said he, be pleased to rise, here’s one at the Window that wants to see you.’ At which he getting up, and putting on his Night-Gown and Boots, went to the Window; but O Heavens! what a sight was there, *Villeville* with a Pistol in his hand! He never staid, like his Man, to make a fine Compliment, but ran directly under the Bed, which nothing but his Fear could have made him succeed in, for the Bed was very low; but a Pistol ready cock’d was a terrible thing. He had not lain there long, but he found it very heavy, and thought nothing could be more dangerous than the Condition he was in, and therefore at all hazards resolved to get back again; but all his Endeavours were in vain, the Bed was so low, that he was crush’d under it: he cry’d out, ‘*Alain*, help me, or I shall die.’ But that faithful Servant never heard him, having hid himself behind a Cupboard, which he used to lie in; and having raised it up, held it with both his hands, as the only thing in the World to secure him.

*Villeville* seeing neither Master nor Man appear, fired twice, which put *Dandinardiere* into such a Fright, that he could not speak a long time afterwards. *Alain* threw down the Cupboard, which he had taken so much pains to hold up, and falling with his Head foremost, but not very hard, because it was upon the Bed, tumbled to the other end of the Room. Messieurs *de St. Thomas*, *Berginville*, and the Prior were in the Hall, which was under *Dandinardiere*’s Room, consulting about him; and it would be hard if the great noise that was made should have escaped their Ears. They thought it was either Thunder, or that Mr. *Robert* return’d, to take revenge for being so rudely pinch’d; and made haste to be Spectators of some new Scene.

When

When they enter'd the Room, they found *Alain* stretch'd out at length upon the ground, and going to his Master's Bed, heard a plaintive Sound, but could not imagine from whence it came. They ask'd *Alain* several times where he was, but he putting his Finger to his Mouth, to denote Silence, pointed to the Window, which they looked out at, not knowing whether he was so great a Fool as to break his Neck. In short, they could not understand *Alain* by his mysterious Signs: still the same melancholy Accents continued, and our Hero suffer'd all the time; when the Baron looking under the Bed, to his no small Amazement, saw his Legs. *Alain* taking heart at their Presence, came to help them, and catching hold of one of the Boots, into which his Master's Leg was not so hard wedged, as his Body was under the Bed, and pulling with all his strength, it slid off, and he fell backward on his Breech. 'Very well, very well,' said he in a pleasant manner, tho' unheard by the Gentlemen, who were too busy with his Master, the Fairies have endow'd me with a Fit of tumbling to-day; but to remedy it, I will rise no more.' First, they pull'd by one Leg, and sometimes by both, to get him out of this Trap; but as all this time his Shoulders and Back had but a bad time on't, they bethought themselves of throwing off the Bed and Bed-clothes, to give the more liberty, and by that means got him out, with his Face and Nose scratch'd, and as red as Scarlet, and laid him upon the Bed, ordering his Valet to go for some Wine, and Hungary-Water, to rub his Temples. 'I desire you, Sir, said *Alain* to the Viscount, to take the pains to go yourself; for, to hide nothing from you, that terrible Monster, *Villeville*, is somewhere about the House, and I dread the sight of him more than Thunder.' 'Hold your tongue, you foolish Babbler, cry'd *Dandinardiere*; who told you that *Villeville* came and fired two Pistols at my Window, and frighten'd me.' 'I never said a word



‘ of it, *answer’d Alain*; but now you have discover’d  
 ‘ all.’ ‘ Don’t believe him, *said our Cit*, I should  
 ‘ not be afraid of *Hercules*, and much less of him;  
 ‘ but my Rascall of a Valet has sometimes such  
 ‘ strong Visions, that he believes them to be true.  
 ‘ But to let you know how I came to be where  
 ‘ you found me, I dreamt that I, getting out of  
 ‘ bed to fight, and having put my Enemy to flight,  
 ‘ he run under it, and in the height of my Rage,  
 ‘ and heat of Passion, I pursued him; but when I  
 ‘ was there, I awaked, vexed at myself, but not  
 ‘ much surprized, being used to such like Fancies  
 ‘ in my Sleep: for the Court has known for these  
 ‘ many Years, that I have gone often a swimming  
 ‘ in my Sleep.’

While he was talking after this manner, *Alain* made signs to the contrary; but *Monsieur de St. Thomas*, who strove to oblige him, reply’d, that what he said was all true; because he knew *Villeville* to be somewhat disorder’d in his Brain: for that if he was well, he would not be so much an Enemy to himself, to seek to lose his Life with a Man more dangerous than either *Mars* or *Hercules*. The Viscount and Prior said something to the same purpose, which made *Dandinardiere*, thinking that they believed him, resume his former Good-humour, and dispose himself to advance some more Lyes; but those Gentlemen thought fit to leave him, to drink his *Spanish Wine*, and use his *Hungary-Water*.

When they were at liberty to talk among themselves, the Baron *St. Thomas*, addressing himself to the Viscount, said, ‘ I think you almost as mad as  
 ‘ the Cit himself, to propose him for my Son-in-law.’  
 ‘ You may say what you please, *answer’d he*, but I  
 ‘ maintain my Vision is not ridiculous; and if there’s  
 ‘ any thing embarrassing, it is not the Opportunities,  
 ‘ for we all know there are enough, but how to  
 ‘ make this covetous Wretch marry a Lady of Qua-  
 ‘ lity for her fine Eyes.’ ‘ Did you observe ye-  
 ‘ sterday, *interrupted the Prior*, his Pretensions to a  
 ‘ For-

‘Fortune? If we are not very sly and cunning, this Match will be knock’d on the head.’ ‘It is no great matter, *said the Baron, smiling*, I shall not be very sorry.’ ‘I can assure you, *continued the Viscount*, he is very rich, and with his bragging Impertinencies, which all tend to the Preservation of himself, he is not to be bit out of his Money: it was I that set Mr. Robert upon him.’ ‘I know your Views therein, *answer’d Monsieur St. Thomas*, but I must leave the Management of this Affair to you.’ Some Persons coming in upon them, broke off this Conversation; and the Prior being inform’d that *Dandinardiere* could not sleep, went to bear him company.

When he came to his Chamber-door, he stopt, because he heard him talking with *Alain*. ‘What, *said he*, do you think I can forgive such an Affront?’ ‘How should I know it would disoblige you? *reply’d Alain*: I spoke nothing but the naked Truth of what I saw; any one, as well as I, would have said the same: I saw you under the Bed, and know you had good reason to be there.’ ‘You knew! *reply’d his Master*, who could tell you?’ ‘My own Heart, *said Alain*, which is Flesh and Bone as well as yours, which was ready to die away for fear; for had it not been for the Cupboard, which I crept behind, certainly I had not been alive this moment.’ ‘I think you very bold, *cry’d Dandinardiere*, to judge of my Sentiments by your own; Heroes never measure by the Bushel of such a Rascal as thou art: if I did run under the Bed, it was because I would not receive the Shot of a Traitor, who durst not attack me, but at a distance.’ ‘You have forgot then, *reply’d Alain*, that you run under the Bed a quarter of an hour before *Villeville* fired that terrible Pistol or Cannon; for I know not which it was.’ ‘Hold thy tongue, Hangtrace, *reply’d he*; I ever made some small account of thy Courage hitherto, but now I know thee, and wait with impatience till I go home,

‘home, to dismiss thee.’ ‘Alas! Sir, *said he, very sorrowful*, what have I done to deserve it? I am fearful as well as you, is it a Crime? Ought I to be more brave than my Master? Had you hired me to fight, I would not have promised without performing, and you should have had no reason to complain; but there was not a word about it.’ *Dandinardiere* was glad at heart to see his Man so concern’d, and pleased to think he loved him, said, ‘Down on your knees, and ask pardon, I begin to relent.’ Accordingly *Alain* did so. ‘Well, *said he*, I forgive you, and will do more for you, I will give you a good Heart.’ Then blowing into his Ears, said, ‘There’s a Provision of Courage; you may depend upon it, it will make you fight.’ ‘Without being beat?’ cry’d *Alain*. ‘Yes, I’ll warrant it,’ *said the Master*. ‘Then, Sir, *said he*, I thank you; but if you would please to blow me a hundred Crowns, I should be more at ease: for indeed I would have no Contention with any one, and a little Money will make me more courageous.’

The Prior finding that this Conversation would not soon have an end, after having laughed heartily to himself, went into the Room. ‘I believed you might be asleep, *said he*, for I thought you went to bed again with that intention.’ ‘That’s true,’ *reply’d Dandinardiere*, I had, but Love is a cruel Disturber in a Morning; whenever I closed my Eyelids, my Thoughts represented *Virginia* and *Marionida* more charming than *Aurora*. ‘Indeed, I believe your Passion is not over-violent,’ *said the Prior*; for if I have not forgot, you prefer’d Riches to Beauty and Merit; and that Declaration has cast a Veil over your good Qualities, as the Body of the Moon shades the Sun in an Eclipse.’ ‘I am mightily pleased with this Comparison,’ *reply’d the Cit*; but do you think I make the World acquainted with the Secrets of my Amours? ‘No, Sir, they must be a little mysterious.’ ‘If you speak

‘speak sincerely, *said the Prior*, I offer you my Assistance in your Designs; *Virginia* has Merit.’ ‘But what Fortune has she?’ *said Dandinardiere*. ‘What they please to give her,’ *answer’d the Prior*. ‘But don’t you know how much that is?’ *reply’d he*. ‘Something considerable, *said the Prior*; an Income better than any Estate in this Country.’ ‘You mean, *said Dandinardiere*, some Houses in *Paris*.’ ‘No, *said the Prior*, something better, pleasant Stories, and nobody knows what they may turn to.’ The Cit seem’d no ways to relish this: ‘Ha, ha!’ *said he, after some time thinking*, one ought to have something besides, to enter into a Contract of Marriage; for if she brings nothing else, it will be but a small Support for a Family.’ ‘O! cry’d *the Prior*, Wit is very valuable.’ ‘I am not so ignorant, *reply’d the other*, as to despise Wit, I would only have a reasonable Competency with it; for I protest, as to the Tales or Stories you boast so much of, I can make some myself, and make Money of them too.’ ‘I should be very glad to see some of them, *said the Prior*; you believe, without doubt, that it is nothing but uttering some Hyperboles together, and then the Work’s done: but I declare there’s more Contrivance and Art in them, tho I see several every day that have nothing agreeable in them.’ ‘That’s as much as to say, *reply’d Dandinardiere*, that mine will be of that Class: Upon my word, Sir, you are very obliging, but I will make one, or see why not; then you will change your Tone.’ ‘I shall never refuse my Commendations, *said the Prior obligingly, to appease him*; you shall begin to-day. ‘I intend so to do, *said the other*; do you think I have been at so much pains and cost to have my Study of Books brought here, not to use them?’ ‘It will be your own fault, *added the Prior*, if I don’t assist you as I did before.’ This Proposition sweeten’d him again, he pulled the Prior by the Sleeve, and whispering him, for fear *Alain* should hear, *said to*

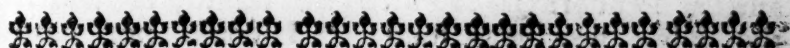


176 *The Tales of the FAIRIES.*

him, 'The pains they require almost dismays me, and my Genius tends not much to Writings of this kind; therefore shall I be so happy as to have the honour of another Story from you, that I may let *Virginia* know I have as good a Talent this way as she herself.' 'That's as much as to say, *reply'd the Prior*, you would give her a *Rowland* for her *Oliver*, and have as much Pretension to the Empire of the *Belles Lettres*.' 'My Ambition's no less, *answer'd Dandinardiere*, therefore be my Friend this time, I conjure you.'

The Prior having promised him what he desired, took his leave of him, and going into the Hall, found there two Ladies of his Acquaintance, who coming to pay *Madam St. Thomas* a Visit, their Coach broke down with them, and obliged them to walk a great way on foot, broiling in the Sun. These Ladies call'd Cousins, tho they were not at all related: the one was a Widow, and a great Coquet; and the other had lately married an old Gentleman, who had amassed together great Riches, and who might brag he had married a Woman that knew how to spend as fast. The older of the two, who was *Madam Rouet*, was the Widow of a very honest Gentleman; but she was a Woman that loved Play and Junketings, was very expensive in Clothes, and painted extravagantly: all which consumed a great part of his Estate. That day the Sun had melted it half off, and she was looking in the Glass to lay on White where it wanted, and rub off the Red that had run down, when the Prior came in, which vexed her not a little, for he was the first who made his Appearance. *Monsieur St. Thomas* being abroad among his Workmen, and *Madam* adjusting herself, when *Madam de Lure*, who was the new-married Lady, seeing her so busy, to give her the more liberty to form her Complexion, took the Prior on one side, telling him, that while her Cousin was setting her Head-dress, she would show him a Story, with which he would  
certainly

certainly be in love. To which he reply'd, that if it was long, they should not be able to make an end of it before dinner. 'O! said she, I intend only to read the Name of it to you, and I am sure you will be desirous to hear it: it is the Story of the Princess *Carpillona*: What say you to it?' 'I am so much a Stranger, reply'd he, to these sort of Works, that I cannot judge of them by their Titles.' Upon which, she banter'd him, till casting her Eyes upon her Cousin *Rouet*, and seeing she had done, she took no farther notice of the Story. By this time, the Baron was inform'd of their Arrival; who came presently to them, accompanied by the Viscount *Berginville*: and not knowing how to divert them till dinner-time, after having saluted them, and been inform'd by them of the Accident that befell them, he propos'd walking in a little Wood, where there were some pretty Fishponds, shaded by the Trees, under which were rais'd pleasant Banks, enamell'd with Flowers and Camomile; which was cooler, and more refreshing than the Hall. As soon as they were sat down, the Prior knowing Dinner would be somewhat late, to amuse them till then, begg'd the Favour of Madam *de Lure*, to regale the Company with her Story: which she pulling out of her Pocket, desired him to read.



### The Story of the Princess *Carpillona*.

THERE lived some Ages ago, an old King, who, to make amends for a long Widowhood, marry'd a young beautiful Princess, with whom he was very much in love. By his first Wife he had one Son, who was both crooked and squint-ey'd, and who was very much displeased at  
 L. 5. his

his Father's marrying a second time. 'My being  
' my Father's only Son, *said he*, makes me both  
' loved and feared; but if the young Queen has  
' Children, my Father, who can dispose of his  
' Crown as he pleases, will not consider that I  
' am his eldest Son, but will disinherit me for  
' them.' He was not only ambitious and malicious,  
but a great Dissembler; insomuch, that he shewed  
not the least Uneasiness, but went privately to  
consult a Fairy, who passed then for one of the  
most able. The Fairy told him he was come too late,  
that the Queen was with Child of a Son, to which  
she would do no harm; but if he died, or any ill  
Accident befell him, she promised the Queen  
should have no more: Which comforted the Prince  
a little, who, conjuring the Fairy not to forget  
him, return'd home, resolving with himself, to make  
away with his little Brother.

At nine Months end, the Queen was delivered  
of a lovely Boy, in whom there was something  
very remarkable, he having an Arrow imprinted on  
his Arm. The Queen was so fond of her Child,  
that she would nurse it herself, which was no way  
pleasing to the crooked Prince, the Mother's Care  
being always beyond any Nurse's, and it being  
not so easy for him to accomplish his Designs. Ne-  
vertheless, he resolv'd to make an Attempt. He  
shew'd a great Value and Respect for the Queen,  
and a Tenderness towards the Infant, of which  
the King was very fond: 'I could not have  
' thought, *said he*, my Son so good-natur'd; he shall  
' lose nothing by it: for if he continues to be so,  
' I'll leave half my Kingdom to him.' These Pro-  
mises were not enough for the Prince, he was re-  
solv'd to have all or none; and to that end, one  
Night presented some Comfits made up with Opium,  
to the Queen, who soon after fell into a sound  
Sleep; and then the Prince, who had hid himself  
behind the Hangings, took the Child away softly,  
and put in its stead, a Cat wrapt up in Swaddling-  
Clothes.

*The Story of Prince's Carpillona.* 179

Clothes. The Cat cry'd, and waken'd the Queen; who being drowsy, and thinking it her little Poppet, gave it her Breast; which the Cat bit: whereupon looking, and seeing the Cat's Head, she shriek'd out. Her Grief was so lively, that she thought she should have died away that moment. The Noise and Skreamings of the Women alarm'd the whole Court. The King put on his Nightgown, and ran into her Apartment; where the first thing he beheld, was the Cat in the Swaddling-Clothes, thrown on the ground, and mewling. The King was very much surprized, and asked what that meant; they told him, the young Prince was not to be found, and that the Queen was hurt. Thereupon, he went immediatly into her Chamber; where he found her in Affliction, not to be expressed: the which, that he might not augment by his own Sorrow, he constrain'd himself, to comfort that poor Princess.

In the mean time, the crook'd-back Prince had given his little Brother to one of his Creatures, bidding him carry him to some distant Forest, and expose him naked to the wild Beasts, that he might be heard no more of, promising to reward him well, and then return'd to his own Apartment; from whence he ran into the Queen's, rubbing his Eyes, as if he was asleep: where, when he was inform'd of what had happen'd, he stamp'd and roar'd like a mad Man; and, out of his natural Fierceness, twist'd the Cat's Head off; and in this manner, disguised the Crime he was so deeply guilty of, shedding many Tears. The King and Queen, who thought too well of him, sent him to all the Fairies, to learn what was become of their Child; and he, to put a stop to any further Enquiries, return'd with several different and intricate Answers; which all seem'd to assure them, that the Child was not dead, but was, for some Reasons not to be known, only taken away for a time, and that all their searching any more after him,



him would be to no purpose. This he thought would make them easy, and indeed it had its effect; for the King and Queen both flattered themselves with the Hopes of seeing their Son again. Notwithstanding, the Queen's Breast gangreen'd, and she died: Upon which, the King became so afflicted and sorrowful, that he saw no Light for a Twelve-month, living only in expectation of hearing some news of his lost Child.

The Man whom the Prince delivered him to, travelled all night with him, without making the least halt; and in the morning, when he open'd the Basket, in which he carried him, this pretty Infant smiled, as he was used to do at his Mother. 'O! poor Prince, *said the Man*, how unhappy is thy Fate, to serve, alas! for Food to some hungry Lion? Why did the Prince, thy Brother, make choice of me, to be assisting to thy Destruction?' Then he shut the Basket again, that he might not behold an Object so worthy his Pity; but upon the Child's crying, who had not had the Breast all night, to quiet it, he gathered some Figs, and put into its Mouth, and so carried it all that day: and the Night following, arriv'd at a vast Forest, which he would not enter then, for fear of being devour'd himself, but stay'd till the Morning; when advancing in the Forest, which was so large, he could see no end, he perceiv'd a place where the Trees stood very thick, and a Rock in the midst of them, that branched out into several Points. 'This Place, *said he*, must certainly be a Retreat to the wild Beasts; here I must leave the Child, since it is not in my power to save it.' Then approaching towards the Rock, he saw a large Eagle flying about, as if she had young ones; and looking farther, found her Nest in the bottom of a kind of Grotto: thereupon, undressing the Child, he laid it in the midst of three young Eagles in the Nest, which was well shelter'd from the Weather, and difficult and hazar-

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## *The Story of Princess Carpillona.* 181

dous to get to, by reason of the Briars it was surrounded by, and its being so nigh a Precipice. Then leaving this young Prince, and seeing the Eagle fly to her Nest, he, sighing, said, 'Alas! poor Infant, thy Fate is accomplish'd, thou servest that Bird of Prey to feed her Young with.' And afterwards return'd to his Master, and assured him his Brother was no more. For which News, the barbarous Prince embraced his faithful Agent, and presented him with a fine Diamond Ring, assuring him, he should be Captain of his Guards, when he was King.

But to return to the Eagle: When she came to her Nest, she was somewhat surprized to find this new Guest there; however, she exercised the Rights of Hospitality, more than some People would do: she put him next her Nestling, cover'd him with her Wings, took care of him, and whatever engaged her in his favour, went and provided the most nourishing Fruits, which she squeez'd with her Bill into his Mouth: and, in short, made him an excellent Nurse. When the young Eagles were fledg'd, they left their Nest solely to the Prince, who nevertheless was not abandon'd by the old one, which fed him still with the choicest Fruits; and, by some fore-sight, fearing, lest he getting out, should fall down the Precipice, remov'd him to another Place, which was upon an high Rock, where he was most secure. Love, who is always painted most beautiful, was not more perfect than this young Prince; the Heats of the Sun could not prejudice his Complexion, which exceeded the Lillies and Roses; his Features were more regular than the best Painters could imagine, his Hair reach'd down to his Shoulders, his Mein was Majestick: in short, nothing could be more noble. But the Eagle having young-ones again, she made such havock among all the neighbouring Flocks, that the Shepherds, losing every now and then a Lamb, resolv'd to discover her Nest: And to that end,

end, agreed to watch her; which they did for a long time: when one day, they observed, she lit upon this Rock, which the most hardy of them resolv'd to climb; though the Attempt was very dangerous, yet it answer'd their Expectation. They discovered the Nest, and found in it, two young Eagles, and this young Prince; who was about four Years old. Their Amazement at the sight of him is inexpressible; and they could not tell what to imagine at such an extraordinary thing. However, they tore the Nest in pieces, and carried away the young Prince and the two Eagles. The Eagle hearing their Cries, came furiously towards them, and had made these Ravishers feel the Effects of her Resentment, had not one of the Shepherds kill'd her with an Arrow he let fly at her. The young Prince seeing his Nurse fall, cry'd and wept bitterly: And the Shepherds, overjoy'd with what they had done, return'd to their Hamlet; where they were to perform, the next day, a cruel Ceremony: the Cause of which, was as follows.

This Country had served a long time for a Retreat of the *Ogri* (who were a larger sort of Men, and great Eaters of human Flesh) and not liking such dangerous Neighbours, had endeavour'd, but with ill Success, to drive them away. The *Ogri*, enraged at the Hatred they bore them, redoubled their Cruelties, and devour'd all that came to their hands. When one day as the Shepherds were assembled together, to deliberate on what they should do; there appear'd in the midst of them a Man of a prodigious size, the lower part of whose Body was like a Goat, cover'd with a blue Shag; on his Shoulder he carried a great Club, and on his Left-Arm a Buckler. 'Shepherds, *said he*, I am the blue Centaur; if you will give me every three years a Child, I promise to bring an hundred of my Brothers, and drive the *Ogri* away.' The Shepherds made some difficulty to engage themselves in

ſo cruel an Agreement; till the elder of them ſaid, 'What, my Friends, is it not better for us to give one to preſerve ſo many, ſince the *Ogri* neither ſpare Men, Women, nor Children; therefore let us not reſuſe the Centaur's Offer.' They all by this Argument conſented, and ſwore the Centaur ſhould have a Child every third Year. After that he went away, and return'd, as he promiſed, with his Brothers, who were all as monſtrous as himſelf. The *Ogri* were no leſs brave than cruel; they fought ſeveral Battles with great Obſtinacy, wherein the Centaurs were always victorious, who forced them at laſt to fly. The blue Centaur demanded his Recompence, which every one allow'd to be juſt; but when they came to deliver up the promiſed Infant, there was no Family could think of parting with one of theirs, and the Mothers hid all their Children. The Centaur, who could not bear to be jeſted with, after having waited twice four and twenty hours, told the Shepherds, that he expected as many Children as they made him wait Days; inſomuch, that their Delays coſt them ſix Boys, and as many Girls: but ſince that time they have regulated this Affair, and every third Year make a ſolemn Feſtival, to deliver their promiſed Infant to the Centaur.

It happen'd that the day whereon the Prince was found, was the day before this Tribute was to be paid; and tho there was a Child provided, it muſt eaſily be thought that the Shepherds would deliver this Prince in its ſtead. The Mother of the other, freed by this means from all the Horrors ſhe muſt neceſſarily lie under in apprehenſions of the death of her Child, was tranſported with Joy. And as ſhe was obliged to dreſs him, ſhe comb'd his fine Locks, put him on a Garland of white and red Roſes, wrapt him up in a fine white Cloth, which ſhe girt about him with Flowers. Thus adjusted, he walked at the head of a great many Children that were to attend him; but I may ſay, it was  
with



with an Air of so much Grandeur and State, as seem'd, as if all the Shepherds made this Procession only to divert him, so little was his Dread; which drew Tears from many, who said, it was pity that beautiful Child should go to be devour'd, and wish'd it was in their power to save him: but that was impossible. The Centaur was used to appear on the top of a Rock, with his Club in one hand, and his Buckler in the other, and with a terrible voice to cry out to the Shepherds, 'Leave me my Prey, and retire.' This time, as soon as he perceiv'd the Child, he roar'd out in a dreadful voice, 'This will be the best Meal I have ever made in my Life; this Boy will be a delicious Morsel.' Which made the Shepherds and Shepherdesses weep, and say, 'How unhappy is this Child to have escaped (which was a Prodigy) the Eagle's Talons, to be Food for this cruel Monster!' And among the rest an old Shepherd, taking him in his Arms, kiss'd him often, and said, 'Tho I know thee not, dear Babe, I am sensible I have seen too much of thee for my repose. Why must I be assisting at thy Funeral? And why was Fortune so cruel to preserve thee for this horrible End?' While he was moistening this Prince's rosy Cheeks with his Tears, this innocent Babe put his Hands into his grey Hairs, and smiling upon him, inspir'd him with more pity, that he seem'd loth to advance. Whereupon the hungry Giant cry'd out, 'Make haste; if you make me come down, I shall devour an hundred of you.' And indeed was so impatient, that he rose up, and made a flourish with his Club; when, all on a sudden, there appear'd in the Air a great Globe of Fire, incircled with a blue Cloud. Every body was attentive to such an extraordinary sight; the Globe and Cloud approach'd them by degrees, and when nigh the Earth open'd, and there came out a Chariot of Diamonds, drawn by six Swans, in which sat a beautiful Lady dress'd like an *Amazon*, with an Helmet on her Head of

pure

## The Story of Princess Carpillona. 185

pure Gold, on which was a Plume of white Feathers; and her Visor, which was raised up, discover'd Eyes as bright as the Sun; her Body was arm'd with a rich Cuirass, and in her Hand she held a Spear of Fire. 'What, *Shepherds*, said *she*, 'are you so inhuman to give this lovely Babe to that cruel Centaur? It is now time to free you from your Promise; Justice and Reason both oppose such barbarous Customs: fear not the return of the *Ogri*; I will secure you; I am the Fairy *Amazona*, and from this moment will take you under my Protection.' 'Ah! Madam, cry'd the *Shepherds* and *Shepherdesses*, holding up their Hands, this is the greatest Happiness that can befall us.' And were saying a great deal more, when the furious Centaur defy'd her to the Combat, in which he was burnt to death by the fire of her Spear, and fell with as much noise as if a Mountain had been overturn'd; that the *Shepherds* frighten'd therewith, hid themselves in Caves that were under the Rocks, from whence they could see all that pass.

It was thither the wise Shepherd fled with the little Prince in his Arms, as much concern'd for the Child as himself and Family. After the death of the Centaur, the Fairy *Amazona* took a Trumpet, and sounded so melodiously with it, that the sick Persons who heard it, recover'd their former Health; and those who were well, conceived a secret Joy which they could not express. At last, when all the *Shepherds* and *Shepherdesses* were assembled together at the sound of the harmonious Trumpet, the Fairy *Amazona* advanced towards them in her Diamond Chariot, rolling within three yards of the ground, on a Cloud as clear as Chrystal. The old Shepherd, whose Name was *Sublimus*, appear'd with the little Prince clinging about his Neck: 'Come forwards, *Sublimus*, said the Fairy, fear nothing; Peace shall reign here for the future, and you shall enjoy the Repose you have sought so much after; but give me that Child whose Adventures  
' are

186 *The Tales of the FAIRIES.*

‘are so extraordinary.’ The old Man, after making a low bow, held out his Arms, and put the Prince in hers; who, when she had him, caress’d and embraced him a thousand times, setting him on her Knees, and talking to him: who, tho he understood no Language, yet by Accents and Sighs he could express Joy and Grief; for he had never heard any Person speak before. He was so dazzled with the Fairy’s bright Arms, that getting upon his Knees to examine it from the Head-piece downwards, and to touch it; the Fairy smiled and said, tho he could not understand her, ‘When, my Boy, you are fit to wear such Armour, you shall not want.’ And then returning him back to the Shepherd, after having kiss’d him tenderly, ‘Wife old Man, *said she*, you are no Stranger to me, vouchsafe to take care of this Child; learn him to despise the Grandeur of the World, and be above the Strokes of adverse Fortune, tho he may be born to a splendid one: but I hold it better to be wise than powerful. The Happiness of Men ought not to consist in outward Greatness, but in Wisdom, and the greatest is to know ourselves, to limit our Desires, to be as well contented with a moderate Competency, as with the greatest Riches; to search after the Est em of People of Merit, to despise none, and be always ready to quit this miserable Life without regret. But what am I thinking of, venerable Shepherd? I am telling you things which you know as well as myself; but then I mention them not so much for yourself, as for the other Shepherds. Farewell, Shepherds, call me when you want me; this same Spear, and this same Hand, which put an end to the Life of the blue Centaur, shall always be ready to protect you.’

*Sublimus*, and those who were with him, were so confounded, and at the same time overjoy’d, that they could return no answer to the obliging Words of the Fairy; but prostrated themselves before her, while

## *The Story of Princess Carpillona.* 187

while the Globe of Fire, rising by degrees, ascended to the middle Region of the Air, and was seen no more. The fearful Shepherds at first durst not approach the Centaur, tho dead; till reflecting better on it, they at last resolved to raise a funeral Pile to reduce him to Ashes, lest his Brothers might be inform'd of what had happen'd, and should come to revenge his death.

*Sublimus* carried the little Prince to his Hut; his Wife being sick, his two Daughters had not been able to leave her to attend the Ceremony. 'Here, 'Shepherdes, *said he*, here's a Child beloved by 'the Gods, and protected by the Fairy *Amazona*; 'we must look upon him, for the time to come, as 'our own, and give him an Education that may 'make him happy.' The Wife was pleased with the Present, and taking the Prince upon the Bed, said, 'I will bring him up, and cherish him in his 'Infancy, but must leave the part of his Education 'to yourself.' The Shepherd told her that was all he desired, and so left him with her. The two Daughters ran presently to see their new Brother, were charm'd with his incomparable Beauty, and the Graces that adorn'd his little Body; and from that moment began to learn him to talk. Never was Wit more extensive and lively; he comprehended every thing with an Ease that amazed all the Shepherds, and in a short time was fit to take Lessons of the old Shepherd himself, who was capable of giving him whatever was excellent. He had been King of a flourishing Nation, but by the Intrigues of his Ministers with an Usurper, his Neighbour and Enemy, had been surprized with all his Family, and made a Prisoner in a strong Fortrefs, there to end his days in Misery.

So sudden and unexpected a Change was not able to shock the Virtue of the King and Queen in the least; they bore all the Outrages of the Tyrant with an unparallell'd Constancy and Firmness of Mind. The Queen, who was big with Child when these



these Misfortunes came upon them, was brought to bed of a Daughter, which she was obliged to nurse herself, as well as take care of her two others, who partook as much of their Troubles as their Age would admit. The King after three Years Confinement, gain'd one of his Guards, who promised to bring him a Boat under the Window of the Room he was imprison'd in, to cross the Lake, which this Fortress stood in the midst of; and provided him Files to cut the Iron-Bars with, and Cords to let themselves down by. They made choice of a dark Night, and did all without any noise; and by the assistance of this Soldier, slid down by the Rope. The King went first, then the two Children, after them the Queen, and after her the little Babe in a Basket: but alas! the Knot whereby it was fasten'd slipping, they heard her fall in the Lake: the Queen, had she not swoon'd, would certainly have alarm'd the Garison with her Cries and Complaints. The King, grieved at this Accident, and sought for her as much as the darkness of the Night would let him, and found the Basket, but none of the Princess; so that giving her up for lost, he row'd away as fast as he was able, with the rest of his Family: and when they came to the other side, found Horses, which were provided by the same Soldier, and laid ready for them to go where they pleased.

During their Confinement, the King and Queen had time to moralize and reflect, that the greatest Blessings this Life affords were but small, when justly weigh'd; which, together with the new Misfortune of losing their little Daughter, made them resolve not to retire to any neighbouring Prince or Ally, to whom they might be chargeable, but to settle in some fertile and pleasant Plain; there to change the Scepter for a Shepherd's Crook, and buy a Flock of Sheep. And having pitch'd on this Country, they built a pretty Cottage, which was shelter'd from the Weather by the Mountains that  
were

## *The Story of Princess Carpillona.* 189

were behind it, and render'd pleasant by a pretty Brook that ran before it. Here they enjoy'd more Tranquillity than upon their Throne. There were none that envy'd their Poverty; they feared no Traitors nor Flatterers, and pass'd their Days free from Trouble. The King would often say, 'Ah! how happy might Men be, could they cure themselves of Ambition? I have been a King, but now prefer my Cottage before the Palace, wherein I once reign'd.' Under this great Philosopher this young Prince, ignorant of his Master's Rank, received his Education, while the Master was not better informed of his Pupil's; but his Dispositions were so noble, that he could not believe him of mean Birth. He observ'd with pleasure, that he always put himself at the head of his Companions, and, with an Air of Superiority, drew Respect from them; he was continually forming Armies, building Forts, and attacking them, and whenever his Father (as we must call him) took him along with him a hunting, would face the greatest Dangers. All these things persuad'd him, that he was born to command; but till he arrives at fifteen Years of Age, let us leave him to his Studies, and return to his Father's Court.

The crook-back'd Prince, seeing that his Father grew very old, shew'd little regard to him, and grew so impatient to wear his Crown, that to divert himself, and not to lie idle, he asked the King for an Army, to go and conquer a neighbouring Kingdom, whose Factions invited him. The King consented, on condition that he would sign an Instrument to all the Lords of the Kingdom, signifying, that if ever the young Prince return'd, and that they were well assured it was him, by the Arrow on his Arm, to resign the Crown to him. The Prince seem'd very ready, being assured of his Brother's Death, and thinking he hazarded nothing, but at the same time valued himself very much upon this piece of Compliance. When this  
was

was done, and register'd in the proper Courts, and the Instrument itself laid up in the Treasury, the King raised a gallant Army, which the Prince, after taking his leave of him, put himself at the head of; and after several Battles, kill'd the King his Enemy, with his own hand, took the Capital City, and having left a Garifon and Governour in it, return'd home to his Father, to whom he presented a young Princess, call'd *Carpillona*, whom he had taken captive. She was as beautiful as Nature could form, or Imagination represent. The King, at the first sight of her, was charm'd, and the crooked Prince, who had beheld her often, was so much in love with her, that he could not rest: She hated him as much as he loved her; for as he always used her as his Slave, her Heart was so set against him, and his Manner of Address, that she did what she possibly could to avoid him.

The King appointed her an Apartment in the Palace, and Women to wait on her, and was very sensible of the Misfortunes of so young and beautiful a Princess. And when the crooked Prince ask'd his Consent to marry her, he reply'd, he consented, provided she had no Reluctancy; but that he thought, when he was nigh her, she seemed melancholy: 'Tis because she loves me, *answer'd the Prince*, and dares not discover it, and the Constraint she puts upon herself occasions it; but as soon as she shall be my Wife, you shall see she will be pleased.' 'I would believe so, *said the King*; but don't you flatter yourself a little too much?' The Prince, angry at these his Father's Doubts, went and told the Princess, that she was the Cause that the King shew'd a more than usual Severity in his Behaviour towards him; upon which he suspected he might love her, and therefore desired her to tell him sincerely, which of them she approved best of, assuring her, that provided she reign'd, he should be content. This he said only to know her Sentiments, and not with  
any

## The Story of Princess Carpillona. 191

any intent of changing his. The young *Carpillona*, who was not so experienced, as to know that most Lovers are Dissemblers, gave into the Deceit, and said; 'I must own, Sir, that was I my own Mistress, I would neither make choice of the King, nor yourself: but since my bad Fortune imposes this hard Necessity upon me, I must tell you, the King.' 'And why?' *answer'd he, with some violence.* 'Because, *added she*, he is more mild than you, reigns at this time, and will not live so long.' 'Ha, ha!' *cry'd he*, you would be left Queen-Dowager in a short time, but satisfy yourself you shall not: The King has no thoughts of you, 'tis only I that do you that honour, which is much more than you deserve, for your Ingratitude is immense; but were it a thousand times more than it is, you should be my Wife.' The Princess *Carpillona* conceived, but somewhat too late, that it was dangerous to speak one's Thoughts; and to make amends for what she had so unwarily said, reply'd again, 'I only used this Stratagem to try your Sentiments, and I am very glad that you love me so well, to withstand my affected Severities. I esteem you already; endeavour, Sir, to make me love you.' The Prince bowed, and believed what she said to be Truth; Men being generally great Fools when in love, and too apt to flatter themselves. *Carpillona*, by this means, made him as mild as a Lamb, and he went away smiling, and squeezed her Hand so hard, she thought he had broke it.

As soon as he was gone, she ran into the King's Apartment, and casting herself at his feet, said, 'Secure me, Sir, from the greatest of all Misfortunes: The Prince would marry me, and I must confess he is odious to me; be not so unjust as him. My Rank, my Youth, and the Misfortunes of my Family, deserve the Pity of so great a King.' 'Fair Princess, *said the King*, I am not surprized that my Son loves you, none that be-

' hold



‘hold you can avoid it; but I shall not forgive him the want of Respect he owes you.’ ‘Ah! Sir, *reply’d she*, he looks upon me as his Prisoner, and treats me like a Slave.’ ‘Twas with my Army, *answer’d the King*, that he has vanquished the King your Father, and if you are a Captive, you are mine, and I give you your Liberty; and am happy, that my advanced Age and grey Hairs secure me from being your Slave.’ The grateful Princess returned the King a thousand Thanks, and retired with her Women.

In the mean time the Prince, having been inform’d of what pass’d, resented it very much; but his Rage was work’d up to the highest pitch, when the King forbid him to think any more of the Princess: telling him, that after all the Services he had offer’d her, she could not love him. ‘What, *answer’d he*, shall I labour all my days to no purpose? I love not to lose my time after such a manner.’ ‘I am sorry you should, *said the King*, but it must not be.’ ‘We shall see that, *said the Prince*, in an insolent manner, and going out of the Room; do you think to take my Prisoner from me? I’ll lose my Life first.’ ‘She you call your Prisoner, *said the enraged King*, was mine, and now is free; I have made her Mistress of herself, and not to depend on your Caprice.’ So smart a Conversation had gone further, had not the Prince retired, who from that moment conceived a Desire of taking possession of the Crown and Princess. He had gained the Hearts of the Soldiers, and ill-designing People were assisting to his Ambition, that the King at last was inform’d of his Intentions of dethroning him; and knowing him to have the Army on his side, was forced to take the mildest measures. He sent for the Prince, and said to him, ‘Is it possible that you should be so ungrateful, as to take from me my Crown, to set it upon your own Head, since you see I am so nigh my End? Have I not had Misfortunes enough already, by  
‘losing

## The Story of Princess Carpillona. 193

‘losing a Wife and Son? Indeed I have opposed  
‘your Designs upon the Princess *Carpillona*, but as  
‘much for your sake as hers; for how can you be  
‘happy with a Person that does not love you? But  
‘since you will run the risque of it, I consent you  
‘shall marry her; but let me have some time to  
‘talk to her, to prepare her for it.’

The Prince, who wish’d more for the Princess  
than the Kingdom, (for he had that which he late-  
ly conquer’d) told the King, That he was not so  
desirous of reigning as he believed, since he had  
sign’d an Act, whereby he disinherited himself, in  
case his Brother return’d, and should rest satisfy’d,  
provided he might marry *Carpillona*. The King em-  
braced him, and went to the Princess, who was  
always with her Governess, in cruel Alarms; whom  
she had then carried into her Closet, and crying  
bitterly, said, ‘Should it be possible, that after all  
‘the Promises the King has made me, he should  
‘be so cruel as to sacrifice me to his Crook-back’d  
‘Son, the Day of my Nuptials would be the last  
‘I shall breathe; since I am more displeased with  
‘the ill Qualities of his Heart, than the Deformity  
‘of his Body.’ ‘Alas! my dear Princess, *reply’d the*  
‘*Governess*, you know not undoubtedly, that the  
‘Daughters of the greatest Kings are always made  
‘Victims to the State; they never consult their  
‘Inclination, nor whether the Prince that is to  
‘espouse them be handsome or deform’d.’ And just  
as *Carpillona* was about to reply, she was told that  
the King waited for her in her Chamber. As soon  
as she set her Eyes on him, she knew what he  
came about, having a great Penetration; and cry’d  
out, ‘Alas! what have you to tell me?’ ‘Fair  
‘Princess, *said he*, look not on your Marriage with  
‘my Son as a Misfortune, but consent willingly;  
‘the Violence that he commits, in regard to your  
‘Sentiments for him, shews but the Ardour of his  
‘own: and if he loved you not, he might find more  
‘Princesses, who would be glad to partake with  
Vol. II. K him

' him a Crown, which he is already in possession  
 ' of, besides that which he will have after my  
 ' Death. Your Disdain and Contempt have not  
 ' been able to dismay him, and you ought to be-  
 ' lieve that he will forget nothing to please you.  
 ' I flatter'd myself, *reply'd she*, to have found a Pro-  
 ' tector in you, but my Hopes are deceived: you  
 ' abandon me, but the just Gods will not.' ' If you  
 ' knew but all I have done, *reply'd he*, to prevent  
 ' this Marriage, you would be convinced of my  
 ' Friendship. ' Alas! Heaven blessed me with a  
 ' Son, who was nursed by his own Mother; but he  
 ' was stole away one night, and a Cat put in his  
 ' place, which bit the Queen so cruelly, that she  
 ' died of it. If that lovely Child had not been ta-  
 ' ken from me, he would have been now a Com-  
 ' fort to me in my old Age; my Subjects would  
 ' have feared him, and I might have offer'd you my  
 ' Crown with him. This Son would not then have  
 ' carried things so high as now, but would have  
 ' thought himself happy to live at Court.' ' I am  
 ' then the Cause of what has befall you, *answer'd*  
 ' *she*; since he would have been so serviceable to  
 ' me, look upon me as the guilty Wretch, and  
 ' think of punishing me, rather than marrying me.  
 ' You was not then capable, fair Princess, *said he*,  
 ' of doing good or harm; I accuse you not of my  
 ' Misfortunes, but if you would not augment them,  
 ' prepare yourself to receive my Son: for he is too  
 ' powerful here, and may act some tragick Scene.  
 ' The King seeing she return'd no other Answer,  
 ' but was all in Tears, left her; and knowing the  
 ' Prince would be impatient, went and told him  
 ' that the Princess had given her Consent, and bid  
 ' him make every thing ready against the Solemniza-  
 ' tion of the Marriage. The Prince, transported  
 ' with Joy, thank'd the King, and immediately sent  
 ' for Jewellers, and all sorts of Tradesmen, and be-  
 ' spoke all the finest things imaginable; and then  
 ' sent several rich Presents of Jewels, &c. which  
 she

## *The Story of Princess Carpillona.* 195

She received with all the Appearance of Joy. Afterwards he paid her a Visit himself, and among other things, said, 'Was you not very much in the wrong, Madam, to refuse the Honour I would do you, since I am not disagreeable in my Person, and the World say I have Wit; besides, you shall have the finest Diamonds, and wear the richest Clothes of any Queen in the World.' The Princess answer'd coldly, That the Misfortunes of her Family would not permit her to dress like other Princesses, and desired him not to make so great Presents. 'You are in the right, *said he*, not to dress yourself, if I don't give you leave; but you must think of pleasing me: every thing will be ready for our Marriage within four days; divert yourself till then, and command here, since you are absolute Mistress.' And after that left her.

No sooner was he gone, but she shut herself up with her Governess, and told her, she might chuse whether she would find her the means of escaping, or those of killing herself on the Wedding-Day. After the Governess had represented to her the Impossibility of getting away, and the Weakness she shew'd, by killing herself, to avoid the Misfortunes of this Life; she endeavour'd to persuade her, that Virtue might contribute to her Tranquillity, and that without having an intire Love for the Prince, she might esteem him enough, to live happy with him. *Carpillona* could not yield to any of these Remonstrances; but told her, that till then she made account she had some value for her, but that now she was sensible how much it was; and that if all the World should fail her, she would not be failing to herself; and that dangerous Diseases must have dangerous Remedies. After this she open'd the Window, and looking some time out of it, her Governess, who fear'd she design'd to throw herself out, fell on her Knees, and looking tenderly at her, said, 'Alas! Madam, what



196 *The Tales of the FAIRIES.*

‘would you have me do? I will obey you, tho  
‘it should cost me my Life.’ The Princess em-  
braced her, and desired her to buy her a Shep-  
herd’s Dress, and a Cow, and not amuse herself  
with persuading her from her Design, ‘since it would  
be to no purpose, and only losing time; and not  
only that, but to dress up a Figure, and lay it in  
her Bed, and say she was ill. ‘You know, Madam,  
‘said the *poor Governess*, the Dangers to which I ex-  
pose myself; the Prince, without doubt, will  
know that I assisted you, he will make use of a  
thousand Torments to make me confess: and then  
‘judge if my Love is not great.’ The Princess,  
very much confounded, made answer, That she  
should go away herself two days after, and that it  
would be easy to impose upon the World for that  
short time. In short, they contrived so well, that  
*Carpillona* had that night both a Shepherdess’s Habit  
and a Cow, and appear’d as beautiful as the Queen  
of Love, when she appear’d with *Juno* and *Pallas*,  
in that Habit, to *Paris* on Mount *Ida*. She set out  
by Moon-light, sometimes leading her Cow, and  
sometimes getting on her back; and if the least  
Breath of Air but gently agitated the Leaves of the  
Trees, a Bird flew off her Nest, or any thing stir-  
red, she feared it might be Wolves or Thieves.

Thus she travelled all the night, and would have  
done the next day, but that her Cow stopped to  
graze in a pleasant Mead; where the Princess, fa-  
tigated with the Weight of her Clothes and Shoes,  
sat herself down on the Grass by a purling Stream,  
and tied up her Hair, which had got out from un-  
der her Cap, and fell in flowing Rings on her  
Shoulders. She looked about, to see if she might  
not be observed; but for all her Precaution, she  
was surprized by a Lady all in Armour, who, ta-  
king off her Head-piece, which was Gold, adorn’d  
with Diamonds, said, ‘Shepherdess, I am very dry  
‘and weary, will you give me some Milk to quench  
‘my Thirst?’ ‘With all my heart, Madam, said  
‘Car-

## The Story of Princess Carpillona. 197

‘Carpillona, if I had any thing to put it in.’ ‘I have here a *China Dish*, said the *armed Lady*, take that.’ But the poor Princess not knowing how to stroke the Teat; ‘What, said the *Lady*, is your Cow dry, or do not you know how to milk her?’ Hereupon the Princess, ashamed to appear so awkward before such an extraordinary Person, fell a crying, and reply’d; ‘I must own, Madam, for the small time I have been a Shepherdess, it has been my business to feed my Cow; my Mother does all the rest.’ ‘Then you have a Mother,’ continued the *Lady*; and pray what does she do?’ ‘She is a Farmer,’ said Carpillona. ‘What, hard by?’ said the *Lady* again. ‘Yes,’ reply’d the Princess. ‘Really, said she, I have a great affection for her; upon your account, and will go to see her; lead me to her.’ Carpillona was at a stand what Answer to make; she was unused to lye, and knew not that she talked to a Fairy. She looked down, her Colour came into her Face, and at last she said, ‘When once I come abroad, I never return till Night; therefore I desire you, Madam, not to make my Mother angry with me.’ ‘Ah! Princess, Princess, said the *Fairy*, you cannot support a Lye, nor act the Person you pretend to be, without my assistance. Here take this Nofegay of Gilliflowers, and be assured that while you have it, the crook-back’d Prince, from whom you fly, will never know you; and remember, when you come to the great Forest, to inform yourself of them whereabout the Shepherd *Sublimus* had his Abode. Tell him that you come from the Fairy *Amazona*, who desired him to receive you as his Daughter. Farewel, Carpillona, I have been your Friend a long time.’ ‘Alas! Madam, cry’d the Princess, do you love me, and can you abandon me, when I stand so much in need of your assistance?’ ‘The Nofegay will not fail you, reply’d she; my time is precious, and I must leave you

‘to compleat your Destiny.’ And as she utter’d these Words, disappear’d.

*Carpillona* was ready to die with Fear, but recovering herself, continued her Way, though ignorant of the Road that led to the great Forest; thinking to herself, that this able Fairy would conduct her thither, and always kept the Nofegay in her Hand, whether she stood still or walk’d: But at last, her Feet were so chafed and sore, that she was forced to lie down under the Shade of some Trees; where she reflected often, and with no small Uneasiness, on her poor Governess, of whose Zeal and Fidelity there are but few Examples. She dress’d up a Figure, as the Princess had order’d her, went always very softly into her Room, as she said, for fear of disturbing her, and scolded at the least noise that was ever made. The King, when he was told of the Princess’s being sick, was not at all surprized, attributing it to her Grief, and the Violence offer’d: But as soon as the Prince was inform’d of this ill News, his Chagrin was inconceivable; he would see her, but the Governess, with much ado, prevented him. Then he ask’d that his Physician might; but she told him, it would be the means to kill her, for she hated all Physicians and their Remedies: but withal, bid him not be frighten’d, telling him, it was only a Dizziness of her Head, and that she would be well, after three or four days rest: By which means, she put a stop to any farther Importunities. When one Night, when she was preparing for her Flight, she heard him knock at the door, as if he would break it down; and what induced him to this Violence, was an Information he had had of the matter from the other Women; who perceiving the Deceit, and fearing some Punishment might fall to their share, went and told him presently. The Excess of his Rage cannot be express’d: He ran to the King, thinking he was not ignorant of it, but found by the Surprise he read  
in

## The Story of Princess Carpillona. 399

in his Face, himself to be mistaken. As soon as he saw the poor Governess, he said to her, catching hold of her Hair; 'Give me my *Carpillona*, or I'll 'tear out thy Heart.' She made no Reply, but with Tears; and prostrating herself at his Knees, conjured him, but all in vain, to hear her. He cast her into a deep Dungeon, and had put her to death a thousand times, had not the King, who was as good as his Son was wicked, obliged him to let her live in that frightful Prison.

This amorous and violent Prince, ordered, that the Princess should be pursued both by Sea and Land; and to that end, left the Court himself, and ran about like a mad Man. When one day, as *Carpillona* was sat with her Cow under a large Rock, and the Weather being very tempestuous, she remain'd trembling at the Thunder and Lightning, when the crook-back'd Prince came thither with his Attendants for shelter. But, alas! when she saw him so nigh her, she was more frighten'd, than at the Thunder and Lightning; She held her Nosegay of Gilliflowers fast with both her Hands; and remembring the Fairy, said, 'Abandon me not, charming *Amazona*.' The Prince casting his Eyes upon her, said, 'What can you 'be afraid of, poor decrepid old Wretch? Where 'would be the hurt if the Thunder should kill 'thee, since thou hast one Foot in the Grave already?' The young Princess was not less overjoy'd than amazed, to hear him call her old: 'Without doubt, said she to herself, my Nosegay 'works this Wonder.' And that she might have no farther Conversation with him, she pretended to be deaf. The Prince, finding she could not hear, said to his Confidant, who was never from him; 'Now, if my Heart was a little more gay, I could 'set this old Creature upon the top of the Rock, 'and have the pleasure of seeing her roll down 'and break her Neck.' 'But, Sir, reply'd this wicked Favourite, to divert you, I'll carry her up by  
K 4 'force,



‘force, and you shall see her Body bound like a Ball.’ ‘We have not now time, *said he*, we must continue our Search after this Ungrate, who disturbs the Repose of my Life.’

As he made an end of these Words, he clapt Spurs to his Horse, and rid off. It is easy to judge of the Joy of the Princess; who did not forget to thank the Fairy *Amazona*, whose Power she was then sensible of. She pursued her Journey, and arrived at the Plain whereon the Shepherds of that Country built their Huts: which were all very pretty, each having a Garden and a Spring. The Valley of *Tempe* could not be more agreeable. The Shepherdesses were for the most part beautiful, and the Shepherds neglected nothing to please them. On all the Trees, Cyphers and Love-Verses were ingraved. As soon as *Carpillona* appear’d among them, they left their Flocks; and, prepossessed with her Beauty and majestick Air, advanc’d towards her; but what surprized them most, was the Meanness of her Habit: For though they lived an innocent and rustick Life, yet they pretended very much to a neat Adjustment of their Apparel. The Princes desired them to shew her the Shepherd *Sublimus’s* Cottage; which they did presently: and there she found the good old Man sat in the Valley with his Wife and Daughters, a little Brook running by them; which charm’d with its gentle Murmurs; he had some Reeds in his Hands, with which he was making a little Basket to gather Fruit in; and his Wife was spinning, while his Daughters were angling in the Brook.

When *Carpillona* first accosted them, she was sensible of so much Respect and Tendernefs, that she was herself surprized; and when they saw her, they were no less affected. ‘I am, *said she*, *saluting them in an humble manner*, a poor Shepherdess, and come from the Fairy *Amazona*, to offer you my Service, and hope, that upon her account you will receive me.’ ‘Child, *said the King*,

## The Story of Princess Carpillona. 201

King, getting up, and returning her Salute in as civil a manner; that great Fairy has reason to believe that we have a perfect Honour for her; but you are welcome, if you had no other Recommendation but your own Person.' 'Come hither, pretty Maid, said the Queen, holding out her Hand, come and let me kiss you: I conceive a great Kindness for you, and could wish you would look upon me as your own Mother, and my Children as your Sisters.' 'Alas! my good Mother, said the Princess, I deserve not that Honour, it is enough for me to be your Shepherdess, and tend your Flock.' 'No, reply'd the King, we are all equal here, you come with too good a Recommendation for us to make any difference between you and our Children; sit down by us, and let your Cow feed with our Sheep.' She made some difficulty, persisting in what she told them at first, that she was come only to be their Servant; but would have been very much embarrass'd if they had taken her at her word: for indeed, by her Looks, she seem'd to be made more to command than to obey; and it might be thought, that so great a Fairy would not protect an ordinary Person.

The King and Queen look'd upon her with an Amazement mix'd with Admiration, which they could not comprehend: They ask'd her if she came a great way? she said, yes; and then, if she had a Father and Mother? to which she said, no: and answer'd all their other Questions with Monosyllables, as much as her Respect would allow her to do. 'What is your Name, said the Queen?' 'Carpillona, reply'd she.' 'The Name, said the King, is very odd; and, unless some Adventure gives room for it, it is very rare.' She made no answer, but took up one of the Queen's Spindles, to wind off the Thred: But when she drew off her Gloves, the King and Queen, who cast their Eyes upon her Hands, thought them to be Snow, form'd in that Shape; and, to penetrate farther into her

Condition, said; ‘*Carpillona* your Clothes are too hot for the Climate we live in, and your Shoes too heavy and clumsy for so young a Damsel; you must be dress’d after our manner.’ ‘My Clothes, Mother, *answer’d she*, are such as they wear in my Country; but I’ll put on what you please to order me.’ They admir’d her Obedience, and above all, the Air of Modesty that appear’d in her Eyes and all her Actions; but, it being Supper-time, they got up, and went all into the House, where they intended to dress the Fish that the two Princess’s had caught, and some fresh Eggs, and to make the rest up with Milk and Fruit. ‘I am surprized, *said the King*, that my Son is not yet come home; his Eagerness after Sport carries him too far; and I am always in fear, lest some Accident should befall him.’ ‘My Fears are no less than yours, *said the Queen*; but, if you please, we will not sup till he comes.’ No, *said the King*, let him mind his time better; on the contrary, I desire you, when he comes, not to speak to him, but that every one give him a cold Reception.’ ‘You know his Good-nature, *said the Queen*, and he will be so much troubled, that he will fall sick.’ ‘I can’t help that, *reply’d the King*, he must be corrected.’ After this Discourse, they sat to Supper; but before they had quite done, the young Prince came in, with a wild Roe on his Shoulders, his Hair all wet with Sweat, and his Face cover’d with Dust; he leant on a little Lance he generally carried along with him; his Bow hung on one side, and his Quiver of Arrows on the other. In this Condition, there appear’d something so noble and lofty in his Countenance and Mien, that none could look upon him without Attention and Respect: ‘Mother, *said he*, addressing himself to the Queen, my Desire to bring you this Roe, has made me run all day over the Mountains and Plains.’ ‘Son, *said the King* gravely, you endeavour more to make us uneasy, than to please

## *The Story of Princess Carpillona.* 203

‘please us; you know how much I have said to you, on your violent Desire of Sport: but you are resolv’d to take no notice of it.’ The Prince blush’d, and what vex’d him most, was, to see a Person there, who did not belong to the Family. He reply’d, that another time he would come sooner; or, that if he did not approve of it, he would not go at all. ‘That’s enough, *said the Queen, who loved him tenderly*; I thank you, Child, for your Present: Come and sit by me, and eat your Supper, for to be sure, you must be hungry.’ The Prince was somewhat disorder’d at the serious Air the King spoke to him in, and durst not look up; for though he was intrepid in all Dangers, he was of a docible Temper, and stood in great awe, where his Duty required it of him. But at last, he recover’d out of his Confusion, sat down by the Queen, and cast his Eyes on *Carpillona*, who had not stay’d so long to look at him: but as soon as their Eyes met, their Hearts were so agitated, that they knew not what to attribute this Disorder to. The Princess blush’d, and the Prince kept his Eyes stedfast upon her; till at last, she raising her’s again with a pleasing Softness, they continued looking at each other with a mutual Surprise, thinking nothing could equal what they beheld. ‘Is it possible, *said the Princess to herself*, that, of so many Persons I have seen at Court, none should come nigh to this young Shepherd?’ ‘How comes it, *thought he to himself*, that this admirable Maid should be but a poor Shepherdess!’ ‘Ah! that I was but a King, to place her on a Throne, and to make her as much the Mistress of my Empire as she is of my Heart.’ In musing after this manner, he eat nothing. The Queen, who thought it owing to the ill Reception he met with, tired herself with inviting and caressing him, and brought out the finest Fruits she had. He desired *Carpillona* to taste of them. She thank’d him, and told him, without thinking on the Hand that gave



gave them, that she had done nothing but eat, and cared for no more. Upon which, he left them coldly upon the Table. The Queen took not the least notice of all this; but the eldest Princess, who had no small esteem for him, and who perhaps might have loved him very well, but for the Difference she thought between them, observed all that pass with some Jealousy.

After Supper, the King and Queen retired, and the Princesses, according to their usual Custom, did whatever was to be done in the House: One milk'd the Cows, the other press'd the Cheese, &c. *Carpillona* busied herself after their Example to work; but she was so little us'd to it, that she did nothing to the purpose: insomuch, that the two Princesses call'd her the pretty unhandy Maid. The amorous Prince help'd her in every thing; he went to the Spring with her, carried her Pail, drew the Water, and brought it back on his shoulders, and would not suffer her to carry any thing. 'What do you mean, Shepherd, said she to him; must I act the fine Lady? I that have been us'd all my Life to work? Am I to live here in Idleness?' 'You shall do what you please, lovely Shepherdess, said he, but deny me not the pleasure of accepting my small Assistance in these Occasions.' Afterwards, they both return'd, though sooner than he desired; for though he durst not yet hardly speak to her, nevertheless, he was overjoy'd to be with her. They both pass'd the Night in an Uneasiness which neither of them, through their little Experience, could guess the Cause of. The Prince waited impatiently for day, to see the Shepherdess again; and she was in as much dread. The new Trouble the Sight of him put her into, somewhat diverted her other Displeasures; and she thought so much of him, that she almost forgot the crook-back'd Prince. 'Why, said she, has blind Fortune bestow'd so many Graces, such a Mein, and such Charms on a young  
' Shep-

*The Story of Princess Carpillona.* 205

' Shepherd, who is destin'd only to feed his Flock ;  
' and so much Malice and Deformity on a Prince  
' appointed to rule a flourishing Nation ?'

*Carpillona* never had the Curiosity to view herself, since her Metamorphosis from a Princess into a Shepherdess ; but then a certain Desire of pleasing, made her seek after a Glass. She was not long before she found that of the Princess ; but when she saw herself, she was quite confounded. ' What a Figure's here, cry'd she, what am I like ? It is impossible that I should endure to be buried long in this coarse Stuff.' Then she wash'd her Face and Hands, and went to the Queen, and falling on her Knees, presented her with a fine Diamond Ring, which was part of the Jewels she brought along with her. ' Mother, I found this Ring some time since, but know not the value of it, but believe it may be worth some Money ; I beg you would accept of it, as a proof of my Acknowledgment for your Charity towards me ; and likewise I desire you to buy me a Habit, and Linen, that I may appear like the other Shepherdesses of this Country.' The Queen was very much surprized to see so noble a Ring, and told her that she would not take it, but would keep it for her, and that she would send to a little Town that was hard by, for a nice Country Habit, Shoes, &c. complete.

When *Carpillona* was thus dress'd, she appear'd more charming than *Aurora*. The Prince neglected nothing on his part, but adorn'd his Hat, Scrip, and Crook with Flowers, and carried her a Nose-gay, which he presented with all the fear of a Lover ; and which she receiv'd with some Consternation, tho' she wanted no Presence of Mind nor Wit. When she was with him, she hardly ever spoke but was always very thoughtful, as was he himself. When he went a hunting, instead of pursuing his Game, whenever he found a place proper to entertain himself with the thoughts of his beloved *Carpillona*,

*pillona*, he would stop all on a sudden, and in that solitary Retirement make Verses and Songs on his Shepherdes; often talking to the Rocks, Woods, and Birds: and in short, he lost all that Gaiety of Temper which made him seek after the Company of the young Shepherds. But as it is hard to love, and not fear what we love; he dreaded so much the making his Shepherdes angry by declaring himself, that he durst scarce ever speak to her: and tho she observed very well, that he preferred her before all others, and that Preference ought to assure her of his Sentiments; yet she could not but be in some pain for his Silence. Sometimes she would be overjoy'd, and would say to herself, ' If he really does love me, how shall I receive the declaration of his Passion? If I should be angry, I perhaps, shall be the cause of his Death; and if I be not, I shall die myself with Shame and Grief. What, shall I, who am born a Princess, hearken to a poor Shepherd? Ah! too base Weakness, I shall never consent. My Heart ought not to change with my Apparel; I have but too much to reproach myself with, since I have been here.' As the Prince had a thousand natural Charms in his Voice, and perhaps had he not sung so well, the Princess prepossess'd in his favour, would have liked to hear him; she would often engage him to sing: and the Songs he made choice of, had always something so tender and engaging in them, that she could not forbear expressing a pleasure, which inspired him with the more Boldness; and one day he went to the River-side, to a place shaded by Ofsers and Willows, and whither he knew that *Carpillona* led her Flock every day; and with a Nail writ on the Bark of one of the Trees these Lines:

## The Story of Princess Carpillona. 207

*In this Retreat, in vain do I  
Find Peace and Pleasure reign;  
Where Love the freedom of a Sigh  
Denies, to ease my Pain.*

The Princess surprized him just as he had made an end; he affected to seem confounded, and after some Moments of Silence, said to her, ' You see an unhappy Shepherd, who complains to the most insensible things, when he ought to complain to none but you.' She made no answer, but casting down her eyes, gave him the opportunity he wanted to declare his Sentiments. While he was speaking, her Thoughts were wholly taken up how she ought to take what she heard from a Mouth that was not indifferent to her; but her Inclination engaged her to excuse him. ' He is ignorant, *said she to herself*, of my Birth; therefore his Temerity is pardonable: he loves me, and thinks me his Equal; but should he know my Rank, will not the Gods themselves, who are so much above us, will not they accept of the Hearts of Mortals? Are they angry because they are loved? Well, Shepherd, *said she, turning herself towards him*, I pity you; and that is all I can do for you: I will not love; I have Misfortunes enough already. Alas! what would be my Condition, if, to augment my Calamities, my days should be burden'd with an Engagement?' ' Ah! Shepherdess, *cry'd he*, say rather, that if you have any Troubles, nothing is more capable to sweeten them. I will partake of all of them; my Study shall be to please you; you may repose on me the care of your Flock. I wish to Heaven, *said she*, that I had no other reason to be uneasy.' ' What others can you have, *said he, with an eager Concern*, being so beautiful, so young, so free from Ambition, and so little versed with the vain Grandeurs of a Court? But without doubt, you love here some happy Rival,

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‘ Rival, which renders you inexorable towards me.’ pronouncing these last Words, he chang’d Countenance, became melancholy, and was cruelly tormented with this Thought: ‘ I will there agree with you, *reply’d she*, you have a Rival; but then he is one hated and abhorr’d: you had never seen me, but that the Necessity of avoiding his pressing Instances obliged me to fly from him.’ Perhaps, *Shepherdes*, said he, you will fly from me too; for if you hated him only because he loved you, I am sure, I am to be hated the most of all Men.’ ‘ Whether it be, *replied she*, that I don’t believe him, or that I look more favourably upon you, I am sensible I shall not fly from you as I have done from him.’ The Shepherd was transported with Joy at these obliging Words, and from that day neglected no Opportunity to please the Princess.

Every day he gather’d the finest Flowers to make Garlands for her, and adorn’d her Crook with Ribbands. He never would suffer her to be expos’d to the Sun; but whenever she came along the River-side with her Flock, he would cut down Branches of Trees, and form an Arbour wherever there was a pleasant Situation. All the Trees thoreabouts bore her Cyphers, and Verses in praise of her Beauty. The young Princess saw all these Testimonies of the Shepherd’s Passion; she loved secretly, but durst never examine her Heart, for fear of finding there Sentiments too tender. The young Shepherd’s Love for his *Shepherdes*, could not long be kept secret, but was discover’d; as well as applauded, by every one; for who could find fault where all was Love? All who saw them, said, they were born for each other, that they were both perfect Beauties, that it was the Work of the Gods, that Fortune made their Country so happy, and that they must neglect nothing to detain them. *Carpillona* felt a secret Joy to hear the publick Praises in favour of a Swain she thought so amiable; but

## The Story of Princess Carpillona. 209

but then thinking of the difference that was between them, she was somewhat chagrined, but purposed not to discover who she was, that she might indulge her Heart the more. The King and Queen, who were extremely fond of them both, were no ways displeased at this growing Passion; they looked on the Prince as their own Son, and were no less taken with the Perfections of the Shepherdess. Was she not sent by *Amazona*, said they, who fought the Centaur? Without doubt, that wise Fairy has destin'd them for each other; therefore we must wait her Orders.

Things were in this condition; the Prince complain'd always of *Carpillona's* Indifference, because she carefully conceal'd her Sentiments from him; when being one day out a hunting, he could not avoid a furious Bear that came suddenly out of the Hollow of a Rock, and had devour'd him, had not his Courage been seconded by his Activity. After having struggled a long time upon the top of the Mountain, they both at last rolled down together. *Carpillona* at that very time was stop't with her Companions in that place, yet could not see what pass'd on the top of the Hill. But what a Condition were they all in, when they saw a Man and a Bear tumbling down together? The Princess soon knew her Shepherd, and sent out Cries of Fear and Grief; all the Shepherdesses ran away: but Love redoubling the Princess's Courage, she was so bold as to run the Iron of her Crook down into the terrible Monster's Throat; and to give her Lover some assistance, who when he saw her, for fear she might partake of his danger, raised his Courage to such an height, that he no longer thought of preserving his own Life, but only to secure hers; and indeed kill'd his Enemy just at her feet: at the same time he fell down half dead with the loss of Blood from two Wounds he receiv'd.

How cruel a sight was it for her to see his Clothes all dyed with Blood! She could not speak; her

Face

Face was drowned in Tears; she laid his Head in her Lap, and all on a sudden breaking Silence, said, 'Shepherd, if you die, I'll die with you: In vain have I conceal'd my secret Thoughts; know then now, that my Life is attach'd to yours.' 'What can I wish for more, fair Shepherdess? *cry'd he in a faint Voice*: whatever befalls me, my Fate now will always be happy.'

By this time the Shepherdesses who fled, returned with several Shepherds, and assisted the Prince and the Princess, who by that time was in as bad a condition: but while they were cutting down the Branches of Trees to make a sort of Litter for them, the Fairy *Amazona* appear'd among them. 'Be not concern'd, *said she*, let me touch the young Shepherd.' Then taking him by the hand, and putting her golden Cask upon his Head, she said, 'Dear Shepherd, I forbid thee from being sick.' Hereupon he soon got up, and the Visor of the Cask being up, there appear'd a martial Air in his Face; and his Eyes, which were bright and lively, answer'd the hopes which the Fairy conceiv'd. He was amazed at the Manner of his Cure, and the Majesty that appear'd throughout her whole Person; and transported with Admiration, Joy, and Acknowledgment, cast himself at her feet: 'Great Queen, *said he*, I was dangerously wounded; one Glance from your Eyes, and one Word from your Mouth, has cured me. But, alas! I have a Wound in my Heart that I will not be cured of; vouchsafe only to assuage the Pain, and mend my Fortune, since I cannot partake it, such as it is, with this fair Shepherdess.' The Princess blush'd to hear him speak after this manner; she knew that the Fairy *Amazona* was not ignorant who she was, and fear'd lest she should blame her for giving hopes to a Lover so much below her; insomuch that she durst not look up: but the Sighs that escaped her Breast, rais'd some pity in that of the Fairy's. 'Carpillona, *said she*, this Shepherd is not unworthy your

*The Story of Princess Carpillona.* 211

‘ your Esteem; and you, Shepherd, who desire  
‘ so much the Change of your Condition, assure  
‘ yourself of a most illustrious Fate.’ And then  
she disappear’d. The Shepherds and Shepherdesses  
conducted them back in Triumph to their Hamlet,  
placing the two Lovers in the midst of them, and  
crowned them with Flowers as a Token of the  
Victory they had gain’d over the terrible Bear,  
which they brought after them, singing Verses on  
the Tenderness of *Carpillona* to the Prince.

When they came to the Shepherd *Sublimus*, they  
told him all that had happen’d; with what Courage  
the Shepherd had defended himself against the Bear,  
and with what Generosity the Shepherdess had  
assisted him; and in short, what the Fairy *Amazona*  
had done. The King, overjoy’d at this relation,  
ran to acquaint the Queen of it. ‘ Without doubt,  
‘ *said he*, this Boy and Girl are above the Vulgar;  
‘ their eminent Perfections, their Beauty, and the  
‘ Care of the Fairy *Amazona*, shews something  
‘ extraordinary.’ This discourse put the Queen in  
mind of the Diamond-Ring *Carpillona* had given her.  
‘ I have always forgot, *said she*, to shew you a  
‘ Ring which this young Shepherdess put into my  
‘ hands with an uncommon Air of Grandeur, desi-  
‘ ring me to accept of it, and to furnish her for it  
‘ with such Clothes as they wear in this Country.’  
‘ Is the Stone fine? *replied the King*. ‘ I never look’d  
‘ much at it, *said the Queen*, but here it is;’ and  
presented it to him. No sooner had he fix’d his  
eyes on it, but he cry’d out, ‘ Ye Gods! what is  
‘ this I behold?’ ‘ What do you not know a Pre-  
‘ sent which I received from your hands?’ At the  
same time he touch’d a little Spring, the Diamond  
flew up, and the Queen saw her own Picture  
which she had drawn to give the King; and which  
she had tied about her little Daughter’s Neck for  
her to play with, when she nursed her in the  
Tower. ‘ Alas! my Dear, *said she*, what strange  
‘ Adventure is this! it renews all my Grievs; but  
‘ let



‘let us talk to the Shepherdess, and endeavour to learn more.’ Upon this she call’d *Carpillona*, and said, ‘I have waited till now, Child, for a Confession from you; which would have given much more pleasure, had it come from you without being press’d to it: but since you still continue to conceal from us who you are, it is proper that we inform you that we know, and that the Ring you gave me has discover’d this Riddle.’ ‘Alas! Mother, reply’d the Princess, falling on her Knees by her, it was not for want of Confidence that I conceal’d my Rank from you, but that I thought it might be a trouble to you to see a Princess reduced to my Condition.’

‘My Father was King of the *Peaceable Islands*; but his Reign being disturbed by an Usurper, he, and my Mother, were both confined in a strong Tower. After three Years Imprisonment, they found the means, by the assistance of one of their Guard, and the favour of the Night, to escape. They let me down in a Basket; but the Cord breaking, I fell into the Lake which surrounded the Castle, where I was taken up by some Fishermen, who just then were drawing in their Nets, which they had thrown out for some Carp, which the Moat was well stored with. But alas! how were the Fishermen deceived in their Hopes! for by my weight they were in expectation of a good Draught. When they first saw me, they thought of throwing me in again; but at last they resolv’d to leave me in the Net, and carry me to the Tyrant; who, being informed of the flight of my Family, knew me to be an unhappy destitute Princess. His Wife, who had no Children, pitying, and having some Inclination for me, took me, and brought me up under the Name of *Carpillona*, perhaps with a design that I might have no notion of my Birth; but my Heart has always told me who I am: and it is sometimes a Misfortune to have Sentiments so little conformable to one’s

*The Story of Princess Carpillona.* 213

‘ one’s Fortune. But as the greatest Prosperity is  
‘ not to be depended on; a neighbouring Prince,  
‘ who was crooked, and went by the Name of the  
‘ *Humpback’d Prince*, coming at the head of a gal-  
‘ lant Army, deprived the Usurper of my Father’s  
‘ Crown of his ill-gotten Power. This Change  
‘ of the Tyrant’s Fortune render’d mine still worse;  
‘ the Conqueror took me with him as the greatest  
‘ Ornament of his Triumph, and determin’d to  
‘ marry me, whether I consented or not. In this  
‘ Extremity I betook myself to flight, dress’d like a  
‘ Shepherdess, and leading a Cow; and was met by the  
‘ Prince, who undoubtedly had known me again, if  
‘ the Fairy *Amazona* had not generously given me a  
‘ Nose-gay of Gilliflowers to secure me from my  
‘ Enemies. Neither, my good Mother, *continued the*  
‘ *Princess*, did she do a less charitable Action in re-  
‘ commending me to you; and if I declared not my  
‘ Rank sooner, it was not through distrust, but  
‘ only to spare your Grief. Not, *pursued she*, that  
‘ I complain, for I never knew any Tranquillity  
‘ till the day I was received by you; and I must  
‘ own, that a Country-Life is so sweet and innocent,  
‘ that I prefer it before that of a Court.’

As she spoke with great earnestness, she observ’d  
not that the Queen melted into Tears, and that the  
King’s Eyes water’d; but she had no sooner done,  
than they both strove to clasp her in their Arms,  
where they held her a long time without being  
able to pronounce one Word. She melted, and  
cry’d after their example; and it is hard to express  
the agreeable Trouble these three illustrious Per-  
sons were in. At last, the Queen, making an Effort  
upon herself, said, ‘ Is it possible, my dear Child,  
‘ that after all my Sorrow for thy fatal loss, Heaven  
‘ should restore thee to thy Mother, to comfort her  
‘ in her Misfortunes. Behold, my Child, the Breast  
‘ that suckled thee in thy tender Youth! Behold  
‘ the King thy Father, the Author of thy Days!  
‘ With what Transports shall we solemnize the  
‘ Return

214 — *The Tales of the FAIRIES.*

‘ Return of a Child which Heaven in its Anger  
 ‘ deprived us of?’ ‘ And I, illustrious Mother and  
 ‘ Queen, cry’d the Princess, (casting herself at her  
 ‘ Feet) by what Expressions and Actions shall I  
 ‘ make you both understand the Love and Respect  
 ‘ I owe you, since I find you the dear Sanctuary  
 ‘ to my Misfortunes, when I durst not flatter my-  
 ‘ self with ever-seeing you again?’ Then they all  
 renew’d their Caresses, and thus some Hours glided  
 away. *Carpillona* after this retired, having first been  
 forbid by her Father and Mother to speak of what  
 had passed.

The Princess, in regard to indifferent Persons,  
 observed their Commands punctually, but could not  
 keep the Secret from her young Shepherd; so hard  
 a thing it is to conceal any thing from a Person  
 we love. She reproached herself a thousand times  
 for not having discover’d her Birth to him. ‘ How  
 ‘ great would his Obligation have been, *said she*,  
 ‘ if he had known, that being born to a Throne,  
 ‘ I should stoop so low as to him: But alas! what  
 ‘ difference does Love make between a Scepter and  
 ‘ a Crook? Can this chimerical Grandeur, which  
 ‘ we boast so much of, can it satisfy our Souls?  
 ‘ No, Virtue alone has there a Right; it sets us  
 ‘ above a Crown, and can free us from it: The  
 ‘ Shepherd that loves me, is wise, witty, and amia-  
 ‘ ble; what can a Prince be more?’ As she aban-  
 don’d herself to these Reflections, she saw him at  
 her feet, he having follow’d her to the River-side;  
 and was presented by him with a Garland of Flow-  
 ers, the Variety of which was charming. ‘ From  
 ‘ whence come you, fair Shepherdess, *said he*, I  
 ‘ have been seeking you some hours, and have  
 ‘ waited some others with impatience?’ ‘ Shepherd,  
 ‘ *said she*, I have been taken up with a very sur-  
 prizing Adventure, and reproach myself for being  
 ‘ so long silent; but remember, that this Mark of  
 ‘ my Confidence requires an eternal Secrecy. I  
 ‘ am a Princess, my Father was a King, whom I  
 ‘ find

## *The Story of Princess Carpillona.* 215

'find in the Person of the Shepherd *Sublimus*.' The Prince was so confounded and surprized at this News, that he had not power to interrupt her, tho she related the History of her Life with all imaginable Bounty: So great were his Fears, lest this wife Shepherd, since he was a King, should refuse him his Daughter; or that she, reflecting on the Difference between a great Princess and himself, should fall off some day from those Testimonies of Kindness she had given him. 'Ah! Madam, said the melancholy Prince, I am a lost Man, I must renounce this Life: You are born to a Crown, and have found your Father and Mother. For my part, I am an unhappy Wretch, that knows neither his Country or Relations; an Eagle was my Nurse, and her Nest my Cradle: if you have had some favourable regard to me, it will be return'd you.' The Princess mused a moment or two, and without returning any Answer to what he said, took her Bodkin out of her Hair, and writ on the Bark of a Tree:

*Equal Passion can your Heart return?*

The Prince writ immediately this Verse:

*A thousand times more ardently I burn.*

The Princess writ under it:

*Thank Fortune for this lucky Main,  
To love, and to be lov'd again.*

The Prince, transported with Joy, cast himself at her feet, and taking one of her hands, said, 'Adorable Princess, you flatter my afflicted Heart, and by this new Bounty preserve my Life; remember what you have writ in my favour.' 'I am not capable of forgetting, said she, with a gracious Air; depend upon my Heart, it is more interested in your behalf than my own.' Their Conversation,



216 *The Tales of the FAIRIES.*

tion, without doubt, had been longer, had they had more time; but they were then obliged to gather up their Flocks, and return home.

All this time the King and Queen conferred together upon *Carpillona's* Behaviour towards the young Shepherd. While she was unknown to them, they approved of those growing Flames, that kindled in their Souls; the perfect Beauty wherewith Heaven had endow'd them, the Wit and Graces which accompanied all their Actions, made them desire an everlasting Union: But when they looked upon her with a different eye, as their own Daughter, and on the Shepherd as an unfortunate Babe, exposed to the Fury of the wild Beasts; they resolved to tell *Carpillona*, that she should not entertain him any more with flattering Hopes, but should declare to him, that she would not settle in that Country. After this Determination of theirs, the Queen called her in, and with a great deal of Tenderneſs told her all that had paſſ'd: but what words were capable to calm ſo violent a Diſorder? The young Princeſs ſtrove in vain to conſtrain herſelf, her Face was ſometimes as red as Scarlet, and another while as pale as Death; and the languiſhing of her Eyes diſcover'd but too much the State ſhe was in. Ah! how did ſhe then repent her Confeſſion? Nevertheless, ſhe aſſured her Mother with great Submiſſion, that ſhe would obey her Commands; and then retiring, had much to do to get to her Bed, where burſting into Tears, ſhe paſſed the Night in uttering her Complaints and Regrets.

The next Morning ſhe aroſe, to lead her Flock to feed; but inſtead of going towards the River, went directly to a Wood, where lying down upon the Graſs, and leaning upon her Elbow, ſhe fell into a deep muſing: The Prince, who could not be quiet, where ſhe was not preſent, ſought all about for her, and finding her, preſented himſelf to her ſight; who no ſooner ſaw him, but ſhe ſhriek'd out, as if ſhe had been ſurprized, and riſing with  
prec-

*The Story of Princess Carpillona.* 217

precipitation, left him without looking once at him. He stood some time like one Thunder-struck at so unusual a Behaviour; but recovering himself, follow'd her, and stopping her, said, 'What, Shepherdess, would you, in giving me Death, deprive yourself of the pleasure of seeing me expire before your Eyes? You have changed in regard to your Shepherd, and no longer remember what you promised but yesterday.' 'Alas! *said she, casting her Eyes melancholily upon him,* what Crime do you accuse me of? I am miserable, and tied down by Commands, which I cannot evade: Pity me, and leave me wherever you see me.' 'Must I, *cry'd he, folding his Arms in an Air of Despair,* must I fly you, Divine Princess? and can so cruel an Order, and so little deserved, be pronounced by you yourself? What would you have become of me? And can that flattering Hope, to which you was so willing that I should abandon myself, extinguish, and I live?' At these words *Carpillona*, whose Grief was not less violent than her Lover's, fell speechless, and void of Life, at his feet; at which sight he was agitated with a thousand different Thoughts, but the Condition his beloved Mistress was in, told him, that her Heart had no part in the Orders she then gave him, which diminish'd in some measure his Sorrows: However, he lost not a moment to assist her; a Spring, which ran softly along the Grass, afforded him Water to throw in her Face, and some *Cupids*, who were hid behind a Bush, have told their Comrades since, that he was so bold as to steal a Kiss. Whether it be true or not, the charming Shepherdess presently open'd her Eyes, and pushing her lovely Shepherd from her, said, 'Fly and be gone, how angry will my Mother be, if she should come?' 'What, *said he,* must I leave you then, to be devoured by Wolves and Bears; or during a long Swoon, to be stung in this solitary Place by some Serpent or Aspick.

218 *The Tales of the FAIRIES.*

'Yes, *said she*, we must hazard all, rather than dis-  
'please the Queen.'

During this Conversation, in which their tender Looks had no small share; the Fairy, their Protectrix, appear'd in the King's Chamber, arm'd as before, and addressing herself to the Queen, said, 'You are no ways grateful, Madam, for the Present I made you of your Daughter, who would have been drowned in the Net but for me, since you are upon the point of killing with Grief the young Shepherd (with whom I trusted you :) 'Think not of the Difference that may be between him and *Carpillona*, it is time to unite them; think, illustrious *Sublimus*, *said she to the King*, of their Marriage, I wish it, and you will have no reason to repent it.' After these words, without waiting for an Answer, she left them nothing remaining to their View, but long Rays of Light, like those of the Sun.

The King and Queen were equally surprized, and both felt a secret Joy, that the Fairy's Commands were so positive. 'It is no longer to be doubted, *said the King*, but that this unknown Shepherd is of a Birth agreeable to *Carpillona*, since their Protectrix has too much Justice to unite two Persons of unequal Rank. 'Twas she that saved our Child in the Lake, where she must inevitably have perish'd. How have we deserved her Protection?' 'I have often heard say, *reply'd the Queen*, that there are good and ill Fairies, and that they have a Friendship or an Aversion to Families, according to their Genius, and certainly *Amazona* is favourable to us.' As they were talking in this manner, the Princess came in, a drooping languishing Air appearing in her Face. The Prince, who durst not follow her, but at a distance, came some time after; but so great Melancholy hung upon him, that it was sufficient to look at him, to know all that pass'd in his Soul: and during Dinner-time these two poor Lovers, who used

to

## *The Story of Princess Carpillona.* 219

to make all the Mirth, open'd not their Mouths, nor durst they so much as look at one another. When the Cloth was taken away, the King went into his little Garden, and bid the Shepherd follow him. At this Order he turn'd pale, an extraordinary shivering glided thro his Veins, and *Carpillona* was afraid her Father was going to send him away; so dreadful were both their Apprehensions. *Sublimus* went into a green Arbour, where sitting down, and looking upon the Prince, he said, 'Son, you know with what Love I have brought you up; I have always regarded you as a Present made me by the Gods, to support and comfort me in my old Age: but a greater Proof of my Friendship to you, is the Choice I make of you for my Daughter *Carpillona*, the Loss of whom you have heard me so often deplore; but that same Providence that restored her to me, has ordained her for you.' 'Ah! Father, cry'd the Prince, casting himself at his feet, dare I flatter myself with what I hear? Am I so happy as to be your Choice, or is this only to know my Sentiments for that beautiful Shepherdess?' 'No, my dear Son, said the King, float no longer thus between Hope and Fear; I am resolved to celebrate your Nuptials within a few days.' 'You heap too many Obligations upon me, reply'd the Prince, embracing his Knees; and if I do not sufficiently explain my Acknowledgments, it proceeds from the Excess of Joy.' The King made him rise, profess'd great Value and Friendship for him; and tho he did not acquaint him with the Greatness of his Rank, he said enough to let him know, that his Birth was much above his present Condition.

*Carpillona* could not be easy, but must follow them into the Garden, where she observed all that pass'd from behind some Trees; and seeing her Lover at her Father's feet, she believed he might be intreating him not to condemn him to a cruel Banishment; and desiring to know no more, fled into the For-



rest, running like a Fawn before the Dogs, fearing neither the Fierceness of the wild Beasts, nor the Thorns or Briars, which tore her on all sides. The Echoes repeated her Complaints, and she seem'd to seek nothing but Death; in the mean time her Shepherd, impatient to tell her the joyful News, made all imaginable haste to follow her, and find her out. 'Where are you, my Shepherdess, cry'd he, where are you, my lovely *Carpillona*; if you hear me, fly me not, we shall both be happy.' In pronouncing these words, he perceived her, surrounded in the bottom of a Vale by several Hunters, who were endeavouring to put her behind a little hump-back'd Man: at this Sight, and the Cries of his Mistress, who wanted assistance, he flew like an Arrow out of a Bow, and having no other Arms but his Sling, he let fly a Stone, which hit the crooked Prince full on his Forehead, and knock'd him off his Horse, who brought the Princess down with him. By that time the Prince came to them himself, and endeavour'd to defend his dear Shepherdess against those Ravishers; but all his Resistance was to no purpose, they took him as well as her, and had sacrificed him to their Rage, had not the crook-back'd Prince made a sign to them to save him, that he might put him to the most cruel Torments: So that they then only contented themselves with binding him and the Princess, and in such a manner, that they could talk to one another; and after having made a sort of a Litter to carry their wounded Prince in, went away, without being seen by any of the Shepherds, who might have given *Sublimus* an account of the Misfortune of these young Lovers. Notwithstanding, we may easily imagine his and the Queen's Concern, when Night came, and they saw them not; who, with all the Shepherds of that Neighbourhood, sought several days for them.

Now before I proceed any further, it will not be amiss to say, that the crooked Prince had not forgot

*The Story of Princess Carpillona.* 221

forgot *Carpillona*, and that when he was not employ'd with the Affairs of State, or acting some horrid Murder, he used to go a Hunting, and stay out for seven or eight days. It was at one of these long Huntings that he saw the Princess cross a Path; and the Liveliness of her Grief made her give so little attention to what might befall her, that she took not the Noddy of Gilliflowers with her: so that he knew her as soon as he saw her.

But to return to the Shepherd and Shepherdess: The Shepherd cry'd out, 'Alas! this is the greatest of all Misfortunes; we were just upon the point of being united together.' And then he told her all that pass'd between *Sublimus* and him. It is no hard matter to comprehend the Regret of *Carpillona*, who bursting forth afresh into Tears, said, 'I shall cost you your Life, I lead you, for whom I would spill the last Drop of my Blood to a horrid Punishment: I am the Cause of this Misfortune, and, thro my own Imprudence, have fallen into the inhuman hands of my most cruel Persecutor.'

With this kind of Discourse they entertain'd one another till they arrived at the Capital City, where the good old King, the Father of this wicked and crooked Prince, was inform'd that his Son was brought in a Litter, having received, by a Stone out of a Sling, a Wound from a young Shepherd, in defence of a Shepherdess, and was in great danger. At this News the King was very much concern'd, and order'd the Shepherd to be put into a Dungeon; and the like Fate the Princess *Carpillona* underwent, by a private Order of the Prince, who resolv'd to make her consent to marry him, or to put her to the severest Torments: But it seem'd that these two Lovers were only parted by a slight Partition, the Boards of which being not joined close, they had the Satisfaction of seeing each other when the Sun shone in at Noon, and the Remainder

of their time had the more liberty to entertain their Sorrows. They said all the tender and passionate things Hearts so deeply touch'd could invent, and express'd themselves in such moving Terms, that they often dissolved into Tears. The Creatures of the Prince came every day to the Princess, to threaten her with a speedy Death, if she did not accept the Honour he did her. She received all their Proposals with a Firmness of Mind, and an Air of Disdain, insomuch that they began to despair of their Undertaking. 'Fear nothing, my dear Shepherd, said she, the Dread of the most cruel Torments cannot make me unfaithful; we will die together, if we cannot live so.' 'Fair Princess, reply'd he, do you think to comfort me?' 'Alas! would it not be more easy to me to see you in the Arms of this Monster, than in the Hands of an Executioner?' In short, these Sentiments of his were not relish'd by her; she accused him of Weakness, and assured him she would shew him an Example, and die with Courage.

The Prince's Wound growing better, his Love, enraged with the continual Denials of the Princess, made him resolve to sacrifice her, with the young Shepherd, to his Rage; and to that end appointed a Day for this dismal Tragedy, and desired the King, and all the Lords of the Kingdom, to be present: and for himself, he came in an open Litter, to glut his Eyes with this horrid Sight. The King, not knowing the Princess *Carpillona* was a Prisoner, when he saw her bound with her Governess, who was condemn'd to suffer the same Fate as herself and Shepherd, who appeared as bright as the Sun; he ordered them to be brought to him upon the Terrass, where he was with his Court, and not waiting for the Princess's making her Complaint for the ill and base Usage she had had, cut the Cords wherewith she was bound, and afterwards looking upon the Shepherd, found his Bowels earn with Tenderness and Compassion:

'Rash

*The Story of Princess Carpillona.* 223

'Rash Youth, said he, speaking to him with all the Harshness he was master of, what could inspire thee with so much Boldness, as to attack so great a Prince, and to reduce him almost to Death?' The Shepherd shewing an awful Respect, and a Confidence unknown to him before, reply'd, and said with a wonderful Intrepidity, 'Great Monarch, the Danger which I saw that fair Princess in, was the occasion of this rash Action; I knew not your Son, and much less in an Attempt so violent, and so much below a Prince.' As he spoke, he invigorated his Discourse, by raising his Voice and his Gesture, wherein his Arm lay bare, and the Arrow, wherewith he was marked, appeared too visible, not to be perceived by the King; who cry'd out, 'O Heavens! am I deceived? or have I found my Son again, whom I had lost?' 'No, Great King, said the Fairy Amazona, mounted in the Air upon a stately Horse, you are not deceived; behold thy Son, whom I preserved in an Eagle's Nest, where he was carried by the Order of his barbarous Brother, for the Loss of whom he must be thy Comfort.' And as she made an end of these words, flew at the guilty Prince, and with her Lance pierced his Heart, which reduced him presently to Ashes.

After this the Fairy went to the Terrass, and presented the Prince, no longer now a Shepherd, with a Suit of Armour, saying to him, 'These I promised thee, and with these thou shalt be invulnerable, and the greatest Warriour in the World.' Hereupon there were heard in the Air the Soundings of Trumpets, and all manner of warlike Instruments, which were follow'd with a soft and melodious Symphony to Words in the praise of the Prince and Princess. The Fairy alighted from off her Horse, placed herself by the King, and desired him to give Orders for solemnizing the Marriage; and then commanded a Genius, that appear'd at her Call, to go and fetch the illustrious and



royal Shepherd and his Family; which immediately went, and return'd with them. What a Satisfaction was this, after such long Troubles! The Palace was fill'd with Cries of Joy, and none was ever equal to that of these two Kings and their Children. The Nuptials were celebrated with great Magnificence; after which the kind Fairy took her leave, and disappear'd. The King *Sublimus* return'd to his own Dominions, *Carpillona* lived with her dear Spouse in all imaginable Pleasure, and the old King, overjoy'd to see a Son so worthy of his Love, grew young again with the Satisfaction he enjoy'd, and lengthen'd out his days some time longer.



*The Continuation of the Story of the New  
Gentleman-Citizen.*

THE Story of the Princess *Carpillona* was too well liked and approved of by all the Company, for them to be impatient for their Dinner; and just as it was made an end of, Madam *de St. Thomas* appear'd at the end of the Walk, rustling in her stiff Silks. And as she always loved to be somewhat singular, and having seen on Skreens and Fans, Blacks carrying Umbrelloes, she bethought herself of providing one; and to that end made choice of a Farmer's little Boy, who had very much the Features, and rubbed his Face and Hands over with Soot and Ink; but when the Soot came upon his Lips, the Bitterness was so great, that he would not suffer both to be black'd, but only the under one. The Baroness then made another Exception against the length of his Hair, but the Farmer's Wife would not let it be cut off; but in short, after

ter several Threats, my Lady was forced to submit, and this new-moulded Black carried her Umbrello.

The Baron knew nothing of all this, but when she made her Appearance, they all, except her Husband, burst out into Laughter; for the Black, with his red Lip and long Hair, was no less singular in his kind, than she was in hers. These *Paris Dames*, who affected as much Freedom and Coquetry, as she Preciseness and Formality, rose up immediately, and running with open Arms, and embracing her till they had like to have stifled her, said, 'Good-morrow, dear Madam, how glad are we to see you! You have heard of the Accident that befel our Coach, which underwent the same Fate as *Phaeton's Chariot*.' 'You mean, Ladies, answer'd *Madam St. Thomas*, with an Air of Contempt and Instruction, *Apollo's*, who was so imprudent as to lend him his; therefore you should not say *Phaeton's Chariot*, but that which *Apollo* lent him.' 'O Madam, said the Widow, you are Mistress of an Excellence, of which I am not so mindful.' 'Yes, reply'd the Baronefs, we want no more that here in the Country, than they who live in Town.' 'And why so much good Sense?' answer'd *Madam de Lure*. 'I pretend to as much, answer'd the Baronefs, and know as well when I read it, and speak it.'

*Monfieur de St. Thomas*, knowing his Wife to be very nice upon the point of Ceremony, never disputed but that she was chagrin'd, that a Citizen richly dress'd, as *Madam Rouet* was, should use so much freedom as to say my Dear at the first word; and fearing a Rupture, presented his Hand to the new-married Lady, and obliged the Viscount to do the same by the Widow. The Prior, after their example, offer'd to help the Baronefs forward, who, displeased with that Expression, and being out of humour before, said, with Fire in her Eyes, 'What, am I so weak or old, as to stand in need of a

‘Support, or is this a design’d Affront?’ To which he, knowing she wanted an Excuse to fall out with somebody, made no Reply. However, she still grumbled to herself, and seeing that these Ladies looked upon her Black with great Surprize, and had something to do to constrain their Laughter again; she said, ‘Ladies, you seem amazed at something that belongs to me; pray what is it?’ ‘Upon my word, *said Madam de Rouet*, I never in my life saw such a Black as this at *Paris*.’ ‘O *Paris*, *reply’d Madam St. Thomas*, I warrant nothing can be right but what comes from thence.’ ‘But, *said Madam de Lure*, you will allow this Boy’s Paint to be extraordinary.’ ‘Indeed, *reply’d the Baroness*, *laughing in her turn*, some daub with White, and some with Black.’ *Madam de Rouet*, applying this piece of Pleasantry to herself, return’d it again with Interest; which put the Baron, who was a Man of good Manners, into some pain, that this first Visit should be attended with such piquant Reflections: he therefore endeavour’d to repair all by his Praises, which being given *à propos*, created a more sensible Pleasure in these Ladies, than his Wife’s ill Temper had given them Chagrin; who made an Excuse, after Dinner, to go into her Chamber for something she had forgot. But as they talked on various Subjects, at last the Discourse happening to fall on *Dandinardiere*, the Prior told very agreeably all his Quarrels with his Neighbour and Mr. Robert, and his great Inclinations to *Don-Quixotism*; and we may be sure *Alain’s* Fooleries were not forgot.

The Stories that were told of him, rais’d in these Ladies a great Desire to see him: which the Baron told them might easily be done, if they would give themselves the trouble to go up into his Chamber. ‘Well, *said the Prior*, I’ll go and tell him of the Visit you intend him, that he may be prepared, and arm himself.’ ‘What, Sir, *reply’d the Widow*, must he arm to receive us? Sure  
‘he

‘ Quick, quick, *Alain*, my Armour, *cry’d* Dan-  
‘ dinardiére, my Turban, and my Breast-Plate.  
‘ What, Sir, *reply’d the Valet*, have you a mind to  
‘ lame yourself? that nasty hard Bedstead of yours,  
‘ has almost flea’d you already; and when you have  
‘ those Bodice on, you will be—— ‘ Wretch,  
‘ *cry’d his Master*, thou wilt never be fit to gaher  
‘ any thing but Thistles in the Field of *Mars*, since  
‘ thou



228 *The Tales of the FAIRIES.*

‘thou call’st those military Arms, which are to adorn me like a *Roman Dictator*, Bodice: how canst thou speak in so low a Style?’ ‘I beseech you, Sir, *said the Prior*, not so much of your lofty Expressions; the Ladies wait.’ ‘Alas! Sir, *answer’d Dandinardiere*; what Ears have you, that nothing can offend them? For my part, my Valet’s Absurdities stun me as much as an *Alarm Bell*; I cannot bear a wry Word: And, was I to merit a Kingdom to hear Words ill-apply’d, and all manner of Barbarisms, I should renounce it.’ ‘O! Sir, *said the Prior*, the Languages are infinitely obliged to you; and I hope you will meet with no Ingratitude: for in short, I understand, (but I’d have you be secret) that the Learned intend to write your Life.’ ‘O! Sir, *said Dandinardiere, transported with the most sensible Pleasure Man could be capable of*, I cannot doubt, but what you say is truth, since I have always received those Gentlemen handsomely at my Table. It is certain, that *Homer, Herodotus, Plutarch, Seneca, Voiture, Corneille*, and even *Harlequin* himself, have dined above thirty times with me, and have made me ready to die with laughter; besides, I took their coming without Ceremony, as a particular Favour; and always left orders with my Steward, when I was either with the Army, or at *Versailles*, to keep the same Table: But is it possible that they should remember so slight a mark of my Friendship? Well, I think I am well rewarded; and indeed, I could not have thought they would have remembred a Country Philosopher, like me.’ ‘The Reason is, *reply’d the Prior*, ready to burst his sides, because you are a Philosopher.; I am glad to hear, you keep company of such Merit, *Cato* is very pleasant and merry.’ ‘I don’t very well know *Cato*, *reply’d the learned Cit*, I think he came not so often as the rest.’ ‘Ah! but, *said the Prior*, he is one of your Friends; and it is resolved by them, to write of whatever has pass’d, that’s memorable, in your Life: but there

' is one thing they boggle at, and that is, you are  
' too covetous. ' As times go now, *reply'd the other,*  
' *somewhat chagrin'd,* it is no fault; for if I should  
' throw away all I have, I might hang myself af-  
' terwards. Believe me, Sir, Heroes neither sow  
' nor spin; they know not that happy Arithmetick  
' of making four of two; therefore they ought to  
' keep what they have.' ' Prudence, *said the Prior,*  
' must be commended by all the World, and your  
' Historians will be sure not to forget yours; but  
' when they come to speak of your Marriage, how  
' would you have them to mention it? Shall they  
' say, you was desperately in love with a Lady of  
' great Quality and Worth; but that, because she  
' had not a great Fortune, you would not have her?  
' That will sound but very base.' ' Ha! ha! *said*  
' *Dandinardiere;* Who desired them to write my  
' History? Had I been fond of Praises, do you  
' think I should have left *Paris*, where they so  
' much abound, to bury myself here in the Coun-  
' try, where they value themselves, upon saying  
' the hardest and most shocking things to one's face?  
' and though sometimes I don't answer that Cha-  
' racter, yet I can return Answers with as much  
' Violence as other People; but I avoid Quarrels.'  
' I understand you, Mr. *Dandinardiere,* *said the Prior;*  
' this Freedom of mine is no way pleasing to you:  
' but it is owing to my Respect for you, I would  
' wish you a compleat Gentleman; which you ne-  
' ver can be, with that Foundation of Covetousness,  
' which' ————— Here *Dandinardiere,* vex'd to the  
Soul, interrupted him, and told him, that he had  
forgot the Ladies, who sent him, and desired him  
to conduct them to him, that their Discourse might  
be more pleasant and diverting.

The Prior ran immediately to them, who waited  
with impatience; and told them, with a serious face,  
great part of their Conversation, but durst not  
make too great a Jest of the Cit before Madam de  
*St. Thomas*, who would have taken his part, back and  
edge.

edge. The Visitors went presently to *Dandinardiere's* Chamber, who made so ridiculous a figure, that the gravest Person would have found it an hard task, to have preserved a serious Countenance: His Nose and Cheeks were cruelly scratch'd, and withal, so red and bloated, that he look'd like a Trumpeter after a long Blast: besides, his Turban was no less to be admired than his Armour. As *Madam de Rouet* was the first that enter'd the Room, she made him a very low Courtesy; but when she cast her Eyes upon him, she was surprized to find him to be her Cousin *Cristoflet*, a Tradesman in *St. Dennis-street*. They both seem'd to express a great Joy, and embracing each other, whisper'd silence: for the Cousin *Rouet* was as much afraid of being known, as Cousin *Cristoflet*. But as she had been inform'd of his Maggots a long time, and had heard that, in spite of all his Friends could say to him, he was resolv'd, after Fortune had cast an auspicious Look on him, to set up for a fine Gentleman, and being herself no less guilty of the same Folly, she was the more inclined to excuse him. They both talk'd of nothing but their Ancestors, how one's Great-Uncle was a Duke, the other's a Marquis, &c. which was as much matter of fact, as *Dandinardiere's* entertaining the seven Sages of Greece.

All the Company was very much surprized, to see *Dandinardiere* and the Widow so great: The Baron was vex'd at what he told her, fearing it might be some Obstacle to the Marriage; for tho he seem'd to be very indifferent, yet in the main he was very desirous it might be: He express'd a great Joy to see them at a time when he so little expected them. 'Indeed, said *Dandinardiere*, when I left the Court, I took care to conceal my Retreat from my dearest Friends, who I knew would be concern'd for my Absence; and I must needs say, I was grieved myself.' 'You cannot imagine, said the Widow, how much it was regretted;

‘ I know some of the finest Ladies of the Court, who wore the rest of the Year no Ribbands, Laces, or coloured Clothes.’ ‘ Alas! *said Dandinardiere, fetching a deep Sigh*; poor Ladies! it grieves my Heart.’ ‘ There appear’d as much mourning in their Faces, *contin’d she*, as if it had been for an Husband.’ ‘ Ha! ha! ha! *cry’d the Cit*, what is this you tell me? Well, I am in pain for that fair young Dutcheffs; I should be inconsolable, if I have disturbed her Repose: For hitherto, *contin’d he*, you must own, Madam, we have managed matters so well, that the World has not been able to penetrate into the Secrets of our Hearts.’ Madam *de St. Thomas* listen’d some time to their Conversation, but at last grew impatient, and approaching the Viscount, said softly to him; ‘ What a Son-in-law is this you would persuade us to? Don’t you find that he has five hundred Intrigues on his hands; it will be an hard matter to fix him?’ ‘ Don’t be disgusted, Madam, *reply’d he*, an Air of Gallantry is agreeable to Courtiers; don’t think that they love, more than other People; their Affections are the hardest to settle: they know all the fine Turns of Gallantry; sigh and persuade, and yet do not love one whit the better.’ ‘ So much the worse, *said the Baronefs*, he will deceive us.’ ‘ No, Madam, *continued the Viscount*, he is bred in a Court of more Sincerity.’ ‘ What, *Paris*? *said she*.’ Here the Viscount was puzzled, what Court he should call *St. Dennis-street*; when he was freed from the Perplexity he was in, by the Arrival of the two young Ladies, who had been ask’d after, by these Visitors, but could not get themselves dress’d ready by dinner-time. They were, without dispute, beautiful; and, if they had not affected fantastical and romantick Airs, were very amiable. *Dandinardiere* seeing them, made a sign to his Cousin *Rouet*, that *Virginia* had made a cruel Rent in his Heart; which engaged her to look more favourable on her, than

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*Marthonida*; who would not have been very well pleas'd, if *Madam Lure* had not pass'd a thousand Compliments upon her. 'I ought not to complain,' *Madam*, said she to her, of leaving the Court as I have done, to come into the Country; where I have the happiness of meeting with a Person so charming as yourself.' *Madam*, replied she, we strive, as much as possible, to imitate you; but our Endeavours are all in vain.' 'Ah! what is it you tell me, my Fair,' cry'd *Madam de Lure*, 'you are altogether amiable; I see Rays of Wit dart from your Eyes, which ravish me.' The Widow said a great many fine things to *Virginia*; and in short, they both talked so together, that they confounded each other. Never were Praises deliver'd with a better Air; *Dandinardiere* triumph'd, and gave his Sentiments open-mouth'd: he was overjoy'd, that the Widow applauded his growing Passion; and *Virginia*, for her part, us'd all her Eloquence.

The rest of the Company listen'd with great Attention; but the Baroness was not over-well pleas'd that her Daughters should engross all the Praises; for she was one that thought all was her due, and look'd upon all the Compliments paid to others, as injurious to herself: which put her into so strange a Mood, that she would say nothing but Yes and No. In the mean time the Conversation, which could not always be on the Advantages of Beauty, turn'd upon those of Wit; which rais'd new Desires in *Madam de Ronet* and *Dandinardiere*, to offer up their Incense; who looking at each other, admir'd that inexhaustible Source of great Words which signified little or nothing: when, to make some diversion from the Subject they were got into, the Viscount told *Madam de St. Thomas*, that they two were great Losers by not being in the Wood when the Ladies read one of the finest Stories of the Fairies that ever was made. 'What,' said the Widow, are these Ladies acquainted with these

*Perfect Love : A Story.* 233

‘ these sorts of Amusements; have they got into  
‘ the Country already?’ ‘ And what do you take  
‘ us for, Madam? *answer’d* Virginia; do you think  
‘ that our Climate wants so much the favourable  
‘ Influences of some benevolent Star; and that we  
‘ are so very ignorant of what passes under your  
‘ celestial vaulted Roof? Indeed our Sphere is not  
‘ so much limited as you imagine; we know how to  
‘ lay our Scenes so well, as that the Author need  
‘ not to be ashamed.’ ‘ I must confess, *said the new-*  
‘ *married Lady*, that I did not expect to find the  
‘ Muses and Fairies so familiarly used here in the  
‘ Country; I should be overjoy’d to hear how they  
‘ are handled.’ Upon this, *Marthonida*, who wanted  
not Merit and a good Opinion of herself, offer’d  
to read a Story which she had just made an end of.  
‘ Nothing can be more new, *said* Virginia, for it  
‘ has not yet been corrected.’ All the Company  
accepted of the Proposition; and as she had it  
about her, she pull’d it out, and began thus:



*Perfect Love : A Story.*

**I**N one of those agreeable Countries that depend  
on the Empire of the Fairies, there reign’d the  
formidable *Danamo*, who was as knowing in her  
Art, as cruel in her Actions, and boasted of the  
Honour of being descended from the celebrated  
*Calipso*, whose Charms had the Glory and Power of  
staying the famous *Ulysses*, and triumphing over the  
Prudence of the Conquerors of *Troy*.

She was lusty, had a wild Look, and her Pride  
made her with some difficulty submit to the hard  
Laws of Matrimony; for Love was not able to  
reach her Heart: but the design of uniting a flourish-  
ing Kingdom to that she was Queen of, and ano-

another she had usurp'd, made her consent to marry an old neighbouring King, who died some few Years after their Marriage, and left the Fairy a Daughter call'd *Azira*, who was very ugly; but appear'd not so in the eyes of *Danamo*, who thought her charming; perhaps, because like herself. She was to be the Queen of three Kingdoms; which Circumstance qualified all her Defects, and caused her to be asked in Marriage by the most powerful Princes of the neighbouring Countries.

This, together with the blind Friendship of *Danamo*, render'd her Vanity insupportable, since she was desired with an Ardour which she did in no wise deserve. But as *Danamo* thought of nothing but rendring the Princess's Happiness compleat, she brought up in her Palace a young Prince, her Brother's Son; who was called *Parcinus*: he had a noble Air, a delicate Shape, a fine Head of Hair, so admirably white, that Love himself might have been jealous of his Power; for that God never had golden Shafts more sure of triumphing over Hearts without resistance, than the Eyes of *Parcinus*. He did every thing well, danced and sung extraordinary fine, and gain'd all the Prizes at Tournaments, whenever he contended for them.

This young Prince was the Delight of the Court; and *Danamo*, who had her Designs, was not against the Respect and Value they shew'd him. The King his Father, was the Fairy's Brother, whom she declared War against without any Pretence whatsoever. This King fought courageously at the head of his Troops; but what could an Army do against so powerful a Fairy as *Danamo*? who suffering the Victory not to ballance long after her Brother's Death, who was kill'd in the Action, with one Stroke of her Wand dispersed her Enemies, and became Mistress of the Kingdom.

*Parcinus* was then an Infant in Arms; they brought him to *Danamo*, for it would have been in vain to have conceal'd him from a Fairy: he had then such  
enga-

engaging Smiles, that they won all Hearts; and *Danamo* careſſing him, in few days after carried him home with her to her own Kingdom.

This Prince was about eighteen Years old, when the Fairy, willing to execute what ſhe had ſo long deſign'd, reſolved to marry him with her Daughter; and not doubting but the Prince, who was born one, but by his Misfortunes made a Subject, would be overjoy'd to become one day a Sovereign of three Empires, ſent for the Princeſs, and diſcover'd to her the Choice ſhe had made.

The Princeſs hearken'd to this Diſcourſe with an Emotion that made the Fairy think that this Reſolution in favour of *Parcinus*, diſpleaſed her Daughter. 'I ſee, ſaid ſhe to her, obſerving her Diſorder increaſe, that your Ambition carries you ſo far, that you would add to your Empire the Dominions of one of thoſe Kings, who have demanded you ſo often. But what Kings may not *Parcinus* overcome? His Courage is beyond every thing; the Subjects of a Prince ſo accompliſh'd, may ſome time revolt in his favour; and by giving you to him, I make ſure of the Poſſeſſion of his Kingdom. And for his Perſon, we need not ſpeak of that; you know the proudeſt Beauties are not able to reſiſt his Charms.'

The Princeſs, caſting herſelf ſuddenly at the feet of the Fairy, interrupted her Diſcourſe, and confeſs'd to her, That her Heart had not had the power to withſtand that young Victor, ſo famous for his Conqueſt: 'But, added ſhe, bluſhing, I have given the inſenſible *Parcinus* a thouſand Marks of my Tenderneſs, which he receiv'd with a Coldneſs that makes me deſpair.' 'Twas becauſe he durſt not raiſe his Thoughts up to you, reply'd the proud Fairy, he was without doubt afraid of diſpleaſing me; I know his Reſpect.'

This flattering Opinion was too agreeable to the Princeſs's Inclination and Vanity, for her not to be perſuaded to it. In ſhort, the Fairy ſent for *Par-*  
*cinus,*



236 *The Tales of the FAIRIES.*

*cinus*, who came to her in a magnificent Cloſet, where ſhe, and the Princeſs her Daughter, waited for him; where ſhe ſaid to him, as ſoon as ſhe ſaw him, ‘Call all your Courage to your aid; I ſent for you not to continue your Miſfortune, but for your good; reign, *Parcinus*: and to compleat your Happineſs, reign by marrying my Daughter.’ ‘I, Madam! cry’d the young Prince in an Amazement, wherein it was eaſy to perceive his Joy had not the greateſt ſhare; I marry the Princeſs, continued he, falling back ſome Steps, alas! what God concerns himſelf in my Fate, not to leave it to him alone from whom I aſk aſſiſtance?’

Theſe Words were pronounced by the Prince with an Heat which his Heart had too great a ſhare in, to be withſtood by his Reaſon. The Fairy thought that this unlook’d-for Happineſs had put him beſide himſelf; but the Princeſs loved, and Love makes Lovers more penetrating than Wiſdom itſelf. ‘What God, *Parcinus*, ſaid ſhe to him with Diſorder, do you ſo tenderly implore the aſſiſtance of; I know too well I have no ſhare in the Vows you offer up to him.’ The young Prince, who had had time to recover his firſt Surprize, and who knew he had been guilty of an Imprudence in what he had done, ſummon’d all his Wit to the aid of his Heart, and answer’d the Princeſs more gallantly than ſhe hoped for; and thank’d the Fairy with an Air of Grandeur, that ſhew’d him not only worthy of the Empire offer’d him, but that of the whole World.

*Danamo*, and her proud Daughter, who were both ſatiſfied with this Diſcourſe, ſettled all things before they went out of the Cloſet: The Fairy deferred the Day of the Nuptials, only to give the Court time to prepare themſelves on ſo great an occaſion. After this, the News of *Parcinus*’s Marriage with *Azira*, was ſpread all about the Court; and the Courtiers came in Crouds to congratulate the Prince.

*Parcinus*

*Parcinus* receiv'd all their Compliments with an Air of Coldness, which very much surprized his new Subjects, that he should appear chagrin'd and out of humour: All the rest of the day he was perplex'd with the Congratulations of the whole Court, and the continual Declarations of *Azira's* Passion.

What a Condition was the young Prince in, who was seiz'd with a lively Grief? The Day seem'd to him a thousand times longer than ordinary. The impatient *Parcinus* long'd for night, which at last came; when with haste he left that place where he had suffer'd so much, and went to his own Apartment; and after having sent all his Attendants away, open'd a Door that led into the Gardens of the Palace, which he cross'd, follow'd only by a young Slave.

A fine, but small River ran at the end of these Gardens, and separated the Fairy's Palace from a Castle flanked with four Towers, and surrounded with a deep Ditch that was fill'd by the River: thither flew *Parcinus's* Wishes and Desires.

A Wonder was shut up in it; which Treasure *Danamo* had carefully guarded. It was a young Princess, her Sister's Daughter, who when she died left her to the Care of the Fairy; her Beauty, worthy of the admiration of the whole World, appearing too dangerous for *Danamo* to permit her to be seen nigh *Azira*. Sometimes the charming *Irolita*, which was her Name, was suffer'd to come to the Palace to see the Fairy, and the Princess her Daughter; but was never allow'd to appear in publick: yet her Charms, tho concealed, were not unknown to the World.

The Prince *Parcinus* had seen her with the Princess *Azira*, and adored her from that very moment. Their Nearness of Blood gave this young Prince no privilege with *Irolita*; for after she was grown up, the merciless *Danamo* permitted none to see her.

238 *The Tales of the FAIRIES.*

In the mean time, *Parcinus* burnt with a raging flame, which the Charms of *Irolita* had kindled; she was about fourteen Years old; her Beauty was perfect, her Hair of a fine brown, her Complexion blooming as the Spring; her Mouth delicate, her Teeth admirably white and even; and her Smiles engaging, her Eyes were of a fine hazle Colour, and piercing, and her Looks seem'd to speak a thousand things her young Heart as yet knew nothing of.

She had been brought up in great Solitude, nigh the Fairy's Palace, in the Castle where she lived; but saw no more of the World than if she had been in a Defart. *Danamo's* Orders were so exactly obeyed, that the fair *Irolita* pass'd her days only among those Women appointed her, whose number was very small, but yet as many as were necessary in so lonely and retir'd a Court: however, Fame, which regarded not *Danamo*, publish'd so many Wonders of this young Princess, that Persons at the greatest distance from the Court, offer'd themselves to be with the young *Irolita*. And her Presence bely'd not what Fame had reported, since they always found her worthy of their Admiration.

A Governant of great Wit and Knowledge, formerly attach'd to the Princess her Mother, lived with her, and often groan'd under the Rigours of *Danamo* towards the charming *Irolita*: she was called *Mana*; and her desire of setting the Princess at liberty, and restoring her to her Right and Dignity, made her yield to *Parcinus's* Love. It was then three Years since he was first introduced into the Castle in the Habit of a Slave; at which time he found her in the Garden, and discover'd to her his Passion; and as she was then but a Child, she loved *Parcinus* only as a Brother. *Mana*, who was never absent long from her, surprized the young Prince in the Garden one day, when he acquainted her with his Love for the Princess, and the Design he had form'd to lose his Life, or restore her Liberty;

ty; and seeking, by shewing himself to his Subjects, a glorious Revenge on *Danamo*, and placing *Irolita* on the Throne. As the rising Merit of *Parcinus* was capable of rendring the most difficult Projects credible, and was the only means to deliver *Irolita*, *Mana* suffer'd him to come sometimes to the Castle when it was night; but never let him see the Princess, except in her presence. He, with his tender Discourse, and his constant Sedulities, endeavour'd to inspire in her as violent a Passion as his own. Thus employ'd for three Years, he went almost every night to the Castle, and spent all the days in nothing but thinking of his Princess. But to return to where we left him crossing the Gardens, follow'd by a Slave, and pierced with Grief at the Resolutions of the Fairy: When he came to the River-side, a gilded Boat which *Azira* sometimes took the Air in, that was fasten'd to the Bank, served to carry this amorous Prince over. The Slave row'd, and as soon as *Parcinus* had got up a filken Ladder, that was thrown out from off a little Terrass, that fronted the Castle, the faithful Slave row'd the Boat back again, where he waited for a Signal he made him, which was to shew him a lighted Flambeau from off the Terrass. That night the Prince took his usual Tour; the filken Ladder was let down, and he enter'd without any Obstacle the young *Irolita's* Chamber, whom he found laid on the Bed all in Tears: but the Beauty that appear'd in that melancholy Posture, had an extraordinary effect on the Prince!

'What ails my Princess? said he, falling on his Knees by the Bed-side whereon she lay; what could cause these precious Tears? Alas! continued he, sighing, have I yet new Misfortunes to hear?' The Tears and Sighs of these young Lovers were intermix'd, and they were forced to vent their Passion, before they could tell the Cause of their Grief. At length the young Prince desired *Irolita* to tell him what new Severity the Fairy had used to her.

'She



240 *The Tales of the FAIRIES.*

‘She will make you marry *Azira*, answer’d the beautiful *Irolita*, blushing, which, of all her Cruelties, is the most painful to me.’ ‘Oh! my dear Princess, cry’d the Prince, you fear lest I should marry *Azira*; my Fate is a thousand times more kind than I thought it.’ ‘Can you praise Fate, reply’d the young *Irolita* languishingly, when it is ready to separate us? I cannot express the Torments, the Dread of that makes me feel. Oh! *Parcinus*, you are in the right, the Love of a Lover, and that of a Brother, is quite different.’ The amorous Prince thought to thank his Fortune, he never till then knew the Love the young *Irolita* had for him; and, in short, could no longer doubt of the good Fortune of having inspired such tender Sentiments into the Princess. This Happiness, which he did not expect, roused up all his Hopes. ‘No, cry’d he in a Transport, I despair not now of overcoming our Misfortunes, since I am assured of your Tendernefs. Let us fly, my Princess, let us avoid the Rage of *Danamo*, and her hateful Daughter; let us not trust to so fatal an Abode, Love alone will make us happy.’ ‘Should I go away with you, reply’d the Princess with Surprise, what would the World say of my Flight?’ ‘Lay aside these vain Reflections, fair *Irolita*, interrupted the impatient *Parcinus*, every Circumstance urges us to leave this Place, let us go——’ ‘But where will you go? reply’d the prudent *Mana*, (who was always with them, and who, less engaged than those young Lovers, foresaw all the Difficulties in their Flight.) ‘I will give you an account of my Designs, reply’d the Prince; but how did you hear so soon the News from the Fairy’s Court?’ ‘A Relation of mine, answer’d *Mana*, writ to me as soon as it was whisper’d about the Palace, and I thought it my Duty to inform the Princess of it.’ ‘And what have I endured since? reply’d the lovely *Irolita*: No, *Parcinus*, I cannot live without you.’ The young Prince, transported with Love, and charmed

charmed with these words, kissed *Irolita's* Hand with an Ardour and Tenderness, that had all the Thanks of a first and most agreeable Favour. Day began to appear, and inform'd *Parcinus* too soon, that it was time he retired, when he assured the Princess he would come again the next Night, and impart to her his Project; he got to the Boat and Slave again, and retired to his Apartment. He was so overjoy'd with the Pleasure of being beloved by the fair *Irolita*, and agitated by the Difficulties he foresaw they should meet with in their Flight, that Sleep could not calm that Uneasiness, nor make him forget a moment of his Happiness.

It was hardly Morning, when a Dwarf enter'd his Chamber, and presented him with a fine Scarf from the Princess *Azira*, who by a Billet more tender than he wish'd for, desired him to wear from that day that Scarf. He sent an Answer, which very much confounded him, but he was obliged to it, to deliver *Irolita*, and to constrain himself for her Liberty. When he had sent *Azira's* Dwarf away, a Giant came from *Danamo*, and presented him with a Sabre of an extraordinary Beauty, the Handle of which was of one single Stone, more beautiful than a Diamond, and which gave a great Light in the night; on this Sabre were engraved these words :

*For the Hand of a Conqueror.*

*Parcinus* was mightily pleased with the Fairy's Present, and went and thanked her with that and the Scarf on. The Tenderness of *Irolita* suspended all Disquiets, she had rais'd in his Heart that sweet and perfect Satisfaction successful Love feels; a pleasant Air appeared in all his Actions, which *Azira* attributed to her Charms, and the Fairy to *Parcinus's* Ambition: the day was spent in Pleasures and Diversion, which in no wise diminish'd the insupportable length *Parcinus* thought it.

In the Evening they took the Air in the Gardens of the Palace, and on the same River so well known to the Prince, who, in going in the Boat, felt a sensible Concern, to see what difference there was between the Pleasures it used to give him, and the cruel Torment he then endured. *Parcinus* could not forbear looking often at the Habitation of the charming *Irolita*, who never appeared when the Fairy or *Azira* were on the Water. That Princess, who watch'd all the Actions of the Prince, observ'd that his Eyes were often turn'd towards the Castle. 'What do you look at, Prince? *said she*: in the midst of the Honours done you, is *Irolita's* Prison worthy your Regard?' 'Yes, Madam, *reply'd the Prince, very imprudently*, I am sensible of the Sufferings of those who deserve them not.' 'You are too compassionate, *answer'd Azira disdainfully*; but to ease you of your Pain, I can tell you, *Irolita* will not be long a Prisoner.' 'And what will become of her? *reply'd the young Prince short*. 'The Queen will marry her in five days to the Prince *Brutus, return'd Azira*; he is of our Blood, you know, and according to the Intentions of the Queen, he will, the next day after their Marriage, carry *Irolita* into a Fortress, from whence she will never return to Court.' 'What, *said the Prince, in an extraordinary Disorder*, will the Queen give that beautiful Princess to so hideous a Prince, whose ill Qualities exceed his Deformity? What Cruelty is this!' This last word came from him against his will, but he could no longer conceal his Resentment. 'I thought that you, of all People, *Parcinus, answer'd the Princess haughtily*, should not complain of *Danamo's* Cruelties.' This Conversation, without doubt, had been pushed too far for the young Prince, whose business it was to dissemble, if by good luck the Attendants of *Azira* had not come up to them, and the Fairy appeared on the River-side. *Azira* returned to the Fairy, and *Parcinus* coming out of the Boat, feigned to be sick, that

that he might have the more liberty to go and complain, without any Witness, of his new Misfortunes.

The Fairy, and above all *Azira*, shew'd a great Uneasiness for his being ill. He retired, accusing Fate a thousand times for the Misfortunes that threaten'd the charming *Irolita*, abandoning himself to all his Grief and Tenderness; but beginning at length to recover those Disorders faithful Lovers are so subject to, he writ, in the most moving Expressions his Love could dictate, to one of his Aunts, whose Name was *Favourable*; who was a Fairy as well as *Danamo*, but one who took as much pleasure in comforting and assisting the Unfortunate, as *Danamo* did in making them so. He told her to what a cruel Condition his Love and Fortune had reduced him; and not daring to leave *Danamo's* Court without discovering his Designs, he sent his faithful Slave with it.

When every body was retired, he left his Apartment as usual, and crossing the Gardens alone, went into the Boat, without knowing whether he could row or not; but what will not Love learn us? he row'd as well as the most expert Seaman, and got into the Castle, where he was very much surpriz'd to find *Mana* only, and she all in Tears, in the Princess's Chamber. 'What is the matter with you, *Mana*, said the Prince in haste, and where is my dear *Irolita*?' 'Alas! Sir, said *Mana*, she is not here, a Troop of the Queen's Guards, and some Women, carried her away from this Castle three or four Hours ago.' *Parcinus* heard not the end of these words, but swooned away as soon as he understood the Princess was gone. *Mana* took a great deal of pains to bring him to himself again, which was no sooner done, but falling suddenly into a Passion, he drew a little Dagger he wore in his Girdle, and had pierced his Heart, had not the wise *Mana*, holding his Arm, and falling on her Knees, said, 'What, Sir, will you forsake *Irolita*?'



244 *The Tales of the FAIRIES.*

‘Live to deliver her from *Danamo’s* Rage. Alas!  
 ‘without you, where will she find Succours against  
 ‘the Cruelty of the Fairy?’ These words suspend-  
 ed the unhappy Prince’s Despair: ‘Alas! reply’d  
 ‘he, *shedding Tears, which all his Courage could not re-*  
 ‘strain; where is my Princess? Yes, *Mana*, I will  
 ‘live to have the sad Satisfaction of dying for her,  
 ‘and expiring, in revenging her of her Enemies.’  
 After these words, *Mana* begged of him to leave  
 that dismal Place, to avoid fresh Misfortunes. ‘Go,  
 ‘Prince, *said she*, how know we but the Fairy has  
 ‘somebody here to give her an account of what  
 ‘passes? Take care of a Life, so dear to a Prin-  
 ‘cess you adore.’ After this Promise the Prince  
 went away, and return’d to his own Apartment  
 with all the Grief so unhappy and tender a Passion  
 could inspire. He pass’d the Night on a Couch he  
 threw himself on when he went in, where Day  
 surprized him; which had appeared some Hours,  
 when he heard a noise at his Chamber-Door. He  
 ran with that eager impatience we generally ex-  
 press, when we expect News, wherein our Hearts  
 are so much concern’d; and found, that his People  
 had brought a Man who wanted to speak with him  
 in haste, and whom he knew to be one of *Mana’s*  
 Relations: he gave *Parcinus* a Letter, who went  
 into his Closet to hide the Trouble it might give  
 him; where he open’d it, and found these words:

M A N A ;

*To the greatest Prince in the World.*

‘**B**E assured, Sir, our Princess is in safety, if that  
 ‘Expression may be allow’d, while in the power  
 ‘of her Enemy; she has ask’d *Danamo* for me, who  
 ‘has suffer’d me to be with her: there is a Guard  
 ‘in the Palace. Yesternight the Queen sent for  
 ‘her into her Closet, and order’d her proudly, to  
 ‘look on the Prince *Brutus*, as one that was to be  
 ‘her Husband in a few days, and presented to her  
 ‘that

‘that Prince, so unworthy of being your Rival.  
 ‘The Princess was so much afflicted, that she made  
 ‘her no Answer, but by Tears, which are not yet  
 ‘dry’d up. You, Sir, must find out means, if pos-  
 ‘sible, to assist her against such pressing Misfor-  
 ‘tunes.’

At the bottom of the Letter these words were writ-blotted, and with a trembling Hand.

‘HOW much I pity you, my dear Prince; your  
 ‘Calamities are more grievous to me than my  
 ‘own: I spare your Tenderness the Recital of  
 ‘what I have endured since yesterday; why should  
 ‘I trouble the Repose of your Life? Alas! per-  
 ‘haps without me you might be happy.’

What Joy and Grief did the Prince feel? What Kisses he gave this invaluable Token of the Divine *Irolita’s* Love? He was so much beside himself, that he had much ado to return a suitable Answer; he thank’d the prudent *Mana*, inform’d the Princess of the Assistance he expected from the Fairy *Favourable*, and said a thousand things on his Grief and Love: afterwards he gave the Letter to *Mana’s* Relation, and with it a Present of fine Jewels of an inestimable Value, to recompense him for the pleasure he had done him. He was scarcely gone, when the Queen and Princess *Azira* sent to know how the Prince did; it was easy to know, by his Looks, that he was not well; they press’d him to go to bed, which he agreed to, thinking he should be less constrain’d than if he went to the Fairy.

After Dinner the Queen went herself to see him, and spoke to him of *Irolita’s* Marriage with the Prince *Brutus* as a thing resolved on. *Parcinus*, who had at last resolved to restrain himself, to carry on his Designs the better, seem’d to approve of the Fairy’s Intentions, and desired her only to stay till he was recover’d, because he had a great mind to

be at that Solemnity. The Fairy and *Azira*, who despair'd at his Sickness, promised him what he asked; by which means he retarded the dismal Nuptials of *Irolita* for some days. The Conversation he had on the Water with *Azira* forwarded the Misfortune of the Princess he loved so tenderly, for *Azira* had given the Queen an account of his Discourse and his Compassion for *Irolita*. And the Queen, who never delay'd the Execution of her Will, sent that Evening for *Irolita*, and resolved, with *Azira*, to finish the Marriage of that Princess, and to hasten her Departure before *Parcinus* had a more established Authority; but in the mean time, before the Expiration of the time, the faithful Slave arrived. How great was *Parcinus*'s Joy, to find in the Letter *Favourable* had writ, Marks of her Compassion and Friendship for him and *Irolita*! She sent him a little Ring, composed of four different Metals, Gold, Silver, Brass, and Iron; this Ring had the power of securing them four times against the Persecutions of the cruel *Danamo*: and *Favourable* assured the Prince, that the wicked Fairy could not pursue them oftner than the Ring had power to save them. This good News restored the young Prince to his Health, he sent in all haste for *Mana*'s Relation, and gave him a Letter, that inform'd *Irolita* of the happy Success they might flatter themselves withal. They had no time to lose, the Queen was for consummating Prince *Brutus*'s Marriage in three days, and that same Night *Azira* made a Ball, and *Irolita* was to be there. *Parcinus* could not think of being negligent on that occasion; he dress'd himself in a magnificent Suit, and appear'd a thousand times brighter than the Day, but durst not speak to *Irolita*, except with his Eyes, which often met those of that fair Princess. *Irolita* had on the noblest Dress imaginable; the Fairy had given her very fine Jewels, and as she had but four Days to stay in her Palace, resolved to treat her as she ought to be. Her Beauty, not used to be set off with such  
Orna-

Ornaments, seem'd wonderful to all, and much more to the amorous *Parcinus*, who thought, by the Joy that he saw in her bright Eyes, she had received his Letter. The Prince *Brutus* talked often with *Irolita*, but he appear'd of so ill a Mien under the Gold and Jewels he was loaded with, that he was not a Rival worthy of the young Prince's Jealousy. The Ball was almost over, when *Parcinus*, transported with his Love, desired, with great ardour, the liberty of talking a moment with the Princess. 'Cruel Queen, and thou hateful *Azira*, said he to himself, will you deprive me yet longer of the charming Pleasure of telling the fair *Irolita* a thousand times how I adore her? Why leave you not, you jealous Witnesses of my Happiness, the Place, since Love can only triumph in your Absence?' He had hardly form'd this Wish, but the Fairy, finding herself a little out of order, call'd *Azira*, and went with her into the next Room, whither Prince *Brutus* follow'd them; *Parcinus* had then the Ring on his Finger the Fairy *Favourable* had sent him. He ought to have preserved the Succours given him for more pressing Occasions, but violent Love and Prudence are seldom Companions; the young Prince thought, by the Fairy's and *Azira*'s Departure, that the Ring began to favour his Love: he flew to the charming *Irolita*, and spoke to her of his Passion in the most touching and eloquent Expressions; when he perceived that he had made use of *Favourable*'s Charm fillily, but could not repent of an Imprudence which gain'd him the pleasure of entertaining his dear *Irolita*: they resolved on the Place and Hour to put an end to their cruel Slavery the next day. The Fairy and *Azira* return'd again some time after, *Parcinus* parted with no small Regret from *Irolita*, and looking on his Ring, perceived the Iron was mix'd with the other Metals, and saw very well that he had but three Wishes to make, which he resolved to employ better than the first for his Princess; but trusted none



with his Departure, but his faithful Slave. The next day he appear'd to the Queen very easy, and more pleasant than ordinary; he pass'd some Compliments on the Prince *Brutus* upon his Marriage, and did it in a manner capable of removing all Suspicions they might entertain of his Passion. At two a-clock in the Morning he went to the Fairy's Park, where he found his faithful Slave, who, according to his Master's Orders, had brought four of his Horses. The Prince waited a little, when the lovely *Irolita* came wearied, and leaning on *Mana*; for that young Princess endured so much in the Walk, that Love alone, without *Danamo's* Cruelties, and the ill Qualities of Prince *Brutus*, would not have been capable to have made her undertake it. It was then Summer, the Night was clear, and the Moon and Stars shined so bright, that it was as light as Day. The Prince made up in haste towards her, kiss'd her Hand, for 'twas not a place to talk in, and helped her on her Horse, for she rid wonderfully well, it being one of her Amusements to take horse with her Maids, and ride into a little Wood, some distance from the Castle, which the Fairy suffer'd her to take the Air in. Afterwards *Parcinus* mounted his Horse, and *Mana* and the Slave theirs. Then the young Prince, drawing the brilliant Sabre the Fairy gave him, swore to the fair *Irolita*, to adore her all his Life, and to die, if necessary, in her defence. After these words they went away, and the Zephirs seem'd to correspond with them, or to take *Irolita* for *Flora*, by always attending them.

In the mean time, Day discover'd to *Danamo* a piece of News she little expected. The Ladies who were about *Irolita*, were amazed that she slept so long; but obeying the order the prudent *Mana* had given them the night before, durst not go into the Princess's Chamber till she call'd them. *Mana* lay in the same Chamber with *Irolita*, from whence they went out at a little Back-door that let them into a

Court

Court of the Palace, very little frequented, by a Door that was in *Irolita's* Closet, and was made up; but in two or three Nights they found out the means to open it. In short, the Queen sent for *Irolita*; in obedience to the Fairy, they knock'd at the Princess's Chamber-door, and no body answer'd. But when the Prince *Brutus* arrived, who came to conduct the Princess to the Queen, he was very much surprized; he broke open the door, and went in, and seeing the little Door in the Closet forced, he no longer doubted of the Princess's Flight. When the News was carried to the Queen, she shook with Anger, and order'd them to search every where for *Irolita*; but it was all in vain, no body could give any account of her. The Prince *Brutus* himself went to seek after her, and sent the Fairy's Guards with all speed on the Roads he thought they might take. In the mean time, *Azira* observed that *Parcinus* did not appear in this general Consternation; and Jealousy opening her Eyes, she sent in haste to him, and began to think that Prince had taken *Irolita* away. The Fairy herself could not believe it; but upon consulting her Books, she found *Azira's* Suspicion to be matter of fact. In the mean time, that Princess having learn'd that *Parcinus* was not in his Apartment, nor the Palace, sent to the Castle where *Irolita* had been so long, to see if she could find any thing whereby she might justify or condemn the Prince. The prudent *Mana* had taken care to leave nothing that might discover *Irolita's* Correspondence with *Parcinus*; but *Azira's* Scarf, which was found on the Couch he swooned on, and had been untied while he was in that condition; and which neither the Prince, nor *Mana*, who were full of Grief, perceiv'd. What did not the haughty *Azira* feel at the sight of that Scarf? Her Love and Pride suffer'd both alike; she afflicted herself to excess, and sent all the Servants of *Irolita* and the Prince to Prison. The Ingratitude the Queen thought *Parcinus* had shew'd her, push'd her natural

Rage to the last extremity. She would willingly have given one of her Kingdoms to have been revenged of those two Lovers, who at the same time were pursued on all sides: Prince *Brutus* and his Troop met with fresh Horses every where by the Fairy's Order, whereas those of *Parcinus* were tired, and answer'd not the Impatience of their Master. At the further side of a Forest he overtook them: the first Motion of the Prince was to go and fight that unworthy Rival; he was riding up to him with his Sabre drawn, when *Irolita* cry'd out, 'Prince, seek not an unprofitable Danger, obey the Orders of the Fairy *Favourable*.' These words gave a check to *Parcinus*'s Rage, who, to obey the Princess and the Fairy, wish'd the Princess was in safety against the Persecutions of the cruel Queen. He had scarcely made this Wish, but the Earth open'd between him and his Rival; a little ugly Man, magnificently dress'd, appear'd, and made a sign to him to follow him. The Descent was easy on their side, he went down on horseback, with *Irolita*, and *Mana*, and the Slave, and the Earth closed. *Brutus*, surprized at so extraordinary an Event, went in haste to give *Danamo* an account of it; and in the mean time our young Lovers follow'd the little Man thro a dark Road, that led to a large Palace, lighted by a great many Flambeaux and Lamps. They alighted from off their Horses, went into a prodigious large Hall, supported by Pillars of shining Earth, cover'd with Ornaments of Gold; a little Man, loaded with Jewels, sat on a Throne of Gold at the bottom of the Hall, with a great number of People like himself about him, who conducted the Prince to that Place: who, as soon as he appear'd with the charming *Irolita*, the little Man rose from his Throne, and said to him, 'Come, Prince, the great Fairy *Favourable*, who has been a long time one of my Friends, hath desired me to secure you against the Cruelties of *Danamo*. I am King of the Gnomes, you and the  
' Prin-

' Princess are welcome to my Palace' *Parcinus* thank'd him for his Assistance. The King and all his Subjects were enchanted at the Beauty of *Irolita*, they took her for a Star that came to lighten their Abode, and served up a magnificent Entertainment. The King of the *Gnomes* paid them all manner of Respect; an harmonious Concert, but somewhat wild, was the Diversion of the Night, where they sang the Charms of *Irolita*, and repeated several times these Verses :

*What Star is this that thus our Sight invades,  
And darts such Beams on these our gloomy Shades?  
Which, while its Lustre fondly we admire,  
Dazzles our Eyes, and sets our Hearts on fire.*

After the Musick was done, they led the Prince and Princess, each into a magnificent Room, and *Mana* and the faithful Slave follow'd them. The next day they shew'd them the King's Palace, who disposed of all the Riches of the Earth; nothing could be added to that Treasure, which was a confused Mass of fine things unformed. The Prince and Princess remained eight days in this subterraneous Abode: *Favourable* had order'd the King of the *Gnomes*, during that time, to make the Princess and her Lover gallant and magnificent Entertainments. The Night before their Departure, the King, to immortalize the Memory of their Residence in his Empire, had their two Statues erected in Gold on each side his Throne, on Pedestals of white Marble; with these words writ in Letters of Diamonds on the Pedestal of the Prince's Statue :

*We desire no more the sight of the Sun;  
We have seen this Prince,  
Who is brighter, and more beautiful*

And



And on the Pedestal of the Princess's Statue:

*To the immortal Honour  
Of the Goddess of Beauty,  
Who descended here,  
Under the Name of Irolita.*

The ninth Day the Prince had very fine Horses given him, whose Trappings were of Gold, laid over with Diamonds, and left, with his small Troop, the dark Abode of the *Gnomes*, after having paid his Acknowledgments to their King, and found himself in the same place where Prince *Brutus* attack'd him; and looking on his Ring, perceived only the Silver and the Brass. He pursued his way with the charming *Irolita*, and hasten'd to arrive at the Habitation of the Fairy *Favourable*, where they were to be in safety: when all on a sudden coming out of a Vale, they met with a Troop of *Danamo's* Guards, who were still in search after them, and were just ready to fall on them; when the Prince wish'd, and presently there appear'd a great space of Water between them and the Fairy's Troop. A beautiful Nymph, half naked, rose up in the middle of the Water, in a Boat of Rushes laced together, and making towards the Shore, desired the Prince and his beautiful Mistress to come into it; who, with *Mana* and the Slave, left their Horses in the Field, and went into the Boat, which sunk under Water, and made the Guards think they chose rather to drown themselves, than fall into their hands. Immediately they found themselves in a Palace, the Walls of which were great Drops of Water, which falling continually, made Halls, Chambers, Closets, and encompass'd Gardens, where a thousand Spoutings of Water, of odd Figures, form'd the Design of Parterres. None but *Naiads* could live in this Palace, so fine and singular as it was; therefore to afford the Prince and the fair

*Irolita*

*Irolita* a more solid Habitation, the *Naid*; that conducted them, carried them 'into Grotto's of Shell-work, composed of Coral, Pearls, and all the Riches of the Sea. Their Beds were of Moss, a hundred Dolphins guarded *Irolita's* Grott, and twenty Whales the Prince's. The *Naids* admired, at their Return, the Beauty of *Irolita*; and moreover, a *Triton* grew jealous of the Prince's Looks and Care: They gave them in the Prince's Grotto a Collation of fine Fruits; twelve *Syrens* came to charm, by their sweet Voices, the Trouble of the Prince and *Irolita*, and sung the following Song:

*Wherever Love our Heart conveys,  
He makes us happy diff'rent ways:  
Perfect Lovers, triumph in your Chains,  
And let your Passions still surmount your Pains.*

At night there was an Entertainment, consisting wholly of Fish, of an extraordinary Size, and exquisite Taste. After this Repast, the *Naids* danced in Habits of Fish-Scales, of different Colours, which was very fine; Bodies of *Tritons*, with Instruments unknown to Men, composed a Symphony, which was odd, but new, and very agreeable. *Parcinus* and the fair *Irolita*, were four Days in this Empire; the fifth Day the *Naids* came in Crouds to conduct the Prince and Princess; which two Lovers went into a Boat of one entire Shell, and the *Naids*, half out of the Water, accompanied them to the River-side, where *Parcinus* found his Horses again, and set forward with speed: when looking on his Ring, he perceived only the Brads; but they were then nigh *Favourable's* Palace. They travelled three Days, when on the fourth, at Sun-rising, they perceived Men in Arms, who, when they came near, appear'd to be the Prince *Brutus* and his Troop, whom *Dannamo* had sent again to pursue them, with Orders not to leave them if they found them, nor to stir off the spot, where any thing extraordinary should fall

fall out; and above all, to endeavour to engage the Prince to fight. *Danamo* knew very well, after what *Brutus* had told her, that a Fairy protected the Prince and Princess; but her Knowledge was so great, that she despaired not of overcoming them by more powerful Charms. Prince *Brutus*, overjoy'd to see the Prince and *Irolita* again, whom he sought after with so much diligence, rid with his Sword in his hand up to *Parcinus*, to endeavour to fight him, according to *Danamo's* Orders. The young Prince drew his Sword with so fierce an Air, that *Brutus* repented more than once of his Undertaking; but *Parcinus*, perceiving *Irolita* all in Tears, moved with Compassion at that sight, made his fourth Wish, and presently there arose a great Fire up to the Skies, which separated *Parcinus* from his Enemy. This Fire made Prince *Brutus* and his Troop fall back. The young Prince and *Irolita*, who were always attended by the faithful Slave and *Mana*, found themselves in a Palace, the sight of which, being all Fire, at first frighten'd *Irolita*; but she was soon encouraged, when she perceived she felt no greater Heat than that of the Sun, and that this Fire had only the flaming Quality, and not those others, which render it insupportable. A great many young and handsome Persons, richly clothed, came from whence the Flames seem'd to rise, to receive the Princess and her Lover. One of them, whom they judg'd to be the Queen of that Place, by the Respects paid to her, said, 'Come, charming Princess, and you lovely *Parcinus*, you are in the Kingdom of the Salamanders; I am the Queen, and with pleasure am charged by *Favourable* to conceal you seven Days in my Palace: I wish only your Abode here was to be longer.' After these words she carried them into a large Apartment, all of Fire, like the rest of the Palace, and which gave as great a Light as the Sun. That Night they supped with the Queen, and had a noble Entertainment; after it was over, they went on

on a Terrace, to see an artificial Fire of wonderful Beauty, and a very singular Design, which was prepared in a great Court before the *Salamander's* Palace. Twelve Loves were on Pillars of Marble, of different Colours ; six of them seem'd ready to draw their Bows, and the six others held out a great Plate, whereon these Words were writ in Characters of Fire :

*Where'er fair Irolite appears,  
A glorious Conquest there she bears :  
Our raging Flames, and hottest Fire,  
Fall short of what her Eyes inspire ;  
So great's the Torment of Desire.* }

The young *Irolita* blush'd at her own Glory, and *Parcinus* was overjoy'd that she was thought as handsome as she appeared to him. In the meantime the *Cupids* drew their Arrows of Fire, which crossing in the Air, form'd in a thousand places the Cypher and Name of *Irolita*, and carried it up to the Heavens. The seven Days they stay'd in this Palace were spent in Pleasures and Diversions. *Parcinus* observed, that all the *Salamanders* had a great deal of Spirit, and a charming Vivacity, were all gallant and amorous, and that the Queen herself was not exempt from that Passion, since she was in love with a young *Salamander* of extraordinary Beauty. The eighth Day they left, with regret, an Abode so agreeable to their Tenderness, and found themselves in a fine Field ; where *Parcinus*, looking on his Ring, found on the four Metals mix'd together, these words engraved :

*You wish'd too soon.*

These words afflicted the Prince and young Princess, but they were so nigh *Favourable's* Habitation, that they hoped to reach it that day. This Thought suspended their Grief, they went forwards, calling on



on Fortune and Love, too often deceitful Guides. The Prince *Brutus*, following the Fairy's Orders, never stirred from the Place where the Fire separated them, but lay encamped behind a Wood, when his Sentinels, who kept continual Watch, inform'd him that the Prince and Princess appeared on the Plain again. He mounted his Troop, and came up by night with the unfortunate Prince and divine *Irolita*. *Parcinus* was not in the least dismay'd at the great number of those who attacked him all at once; he flew on them with a Courage that terrify'd them: 'I fulfil my Promise, fair *Irolita*,  
' *said he, drawing his Sabre*; I will die for you, or  
' deliver you from your Enemies.' After these words, he struck the first he met, and fell'd him at his feet; but, Oh Grief unexpected! that Sabre which he had of the Fairy, broke into a thousand pieces. 'Twas what the Fairy expected from the Combat with the young Prince, for when she gave any Arms, she charm'd them in such a manner, that when they were made use of against herself, they should break at the first Blow into a thousand pieces. *Parcinus* thus disarm'd, could not long resist the Numbers that surrounded him; they took him, loaded him with Chains, and made the young *Irolita* undergo the same Fate. 'Oh! Fairy *Favourable*,  
' *cry'd the Prince melancholily*, abandon me to all  
' the Rage of *Danamo*, but save the fair *Irolita*.' 'You  
' have disobey'd the Fairy, *answer'd a young Man of*  
' *surprizing Beauty, who appeared in the Air*, you must  
' endure the Punishment; if you had not been so  
' prodigal of *Favourable's* Assistance, we had preserv'd you against the Cruelties of *Danamo*. The  
' whole Kingdom of the *Silphes* are vex'd that they  
' had not the Glory of rendring so charming a  
' Prince, and so beautiful a Princess, happy.' After this he disappear'd. *Parcinus* groan'd at his Imprudence; he appear'd insensible of his own Misfortunes, but was cruelly agitated with those of *Irolita*: and the Regret of having contributed to them,  
had

had made him to die away for Grief, if Fate had not prepared more cruel Torments for him to undergo. The young *Irolita* shewed a Courage worthy her illustrious Blood; and the merciless *Brutus*, far from relenting at so moving a sight, redoubled their Calamities, which he was partly the cause of. He separated them, and deprived them of the pleasure of complaining to each other without redress. After a cruel Journey, they arrived at the wicked Fairy's, who expressed a malign Joy to see the Prince and young Princess in a condition so worthy of creating Pity in any other Breast but hers; however, *Azira* had some for *Parcinus*, but durst not shew it before the Fairy: 'I will, said that cruel Queen, addressing herself to the young Prince, have the pleasure of revenging myself on thy Ingratitude; go, instead of ascending the Throne my Bounty designed you, to the Prison of the Sea, where I will put an end to thy miserable Life by the most horrible Punishments.' 'I chuse rather the most wretched Prison, reply'd the Prince, looking on her fiercely, than the Favours of so unjust a Queen.' Which words provoked her much more, who expected to have seen him prostrate at her feet. She made him be carried away to the appointed Prison: *Irolita* cry'd in seeing him go, *Azira* could not retain her Sighs, and all the Court groaned secretly at so cruel an Order. For the fair *Irolita*, the Queen sent her to the Castle where she had been kept so long, had her carefully guarded, and used her as inhumanly as she was capable of.

The Prince's Prison was a Tower in the midst of the Sea, built on a small Desert Isle: there he was kept loaded with Irons, and underwent all imaginable Hardships. What a Place was this for a Prince fit to rule the whole World? The remembrance of *Irolita* was his sole Employ; he called on *Favourable* only to her Assistance, and wish'd a thousand times to die, to expiate the Crime he had committed; his faithful Slave was put into the same Prison,

## 258 *The Tales of the FAIRIES.*

Prison, but had not the Satisfaction of serving his illustrious Master, who had none but rude Soldiers about him, devoted to the Fairy ; who, tho obedient to her, could not but respect the unhappy Prince. His Youth, Beauty, and above all his Courage, touched them with an Admiration, that made them look on him as a Man superior to all others. The prudent *Mana* was treated in the Castle with *Irolita*, in the same manner as the faithful Slave. None but *Danamo's* Creatures came nigh the Princess, who, by her Order, excited in her a fresh Grief every moment, by telling her what the Prince suffered. The Calamities of *Parcinus* made the Princess sometimes forget the remembrance of her own, and renewed her Tears in a Place where she had so often heard that charming Prince swear to her an eternal Fidelity : ‘ Alas ! said she to herself, ‘ why was you so constant, my dear Prince, indeed ‘ your Infidelity would have cost me my Life ; but ‘ what signified that ? you would, after that, have ‘ been happy.’ *Danamo*, who took some time to prepare a Charm of extraordinary force, sent *Irolita*, in the morning, two Lamps ; one of Gold, the other Chrysal ; the Golden one was lighted. *Danamo* ordered her not to let one of those two Lamps go out, but told her, ‘ She might keep which she ‘ pleased lighted.’ *Irolita* answer’d, with her natural Sweetness, She should obey her, without searching into the signification of it. She carried the two Lamps carefully into her Closet, and as the Golden one was lighted, she put it not out all that day, and lighted the other the next day, and so continued to obey the Fairy. She had kept these Lamps fifteen days, when her Health began to diminish, which she thought might be occasioned by her Grief ; but when they told her *Parcinus* was very ill, her piercing Grief, and violent Oppression, raised pity in all the Women about her. One night, when they were all asleep, one of them went softly to the Princess, and seeing the Chrysal Lamp

Lamp burning: 'What is it you do, Great Princess? *said she to her*, put out that fatal Light, your Health depends upon it, preserve a Life so valuable from the Cruelties of *Danamo*.' 'Alas! *reply'd the melancholy Irolita, in a languishing Air*, she has made it so miserable, that 'tis a kind of favour in the Fairy to afford me the means of putting an end to it: but, *continued she presently after, with an Emotion that brought a Colour in her Face*, whose Life does that golden Lamp prevail over?' *Parcinus's, reply'd Danamo's Confidant*, who spoke to the Princess by her Order; for that wicked Fairy had a mind to torment her, by letting her know how cruel her Fate was. At this News the Grief of having herself taken care to put an end to *Parcinus's* days, made her lie some time insensible; but when she came to herself, and, in recovering her Senses, resumed her Sorrows, 'Odious Fairy, *said she, when she had power to speak*, barbarous Fairy! Is not my Death sufficient to appease thy Rage? but to be more cruel, thou must destroy, by my hands, a Prince so dear to me, who is deserving of the tenderest and most perfect Love. But Death, a thousand times more kind than thou, will shortly deliver me from all the Mischiefs thy Rage invents, against a Passion so violent and faithful.' The young Princess cry'd continually over the fatal Lamp, on which *Parcinus's* Life depended, and lighted none but her own, which she saw burn with Joy, as a Sacrifice she offered up to her Love and Lover. All this time that unhappy Prince was tormented with Punishments his Courage could not support: The Fairy made the Soldiers who guarded him, and feigned to be sensible of that illustrious Prince's Sorrows, tell him, 'That *Irolita* had consented to marry the Prince *Brutus* in a few days after he was put into Prison, and that that Princess seemed very well content with her Marriage, at all the Feasts that were made to celebrate it; and in short, that she was gone away with her Husband.'



‘band.’ This was a Misfortune the Prince did not expect, and was the only one that could be greater than his Constancy: ‘What, my dear *Irolita*, are you unfaithful to me, *said the sad Prince*, to be Prince *Brutus*’s? You have only bewailed my Misfortunes, you have thought only of putting an end to those my Tendernefs caused you: but live happy, ungrateful *Irolita*; I adore you, unconstant as you are, and will die for my Love, tho not permitted the honour of dying for my Princess.’ Whilst the unfortunate *Parcinus* was thus afflicting himself, and the tender *Irolita* was wasting her Life to prolong her Lover’s, *Danarno* was affected with *Azira*’s Despair, who died away for Grief at the Hardships of *Parcinus*: In short, the cruel Fairy perceiving, that to save her Daughter’s Life, she must pardon the Prince, suffered her to go to see him, and to promise him all he should name if he would marry her, and at the same time resolved to have put *Irolita* to death, as soon as the Prince had accepted the Propositions. The hopes of seeing *Parcinus* again, gave the melancholy *Azira* new Life; the Queen bid her send to *Irolita* for the Lamp, that she might be sure it did not burn: which Order seemed more cruel than all the rest to the sorrowful *Irolita*. How great was her Uneasiness for the Life of *Parcinus*? ‘Be not so concerned for the Life of that Prince, *said the Women to her, who were about her*, he is going to marry the Princess *Azira*, and ’tis she who, careful of his Life, sends for the Lamp.’ The Torment of Jealousy, which was wanting among all her Misfortunes, never, till after these words, had any share in her Calamities. Nevertheless *Azira* went to see the Prince, and offered herself and Kingdoms to him, pretending to be ignorant that he had heard of *Irolita*’s Marriage with *Brutus*; by which Example she would have convinced him, he had carried his Constancy too far. *Parcinus*, to whom nothing was valuable but his beloved *Irolita*, preferred his

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Prison and Sufferings before Liberty and Empire. *Azira* despaired at his Refusal, and her Grief rendered her equally unhappy as that Prince.

During this time the Fairy *Favourable*, who till then had boasted of the Insensibility of her Heart, was not able to resist the Charms of a young Prince in her Court, who was in love with her ; and this Fairy could not have resolved to listen to him, had not the Pride of her Soul been overcome by the Violence of her Passion: in short, she yielded to the desire of letting him know how he triumphed. The pleasure of speaking to what we love, seemed then so charming to her, and so worthy of being desired, that approving what she had blamed so much, she came in haste to the assistance of *Parcinus* and the fair *Irolita*.

Had she staid a little longer, it would have been too late, the fatal Lamp of *Irolita* had but six days to burn, and the Grief of the unhappy *Parcinus* had almost put an end to his days. *Favourable* arrived at *Danamo's* Palace, and as her Power was superiour to hers, she would be obeyed in spite of the wicked Fairy. The Prince was fetched out of his Prison, from whence he would not stir, till he was assured by *Favourable*, that the fair *Irolita* might still be his. He appeared, for all his Paleness, as handsome as the Day, and went with the Fairy *Favourable* to the Princess's Castle, whose Lamp cast but a glimmering Light. The dying *Irolita* would not consent to have it put out, till she was assured of the Fidelity of her happy Lover. No Words or Expressions are lively and tender enough to give an Idea of their Joy to see each other again. *Favourable* made them instantly resume their former Charms, and endowed them with a long Life and constant Happiness ; but for their Tenderness she had nought to add to that. *Danamo* outrageous to see her Authority defeated, killed herself, leaving the Fate of *Azira* and *Brutus* entirely to *Irolita*, who took no other revenge than marrying them both together.

together. *Parcinus*, as generous as constant, accepted only of his Father's Kingdom, and left those of *Danamo* to *Azira*. The Nuptials of the Prince and Divine *Irolita* were solemnized with great Magnificence; and after having paid their Acknowledgments to *Favourable*, and rewarded the Slave, and prudent *Mana*, they set out for their Kingdom; where the Prince, and lovely *Irolita*, enjoyed the Happiness of a Passion, as tender and constant in their Prosperity, as it was violent and faithful in their Adversity.



*The Continuation of the Story of the New  
Gentleman-Citizen.*

**M***Arthonida* had no sooner made an end of her Story, but all the Company commended it. 'Well, said *Madam de Rouet*, I am charmed and surprized at the gallant Turn of *Marthonida's* Wit.' 'Indeed, added *Madam de Lure*, in her affected way, I am not so unhappy in coming into this Country, as I thought I should be; for in short, I could not believe that there was an Ounce of good Sense in the whole Province.' 'Upon my word, said *Madam de St. Thomas*, with some impatience, you *Paris Ladies* set us off at a fine rate, when you think us such Fools.' 'It is the most erroneous Opinion in the World, said *Dandinardiére*, it is enough to see you, and hear you talk, to make a more sound Judgment; for to be sincere with you, all that I have known at Court must yield to the illustrious Ladies here.' 'I have some Thoughts, dear Cousin, added the Widow, to settle here, and would be glad to meet with a pretty Estate, that I might purchase.' 'How much, Ma-  
dam,

'dam, *said the Baron*, would you lay out?' 'That, *said she*, depends entirely upon the Title; I should be glad it was a Marquisate, and should be willing to give seven thousand Franks.' 'Seven thousand Franks! *reply'd the Viscount*; surely, Madam, you don't think as you speak.' 'Why, Sir, *cry'd she*, can a Marquisate in the Country be worth more? They give them away at *Paris*, and know not what to do with them. For my part, I must own, I shall be almost ashamed to be a Marchioness; I have much ado to resolve on it: but if you know of one, I should be very much obliged to you, if you would tell me, because I have Money by me, which I don't know how to lay out. Indeed, I might buy a Palace at *Paris*, but as I am so well known in that City, and at Court, I should be expos'd to more Visits than I could well dispense with.'

'Is it possible, Madam, *said the Prior*, that you can think of having a Palace for seven thousand Franks, when we can hardly have a thatch'd House here for that Price.' 'Oh! Mr. Prior, *said Madam de Lure*, I see you don't know how much that is, and it will be losing one's labour to tell you.' 'You are certainly in the right there, *reply'd Dandinardiere*, in the most malicious Air he could affect; these Abbots will be always meddling, and oftentimes they know not what they say.' 'There I think you have Monsieur le Prior,' *said the Viscount, smiling*. 'Indeed he has, *reply'd he*, but I could not have expected it from my Friend *Dandinardiere*; but now-a-days we sacrifice a Friend at any time for a Joke's sake.' 'For my part, *said Virginia*, I am not of that stamp, I would have People be attentive to every thing.' 'Ah! fair Virginia, *said the Gentleman-Cit*, I am undone, and more than undone, if you are against me; the Ascendant that Heaven has given you over me is so great, that I am not able to resist when you attack me: Alas! the Power you have over me has appear'd but too much



264 *The Tales of the FAIRIES.*

' much, since I have been in this House. I was  
' brought here, dear Cousin, *said he, addressing him-*  
' *self to Madam de Rouet, by the most strange and*  
' *surprizing Adventure that could happen to a Man*  
' *of Quality, which I'll tell you in particular; for*  
' *it would be unjust to tire these Ladies with the*  
' *Recital. What I have to tell you, is, that I have*  
' *an Enemy not far off, who employs Fire and*  
' *Sword, and all manner of Enchantments, against*  
' *me.*' 'What's this you tell me?' *cry'd the Widow;*  
' *I am frighten'd at this Prelude.*' 'These Gentle-

' men and Ladies, *reply'd the Cit, can justify what*  
' *I advance, and can tell you, at the same time,*  
' *with what Courage I behaved myself in all these*  
' *Insults; no Rock was ever more firm than I have*  
' *been, which makes my Enemy despair: in short,*  
' *he has endeavour'd to vanquish me by the most*  
' *unheard-of Treasons.*' 'Upon my word, Sir, *said*  
' *Madam de Lure, I wish I had not at this time*  
' *seen you, for I dread so much, lest any Misfor-*  
' *tune should befall you, that I shall not get one*  
' *wink of Sleep this Night.*' 'My Fate is to be  
' *envy'd then, reply'd Dandinardiere gallantly; me-*  
' *thinks I have nothing to fear, since you are in-*  
' *terested in my Fortune.*' 'Here are Ladies, *said*  
' *the Viscount, pointing to Virginia and Marthonida,*  
' *who assuredly bear no less a share with you; and*  
' *if Monsieur Villeville pretends to use you ill, have*  
' *perhaps power enough to put a stop to his Vio-*  
' *lences.*' 'Who is that you are speaking of?' *said*  
' *the Widow. 'A Gentleman of Merit, said the Vis-*  
' *count, was he not an Enemy to our Friend here.'*  
' *Indeed, I have seen him, reply'd she, and now per-*  
' *fectly remember him.*' 'You remember him! *an-*  
' *swer'd Dandinardiere, knitting his Brows, you now*  
' *joke with me; he is a Clown I would make no*  
' *comparison with: and I am surprized, that a*  
' *Woman so well dress'd as you are, can allow a*  
' *Man of that stamp to be tolerable.*' *Madam Rouet,*  
*who had secretly an Inclination for Villeville, finding*  
*herself*

herself sensibly touch'd, reply'd in a deriding manner, ' And pray who are you, good Monsieur *Dandinardiere*? Does your Removal from *St. Dennis-Street* to the Sea-side authorize you to call all Mankind ' Scoundrels? ' Ha! Madam Mushroom, cry'd he, ' as red as Fire, truly it does not become you of all ' People to talk against me; without my Money your Father would have narrowly escaped ' the——' ' What Insolence is this! said she, my ' Father suffer'd by your Breaking.' In short, the Dispute began with so much Warmth on both sides, that the Gentlemen, thinking it might be carried too far, and fearing lest Madam *St. Thomas*, who was always upon the Enquiry, should discover the true Original of our Cavalier, and learn more than they would have her, endeavour'd all they could to make a Peace; and with them, Madam *de Lure* was very earnest to reconcile them, for she would not for ever so much have it said in the Country, that she kept Company with a Citizen. But this Quarrel of the Widow's and *Dandinardiere*'s was got already to a great height; however, out of Manners and Respect due to the Intreaties of their Friends, they held their tongues, tho their Rage plainly discover'd itself by their Eyes, and several Reflections pass'd backwards and forwards, without mentioning any Names.

The Baron at last, thinking it would be the best way to part them, to that end said, ' I believe, ' Ladies, it will not be amiss, if we should take a ' Turn or two into the Wood, where we diverted ' ourselves in the Morning.' ' Upon my word, said ' the Widow, the Situation is infinitely agreeable; I ' love the Sea to distraction, and very much approve ' of the Custom of the *Venetians*, who marry it ' every year: and was I the Doge's Wife, I would ' marry it too, or at least make some Alliance or ' Friendship with it.' After this Speech she rose up, without once looking upon *Dandinardiere*; and catching hold of Madam *de St. Thomas*'s Arm, said

266 *The Tales of the FAIRIES.*

to her, 'Come, let us recreate ourselves by this  
'ungovernable Element's side.' The Baroneſs up-  
on this pulled her Arm haſtily away, and told her,  
ſhe was able enough to ſupport herſelf, without  
making her her Leaning-ſtock. The Widow, who  
was not a little out of humour at her Couſin the  
'Cit, thought herſelf affronted by the Baroneſs, and  
made answer, 'Indeed, there are ſome People in  
'the World, who inſtead of offering Roſes, preſent  
'nought but the Prickles.' 'O! I underſtand you,  
'ſaid the Baroneſs, with an haughty Air; you are  
'the Flower, and I the Thorn. Well, if you are  
'a Roſe, it is, I am ſure, a fading one.' 'You are  
'very inſulting, Madam, *answer'd the Widow, colour-*  
'*ing*; had I thought of this Reception, ſome Mira-  
'cle muſt have been wrought to have made me  
'have done you the honour of a Viſit.' 'It is  
'what I could very well have excuſed,' *ſaid the Ba-*  
'*roneſs*, (who was reſolved to have the laſt word.)  
'Indeed, my Dear, *ſaid the Baron*, you have a great  
'mind to vex me to-day.' 'I know you, Sir, *re-*  
'*ply'd ſhe, raiſing her Voice*, I know you would take  
'the great Turk's part, if it was but againſt me;  
'but a ſeparate Maintenance will make me eaſy.'  
The Goddess of Diſcord herſelf ſeem'd to him to  
have taken up her Reſidence that day at his Houſe,  
for there was nothing to be heard but Wranglings  
and Differences; however, *Monſieur St. Thomas*  
made his Wife no Answer, but engaged the Ladies  
to go into the Wood, leaving the Baroneſs and *Dan-*  
*dinardiére* together, who at that time agreed ex-  
traordinarily in their Sentiments of *Madam Ronet*.  
'Well, *ſaid Madam St. Thomas*, will you give me  
'leave to ſpeak my mind freely to you.' 'Oh!  
'you do me too much honour,' *reply'd the Cit*. 'Then,  
'*answer'd ſhe*, I muſt needs ſay, your Couſin is a  
'very impertinent Creature.' 'My Couſin, *reply'd*  
'*he*; O Madam, ſhe is nothing related to me, we  
'are only Couſins—— You underſtand me.' 'If  
'I do, *ſaid ſhe*, I have more Underſtanding than any  
'Woman

\* Woman in Europe besides, to guess at an entire  
 \* History, without one single Syllable's being men-  
 \* tioned.' 'Oh! how happy is a Man, cry'd Dan-  
 \* dinardiere, to have a Wife of so much Merit; if  
 \* Heaven had given me such a one, I should have  
 \* adored her as much as the Chinese worship their  
 \* Pagods; I should kiss her little Toes, and gnaw  
 \* her Mittons.' 'But you see, said the Baronesse, how  
 \* my Husband uses me; I must tell you, Monsieur  
 \* Dandinardiere, there is not a Man in the World so  
 \* incomplaisant as himself, for tho he appears sweet  
 \* and agreeable, in the bottom he is but sour. For  
 \* my part, I was born and bred with a Politeness,  
 \* which such ill Usage cannot be pleasing to.' 'I  
 \* believe as much, said Dandinardiere; any one may  
 \* have my Soul, by using soft and obliging Expres-  
 \* sions: but if I am dealt roughly with, I am as hard  
 \* as Iron; all the Devils in Hell, Fairies, Sorcerers,  
 \* and Magicians, can never make any thing of me.'  
 \* Ha! I love you for that, cry'd she, you are exactly  
 \* of my Temper, we certainly were fashioned by  
 \* the same Model: But to return to what you told  
 \* me, what, is not this Widow your Relation?  
 \* Good God! no, Madam, reply'd he, somewhat angry,  
 \* I have told you No once, and tell you so again.  
 \* One of her Uncles had the Care of my House,  
 \* and when she was young and handsome, she used  
 \* often to come and see him: and as I was young  
 \* too, I used to tell her fine Stories.' 'Oh! fy, fy,  
 \* Sir, cry'd she, I would not have such a Woman  
 \* brag that she knows me for all the World; and  
 \* I'll go and tell her this minute, that if she ever  
 \* names me, I'll sit as close to her as her Shift  
 \* to her Back.' 'You take things too literally, re-  
 \* ply'd the Cit, I don't pretend to cast any Reflection  
 \* upon Madam de Rouet's Virtues, what I meant was  
 \* in relation to her Quality and mine: for, Ma-  
 \* dam, if we come to be so strict in this point, that  
 \* all Women were to give as good Proofs of their  
 \* Lives and Conversation, as the Knights of Malthe



‘do of their Nobility, the virtuous Ladies might live by themselves. Come, we must not be uncharitable.’ ‘Since your Maxims and mine, Monsieur *Dandinardiere*, said *Madam St. Thomas*, are grounded upon different Principles, you will not take it amiss if I don’t believe you.’ ‘Good God! said he, would you upon this fall out with your Husband?’ ‘Yes, said she, you yourself can’t but have seen how he carry’d it with the Cit; I always love to speak my Mind, and between you and I, I believe he has been acquainted with her a long while.’

As they were talking thus friendly together, *Alain* came in, and interrupted them, gaping and staring as if he had been stuck, which surprized his Master; but after some little pause, he went close to him, and whispering him in the Ear, bid him to prepare for the other World, for that *Villeville* was in the Wood laughing and prating, as if he was in no fear of him; that himself was hid behind a Tree, from whence he could easily see him; and that he was grown half a Yard taller than he was before. The Baroness observing, that the News *Alain* brought disturbed the Tranquillity of *Dandinardiere*’s Countenance, told him, that perhaps she might be troublesome, and so left him, not a little pleased at her absence. As soon as she was gone, and he found himself at liberty, he asked his Valet, if he was sure he had seen *Villeville*. ‘Don’t flatter yourself, Sir, said he, that I was mistaken, for I saw him as plain as I now see my own Foot; and I’ll tell you the whole Story: When these Ladies came out of your Chamber, I was in the dark Passage, and heard one of them say to the Gentlemen, “He is a sorry Fellow, a Tradesman in *St. Dennis-Street*, with whom I used, some time since, to lay out some Money; but of late he has had a great Inclination to counterfeit a Man of Quality, and so makes sport: and as I buy a great deal upon Credit, I divert myself with him,

“ and

“and call him Cousin, to get the more time, for  
 “we Court-Ladies have not always ready Money.  
 ‘With a great many more things, *said Alain*, which  
 ‘I cannot remember.’ ‘I find thy Memory is only  
 ‘good at these sort of Stories,’ *answer’d his Master*.  
 ‘Indeed, Sir, *continued Alain*, I’d rather be hang’d  
 ‘for a Fauxsonnier, than tell a Lye; for I am sure  
 ‘I repeat the Words I heard as true as any Conju-  
 ‘rer’s Book. But to return to these Ladies; I fol-  
 ‘low’d them very softly, and crept as close to them  
 ‘as possible; and as they were chattering and pra-  
 ‘ting, they heard the trotting of a Horse, and  
 ‘upon our looking behind us, who should appear  
 ‘but that Hangtrace *Villeville*, who bow’d to them  
 ‘to the very ground: in the mean time, I trem-  
 ‘bled like an aspin. Leaf, and retired to inform  
 ‘you.’ ‘This is an Affair, *cry’d Dandinardiere*,  
 ‘that requires a great deal of Consideration; since  
 ‘my Enemy appears so much hereabouts, and pas-  
 ‘ses and repasses every night and morning, to be  
 ‘sure he has told the Widow, and she’ll——  
 ‘Why, *Alain*, why hast thou no Heart?’ ‘And  
 ‘what if I had one, Sir, *reply’d he*, what should we  
 ‘do?’ ‘What I am very confident we never shall  
 ‘do, *said the Cit*, for thou hast not Courage; what  
 ‘signifies my laying Schemes then for thee to exe-  
 ‘cute? The best way will be to think of a Re-  
 ‘treat.’ ‘That’s well said, Sir, *added Alain*, lest  
 ‘that desperate cutting and slashing Fellow, Mr.  
 ‘Robert, should play us some trick.’ ‘But what  
 ‘shall we do, *said Dandinardiere*? for if they  
 ‘should meet with us upon the Road, we are un-  
 ‘done.’ ‘Have a little patience, Sir, *said Alain*;  
 ‘I’ll put you into our Cart, and cover you over  
 ‘with your Books.’ ‘Excellently well thought on,  
 ‘*said Dandinardiere*; but first go again to the Place  
 ‘where you saw *Villeville*, and come and tell me  
 ‘whether he is there.’ *Alain* obey’d, and crept up  
 by a dark shady Alley to the Place where the Com-  
 pany were, but saw not his Master’s dreadful Foe,

tho he looked carefully all abouts, and afterwards returned to his Master, to tell him he had nothing to fear, for that this terrible Myrmydon was gone. No sooner did this joyful News reach his Ears, but he cry'd out, 'Let us go, and add fresh Laurels to those which adorn my Brow. Reach me my Arms and my Boots, and go and saddle my little *Bucephalus*. What! shall that impudent Varlet come where I am? I'll teach him to come here.' *Alain* all this time looked upon his Master with the utmost Amazement, but at last recovering his Surprise, said, 'Can it be proper to arm yourself? your Head is very bad; and your poor Shoulders have not yet recover'd the Damage from the Adventure of the Bed.' *Dandinardiere* pretended not to hear *Alain*, but minding to talk to himself, said, 'But to generous Souls, Virtue makes no account of Years.' And then again, with more Spirit and Courage; 'Shew yourselves, ye *Navarrians*, *Moors*, and *Castillans*.' And so continued repeating several Places of the *Cid*.

While he was thus exercising himself for Battle, he got armed, and then mounted his poor Palefry, who was much gayer than his Master, by having five or six days good Feed in his Belly; and sallied out towards the Wood, with his Lance in his hand, with which he beat all the Bushes as he went along. The noise he made obliged the Ladies to turn about, who were surprized at his Equipage, and burst out a laughing, especially the Widow, who, to shew her fine Teeth, set up a hollow again. *Dandinardiere* upon this, to signalize himself, and to revenge the Affront, seeing her Cornet, which was adorned with rose-colour'd Ribbands, standing up very high, made no more to do, but run his Lance into it, and not only carried it away, but also a false Tower of fair Hair, which she wore to conceal her fiery Locks, and left her quite bare-headed. It may easily be thought she was not a little enraged and vexed; she shrieked out

out terribly, while the Horse, frighten'd at the Ribbands that hung before his Eyes, and the Noise she made, ran away with his Master; who could not have stopped him, had not *Villeville*, who had left the Company, and as he pass'd by stopped to speak to Mr. *Robert*, turn'd himself about, and seeing *Dandinardiere* in that danger, catch'd hold of the Bridle: and making use of this opportunity to put that Project in execution, which the Viscount, the Prior, and himself, had concerted, he said to him, drawing his Sword, 'Well, Monsieur *Dandinardiere*, since we are thus fortunately met, let us decide our Quarrel, and cut each other's Throat genteelly.' Which struck such a Damp upon his Spirits, that he was not able to open his Lips; especially when he saw the Sword glittering before his Eyes, he had like to have died away with the Fright. At last, after a quarter of an hour's silence, he got out, 'I will not fight when I am in Armour; I am a Man of too much Honour, to fight with so great an Advantage.' 'Have-at-you-then, said *Villeville*, (clapping the point of his Sword to his Throat.) Upon which *Dandinardiere* falling off his Horse, cry'd out, 'Oh! Mr. *Robert*, I am dead; come and bleed me presently. Oh! good dear Monsieur *Villeville*, don't kill me; I beg my Life, and if this Habit of War displeases you, I'll renounce it for ever.' 'There's only one thing, said *Villeville*, that can save you from my Rage; I will give you your Life, provided you will promise me to marry one of the Madam *St. Thomas's*.' 'Name which, said *Dandinardiere*, for if you order me, I'll marry them both, and the Father and Mother too.' 'I leave you to your own choice, said *Villeville*; but if you don't make use of the Honour that I would procure for you, depend upon it I'll kill you, if you are a hundred foot under ground.' The *Git*, thinking himself the happiest of all Men, to come off so well, got up, shaking like one in an Ague, and cast himself



at the feet of his terrible Enemy, assuring him, that he would neglect nothing, that lay in his power to obey him in: and to shew his Submission, ask'd to kiss his hand, which *Villeville* gravely held out; telling him withal, that he thought it would be most proper for him to ask *Virginia* of Monsieur *St. Thomas*, who would be brought to give his consent the more easily. When he saw that he had forgiven him, and that they were Friends; 'You shall now prescribe me Laws, *answer'd the Cit,* and I'll agree to whatever you negotiate.' *Villeville*, fortified with this Promise, returned back again, and taking the Viscount and Prior aside, told them, that there was no occasion to bring Mr. *Robert* upon the Stage, and to contrive a Meeting for himself and *Dandinardiere*, since Chance had effected what they might have found more difficult than they imagin'd; and then told what had happen'd. These two Gentlemen were not a little pleased at this News, and resolved, without losing any time, to conclude the Marriage; but were in some embarrassment, lest the Widow, upon this account, should submit to a Reconciliation with her Cousin, and advise him to the contrary; till *Villeville* inform'd them, that he had some Ascendant over her, and would let her into the Secret; assuring them, that she would be overjoy'd at this Mark of Confidence, and would second them in their Project. And accordingly he goes to her, while the Viscount discoursed Monsieur *St. Thomas*, who receiv'd the Proposal agreeably enough. As for Madam *St. Thomas*, she consented to it by a Fit of Caprice, which seldom lasted long, and *Virginia* received it with Joy, being prepossess'd that *Dandinardiere* was a Hero, that had performed several noble Exploits. So that they, who had all been, as one may say, at Daggers-drawing some hours before, were very good Friends. When *Dandinardiere* came to them, he trembled, and was as pale as death; every one received him with open Arms, and endeavoured to  
make

make him forget the Catastrophe attending his Combat. In short, he demanded *Virginia* in form, was favourably received, and the Viscount proposed to return in a doors, to draw up the Articles. But how great was poor *Alain's* Astonishment, to see the Wolves and Lambs herding together, meaning *Villeville* and *Dandinardiere*, who embraced one another every minute, and were continually shaking hands. He stood stock still, gaping and staring like one frighten'd; but when he was told that his Master was to marry *Virginia*, and that his Happiness was entirely owing to the Management of Monsieur *Villeville*, he went singing, jumping, and dancing about the House, just out of his Senses.

*Dandinardiere* was disarmed by young Madam *St. Thomas* like another Don *Quixote*, and bedecked with Flowers, every one calling him by some merry Name or other; till the Baron, who began now to be interested himself, desired the Viscount, Prior, and *Villeville*, to look upon him as one who was to be his Son-in-Law. From that very night, Turkeys, Chickens, Ducks, &c. went all to the Spit and Pot, for Monsieur *St. Thomas* was at all the Expences of the Wedding, which was all the Portion the Cit was to have with his Wife, besides the knack of making Stories, which might be inherited by their Posterity. However, *Dandinardiere* was satisfied; or at least pretended to be so, out of his Dread of *Villeville*, without whom the Match had never been brought to bear. And after some days of Mirth and Feasting, *Dandinardiere* took his Wife home, accompanied with her Sister; and left *Alain*, with his Cart and Asses, behind, to bring his Study.

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